

Current Literature

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A Review of the World

ANOTHER "era of good feeling" seems to have dawned on the country. From every section, including the South, the inauguration of President Taft, his address on that occasion, and his selection of cabinet officials have elicited commendation that is entirely free from any rancorous criticism and almost free from criticism of even the mildest type. The Roosevelt press and the anti-Roosevelt press vie with each other in their expressions of gratification. The radical "yellow" papers and the conservative financial journals profess to derive equal pleasure from the new President's initial acts and words. The already historic smile seems to have spread over our entire area, and from the White House wireless messages of good will have been radiating over the continent and spilling themselves upon the coasts of Europe and Asia. It seems too Edenic to last long, but coming so close after the tempest in which the Roosevelt administration and the late Congress closed their existence, the contrast makes one think of Paradise regained, or the millennium prematurely overtaken.

ONE note of discord was heard, and that was a meteorological one. Says Mr. Taft to Mr. Roosevelt, at the breakfast table on March 4: "Mr. President, even the elements protest." Says Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Taft: "Mr. President-elect, I knew there would be a blizzard before I got away." The storm that assailed Washington on the third tried to lose itself that night on the bosom of the Atlantic. But an area of high pressure out over the waste of waters where no weather bureau stations are located shunted it back angrier than before, and falsified all the promises of the bureau. A sticky, blinding snow, driven by a northwest gale, filled the streets of the capital on the morning of the fourth, made the grandstands along Pennsylvania Avenue ap-

pear like mammoth snow-drifts, caused the new flags to look like civil war relics, and twisted the festoons of laurel and smilax "into a tangled, pulpy mass." By one o'clock on the morning of inauguration day the nation's capital was surrounded by the enemy, every avenue of communication with the rest of the world—except by the wireless—was broken off, and one hundred thousand visitors who were in the city or stalled on the way were completely isolated from the rest of the world. Desperate news correspondents filled a suit case with their despatches at four in the morning and started a messenger with it on a train for Baltimore. He went six miles and could go no farther. Annapolis is but forty-five minutes' ride from Washington, but the contingent of midshipmen from the Naval Academy tried in vain to cover the distance. They didn't reach Washington at all. One Chicago newspaper with three men located permanently at Washington sent six more to help them write up the event. They couldn't get a word to their paper. Two days later, the dark and dismal form of Prof. Willis Moore, head of the signal service department, was seen making his disconsolate way to the White House with an apologetic explanation in his pocket. "Fair and somewhat cooler," he had predicted. He had probably relied too much upon the potency of the Taft smile.

NONE the less, the oath of office was duly administered, the parade was carried out, and the inaugural ball was held. At a quarter past ten in the morning, the carriage containing the President and the President-elect, drawn by four black horses, proceeded from the White House to the Capitol. There were almost as many policemen as spectators at first. At the Capitol end of the route, however, a real crowd had collected, and real cheering was heard. The people had gathered there, of course, to see the inauguration itself.



AFTER HELPING TO INAUGURATE TAFT
—Barclay in Baltimore *Sun*.

They were disappointed. For the first time since the days of Jackson the ceremonies were held indoors. Mr. Taft demurred at first, saying that if so many spectators could endure the cold merely to see the sight he certainly could endure it. But he yielded when it was pointed out to him that there were members of the Supreme Court, the Senate, and the diplomatic corps too old and infirm to be subjected to such a risk. In the Senate chamber, therefore, the oath was administered by the vener-

able Chief Justice Fuller, on a little leather-bound Bible, stained and a little frayed at the edges, that has been in the Supreme Court for one hundred years. The selection of the Bible to be used on this occasion is made by the President-elect. Mr. Cleveland was sworn in on a little Bible given to him in his boyhood by his mother. Mr. McKinley was sworn in on a large family Bible given him by the negro bishops of the country. Mr. Roosevelt chose the Bible used at Albany when he took the oath as governor. Mr. Taft chose the Bible on which he would have been sworn in had he accepted any of the repeated offers to make him a Supreme Court judge. The Bible properly performed its duty, but there is a horrifying report that the Chief Justice inadvertently obligated Mr. Taft "to faithfully execute the Constitution" instead of executing "the office of President."

HASTILY climbing the platform, as soon as the inaugural address was ended, ex-President Roosevelt, or Colonel Roosevelt, as he now prefers to be called, grasped the hand of his successor, and the two men, with their countenances beaming, exchanged greetings amid a salvo of cheers for both. Mr. Roosevelt then made for the steps, and, according to the plan determined upon a year ago, pro-



"YEP, HE'S GONE!"
—Donahey in Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

ceeded directly to the railway station, leaving for the new President the undivided honors of the parade to the White House. One thousand members of the New York county Republican organization escorted Mr. Roosevelt to the station, and long lines of spectators accompanied the procession. The band began at first to play some of the ex-President's favorite airs, such as "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," and "Garry Owen"; but it quickly caught the spirit of the crowd and turned to "Auld Lang Syne." Waving and cheering and singing, the crowd followed the ex-President to the doors of the station, where he made a speech of three sentences, thanking them and wishing them all good luck. The din that followed is described as "deafening," and it took all the strength of the police to prevent his admirers from following him into the station, where he disappeared from view.

IN THE meantime, the new President and his wife and the new Vice-President and his wife, preceded by three senators and three representatives, constituting the joint committee on arrangements, were being slowly driven back through the slushy streets to the White House. This is the first time the wives of the President and Vice-President have ever accompanied their husbands on such a parade. The grand marshal of the occasion was Major-General J. Franklin Bell. The President's guard of honor was Troop A, of Cleveland, O. Eighteen governors with their staffs were in the line, and one of the notable features of the occasion was the applause that preceded and followed Governor Hughes, of New York. Easily first in the affections of the populace, however, next to the President himself, was the detachment of 3,300 jackies from Admiral Sperry's fleet. The returned khaki-clad soldiers from Cuba also received an ovation. As for the rest of the parade, the list of names is almost as picturesque as the procession itself, especially the names of Southern organizations. There were the Pickaninny Band from South Carolina, the Alligator Band from Louisiana, the Possum Club from Georgia, a Taft Club five hundred strong from the same state, the Sherman Scouts from Utica, the Uncle Sam Club from Buffalo, the Richmond Blues and the Richmond Hussars, et cetera. Several camps of Confederate veterans had come to the city to participate in the parade if the weather had been more propitious. A strong movement has already grown up for an amendment to the federal Constitution rendering possible a change of date for the inaug-



"PLEASE SHOW ME THE 'TEDDY BEAR'S' ROOM"
—E. W. Kemble in *Collier's*.

ural service hereafter to April 30, the date on which Washington was first inaugurated. The Senate once before passed a measure looking to that result, by unanimous action. It died of neglect in the lower house.

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NO ONE here," remarked one of the Washington correspondents, describing the inaugural address, can recall a time when similar interest has been shown by diplomats in a presidential inauguration." The remark is one that casts a strong sidelight upon the new position that the United States has been assuming in the family of nations in the last twelve or fifteen years. Mr. Taft's remarks on our Oriental relations, for instance, were listened to by the Ambassador from Japan with an intentness visible to all. Minister Wu, "perfectly impassive up to that time, leaned to the front and drank in every word." Their attitude, it is said, was typical of that of all the foreign diplomats. But a still more striking indication of the degree of responsibility we have already reached in international affairs was an expression by Augustine Birrell, of the British ministry, in



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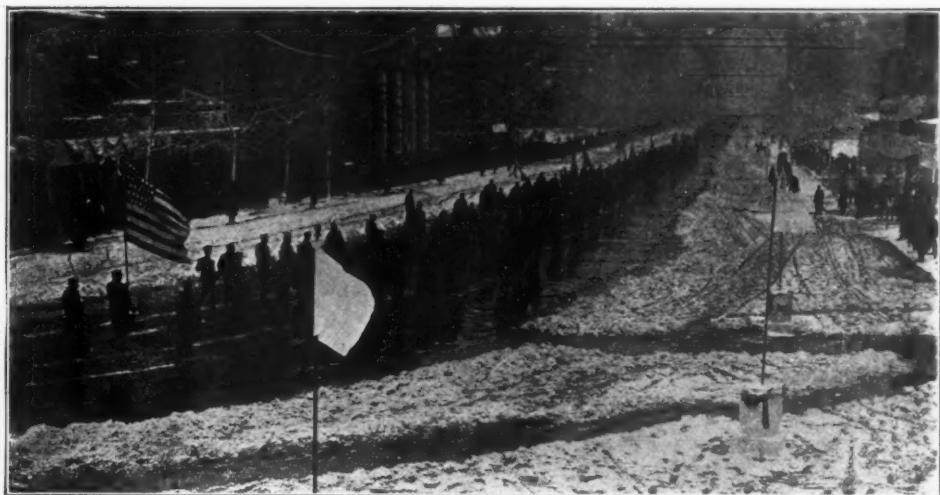
THE BREEZY START FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

a speech the next day in Bristol, to the effect that Mr. Taft had "pronounced the doom of the hope for the disarmament of nations," by his emphatic declaration in favor of a strong navy and an adequate army. "It is enough to make angels weep," said the British minister,

to find the United States joining in the call for increased armaments. In the face of that fact, remarked Mr. Birrell, Great Britain must continue to march along the same road. This was a quick and unexpected response, and it is the only criticism we have seen of the in-



THE LAST RIDE OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S STORMY CAREER AS PRESIDENT



TAIL-END OF A DISCONSOLATE ESCORT ACCOMPANYING THE PRESIDENT-ELECT TO THE CAPITOL

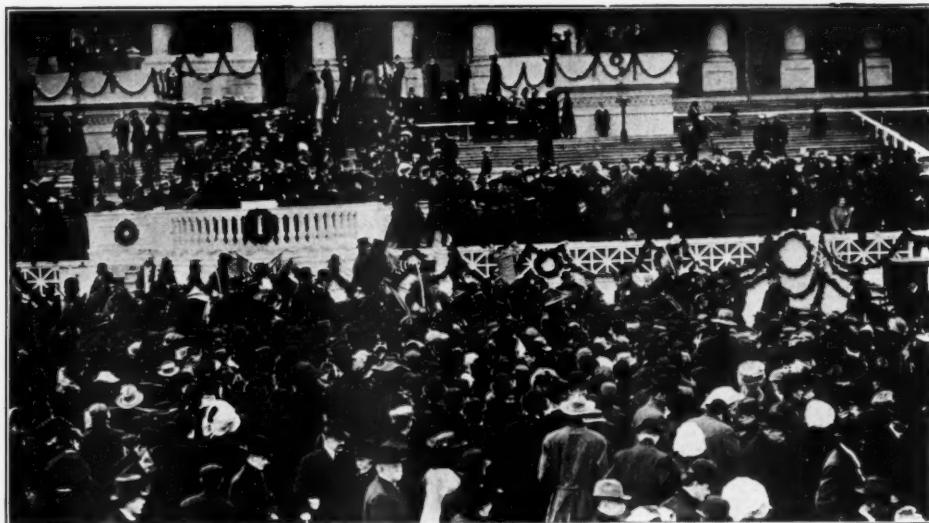
augural address that indicated any serious disappointment.

MR. TAFT began his address by declaring anew for the maintenance and enforcement of the Roosevelt reforms as "a most important feature of my administration." He calls for a reorganization of the department of justice, the bureau of corporations, and the interstate commerce commission in order to secure more effective co-operation among them

in carrying out those reforms. He expects also to submit later proposed changes in the interstate commerce and anti-trust laws, in order to assure to American business "that measure of stability and certainty in respect to those things that may be done and those that are prohibited which is essential to the life and growth of all business." Several times he sounds this same note. "Freedom from alarm on the part of those pursuing proper and progressive business methods";



UP THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL



PRESIDENT TAFT STARTS BACK TO THE WHITE HOUSE

"relief of the railroads from certain restrictions of the anti-trust law"; "the protection of legitimate business"—all these phrases occur in the first few paragraphs of the address, and they have to many a very reassuring sound. "There is not a word in it," says the *New York Times*, speaking of the address, "to disturb the peace of mind of any honest man, either through the fear that he himself may be wrongfully persecuted, or that his interests may suffer through the persecution or the prosecution of men not so honest. . . . We are to have, it seems, during the next four

years a government of laws, of laws enforced by an Executive of just and deliberating mind." The *New York Evening Post* sees, in its mind's eye, the cheer of many thousands who read the address and find that "the day of their being arbitrarily harried is past." Even the *New York Sun* is again happy, for the time being at least, to find in the address "nothing of the heat and fury of the prosecutor," but only utterances of "the judge, calm, moderate, taking his time, resolved to be impartial." *The Sun*, however, is always very laudatory of an ingoing President.



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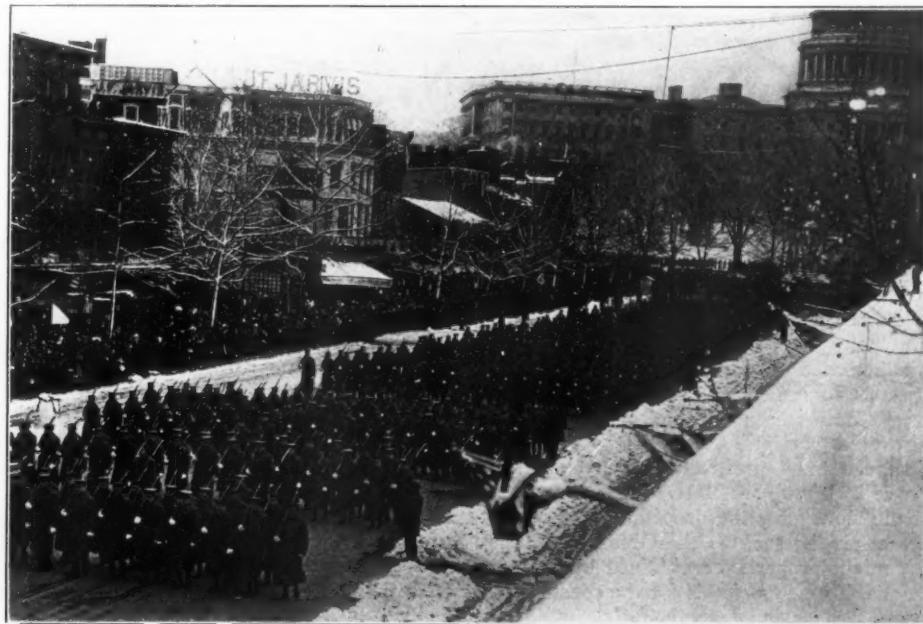
ON THE WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE



SOME OLD FRIENDS OF MR. TAFT'S—MULES FROM THE PHILIPPINES IN THE INAUGURAL PARADE

A MATTER of most pressing importance" is the way Mr. Taft speaks of the revision of the tariff. His views on this subject have been set forth time and again recently, and he adds nothing noteworthy on the subject in the inaugural address, unless it be the phrase, "in the making of a tariff bill the prime motive is taxation and the securing thereby of a revenue." To some of the tariff

reform papers this sounds remarkably like the Democratic doctrine of "a tariff for revenue only." But Mr. Taft does not use the word "only." On the contrary, he calls for such an adjustment of duties as to afford "protection by tariff equal to the difference between the cost of production abroad and the cost of production here." Such a tariff, remarks the *New York Times*, "will be a very different



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THE JACKIES FROM SPERRY'S FLEET IN THE INAUGURAL PARADE



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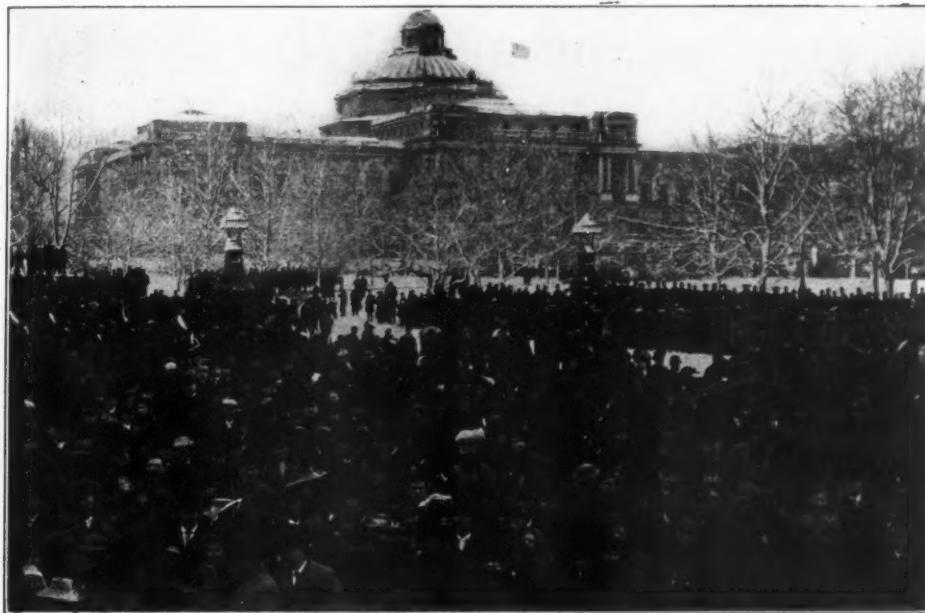
THE PRESIDENT, THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE INAUGURAL COMMITTEE ON THE REVIEWING STAND

tariff from any that has been enacted either by Democrats or Republicans since the Morrill tariff of 1861 went into effect." The New York *Evening Post*, advocate of free trade, which speaks of Mr. Taft's "agreeably quiet tone" in one paragraph, laments in the next that there is "no moral indignation" in his reference to the Dingley schedules. He appears to it to be "still caught in the bog of 'cost of production,'" but it thinks he is moving in the right direction, and it promises to him the co-operation of the more radical tariff reformers.

THE question of revenue is likely to give the new cabinet considerable trouble and thought. The deficit during the current year is estimated at \$100,000,000, and Mr. Taft sees difficulties in making important retrenchments, with the scope of the government's work increased so greatly of late years. He suggests two remedies. If the readjustment of tariff duties does not sufficiently stimulate the revenue receipts, he favors "a graduated inheritance tax," presumably such as is now in force in New York state. He suggests also that the money for the deepening and control of great rivers, such as the Ohio and Mississippi, might properly be obtained by the sale of bonds, just as the funds for the construction of the Panama canal are being secured. Of the canal itself, the new President again speaks

reassuringly. The work is making "the most satisfactory progress," and he proposes to devote all the energy possible to pushing it on the plans adopted by Congress. This, "the greatest constructive work of modern times," as he calls it, "will certainly be completed early in the next administration, if not before."

NOTHING else in the inaugural address, however, quite equals in general interest the utterances in regard to the South and the negroes. Nearly one-fifth of the address is devoted to the subject, and the utmost apparent frankness is used. Mr. Taft looks forward hopefully to "an increase in tolerance of political views of all kinds" in the Southern states in the near future, and to the existence of a respectable political opposition in every state." The effort on the part of the North to enforce the exercise of the right of suffrage by the negro against the prevailing sentiment of the South has "proved to be a failure." The fifteenth amendment still stands and "will never be repealed," and "never ought to be repealed." Its provisions have not been observed in the past, but the tendency of Southern legislation is toward the enactment of electoral qualifications which shall square with that amendment. With this change, and with the consequent passing of the danger of control by an ignorant electorate, the interest taken in the welfare of the negroes by many



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IN FRONT OF THE INAUGURAL STAND IN DEFIANCE OF THE GALE

of the Southern whites has increased, the President thinks, and especially the interest in their industrial education. The progress already made by the blacks Mr. Taft regards as marvellous, and it has been achieved in spite of a race hostility that has subjected them at times to a cruel injustice. He adds: "We are charged with the sacred duty of making their path as smooth and easy as we can. Any recognition of their distinguished men, any appointment to office from among their number, is properly taken as an encouragement and an appreciation of their progress, and this just policy shall be pursued. But it may well admit of doubt whether, in the case of any race, an appointment of one of their number to a local office in a community in which the race feeling is so widespread and acute as to interfere with the ease and facility with which the local business can be done by the appointee, is of sufficient benefit by way of encouragement to the race to outweigh the recurrence and increase of race feeling which such an appointment is likely to engender."

THIS seems to be the word the Southern whites were waiting to hear, but waiting apparently without much expectation of hearing it. This part of the address, when delivered, received more applause than anything

else in the speech, and applause in the case of this address, most of the populace being necessarily excluded from the Senate chamber, was from a select audience composed almost wholly of persons charged with the responsibilities of legislation and administration. It came from both Northern and Southern men, and it has continued to come from the press of both sections. "This," says the *Atlanta Journal*, "is indeed a new doctrine for the Republican party, and one which will do much to entrench Mr. Taft in the affections of the people of the South." The *Columbia State* sees the moral force of right and reason now finally prevailing against what was a tremendous majority of prejudice and misunderstanding. It says further: "We regard his treatment of 'race antagonism' in connection with references to Southern conditions as distinctly marking a new epoch in the political history of the American negro, as it does an era of official understanding as regards the 'race question' in politics, between the South and the rest of the country. Mr. Taft appears to have as clear an understanding and as just an appreciation of conditions affecting the races in the South as fair and just Southerners could wish." Another Southern paper, the *Fort Worth Record*, regards Mr. Taft's utterance as "a vindication of a Southern policy



SWINGING DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARADE

tenaciously contended for by the men of the South through fifty years of misunderstanding," and the South, it thinks, is profoundly gratified thereby. The Richmond *Times* believes that Mr. Taft's statements about the negro "give as full reassurance as the South could reasonably have expected." Nor, on the other hand, does the press of New England find cause for offence in what Mr. Taft says on this subject. There is no indication, in the judgment of the Springfield *Republican*, "that the just rights of the colored race are to be overlooked or antagonized by the new administration." The Boston *Herald* thinks that "in all he says" upon the race question, President Taft "speaks with greater wisdom, more patient understanding, than any other President since Lincoln." For the moment at least Mr. Taft seems to have accomplished the difficult feat of reconciling the South and New England on the race problem.

ON THE subject of Asiatic immigration—another race question, and, in a measure, a sectional question as well—Mr. Taft has suggested the necessity of enlarging the federal jurisdiction in order to enable the government to fulfil its treaty obligation to other nations to bestow upon their citizens the protection of the laws. We now leave to a state or city

the task of performing our international obligations, and the federal government has no way of enforcing such performance. Says Mr. Taft: "By proper legislation we may, and ought to, place in the hands of the Federal executive the means of enforcing the treaty rights of such aliens in the courts of the Federal government. It puts our government in a pusillanimous position to make definite engagements to protect aliens and then to excuse the failure to perform those engagements by an explanation that the duty to keep them is in states or cities, not within our control. If we would promise, we must put ourselves in a position to perform our promise." Just what legislation is necessary and proper is not indicated clearly. It has been generally assumed that an amendment to the federal constitution is necessary to meet the requirements of the case; but Mr. Taft does not say anything to that effect. On this extension of federal powers, the Richmond *Times* thinks the President is much less likely to win the approval of the South. "In this declaration," it goes on to say, "Mr. Taft proves himself an out-and-out nationalist, as Mr. Roosevelt was before him." We may well inquire, it thinks, whether the embarrassment—self inflicted—of the administration now and then or even the infrequent risk of a foreign war is too big a price to pay



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ON THE JOB.—FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT TAFT AT WORK, WITH HIS SECRETARY

for the preservation of the rights of the states. "It may be," admits the *Times*, "that our destiny is finally set that way," but it looks for sturdy resistance by the advocates of state sovereignty.

ONE other thorny subject the President handled boldly but carefully—the subject of injunctions. There is more suggestion of heat in this part of the address than in any other. After endorsing the labor legislation of the Roosevelt administration—employer's liability, a model child labor law for the District of Columbia, etc.—Mr. Taft comes to the injunction issue. Here is the way he puts it: "Take away from courts, if it could be taken away, the power to issue injunctions in labor disputes, and it would create a privileged class among the laborers and save the lawless among their number from a most needful remedy available to all men for the protection of their business against lawless invasion. The proposition that business is not a property or pecuniary right which can be protected by equitable injunction is utterly without foundation in precedent or reason. The proposition is usually linked with one to make the secondary boycott lawful. Such a proposition is at variance with the American instinct, and will find no support, in my judg-

ment, when submitted to the American people. The secondary boycott is an instrument of tyranny, and ought not to be made legitimate." He admits that the injunction has been "in several instances" inconsiderately exercised, but the remedy for that, he thinks, lies in a statute formulating the conditions for its issue.

IN THE chorus of praise which the address as a whole has called forth, the more radical papers, as we have said, join with more or less enthusiasm. Mr. Hearst's New York *American* finds that the address "is a monumental instance of the radicalism of some time ago becoming the conservatism of to-day." The New York *Press* describes the address as "temperate and convincing," an address whose calmness does not conceal its firmness. "As we receive it from the Chief Magistrate who succeeds Theodore Roosevelt," it remarks, "we have a deep sense of thankfulness." The concluding sentence of the Springfield *Republican*'s editorial comment is: "Progress under the Taft regime will evidently be more distinguished for orderliness than for jolting speed." The speech is not a great document, the Detroit *Press* thinks, but "the bent of the constructive mind is seen throughout the address." An opinion from a conservative source is this from the Boston *Herald*:



UNCLE SAM—Roosevelt has certainly left his impression on Congress during the last four years.

—International Syndicate.

"It is the best inaugural address that has been given to the country in many years." The Baltimore *Sun*, another conservative paper, regards Mr. Taft's program as "on the whole one of construction," and it calls on the Democrats in Congress not to prolong needlessly their opposition to tariff revision on the Taft lines. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*



ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC
—Carter in New York *American*.

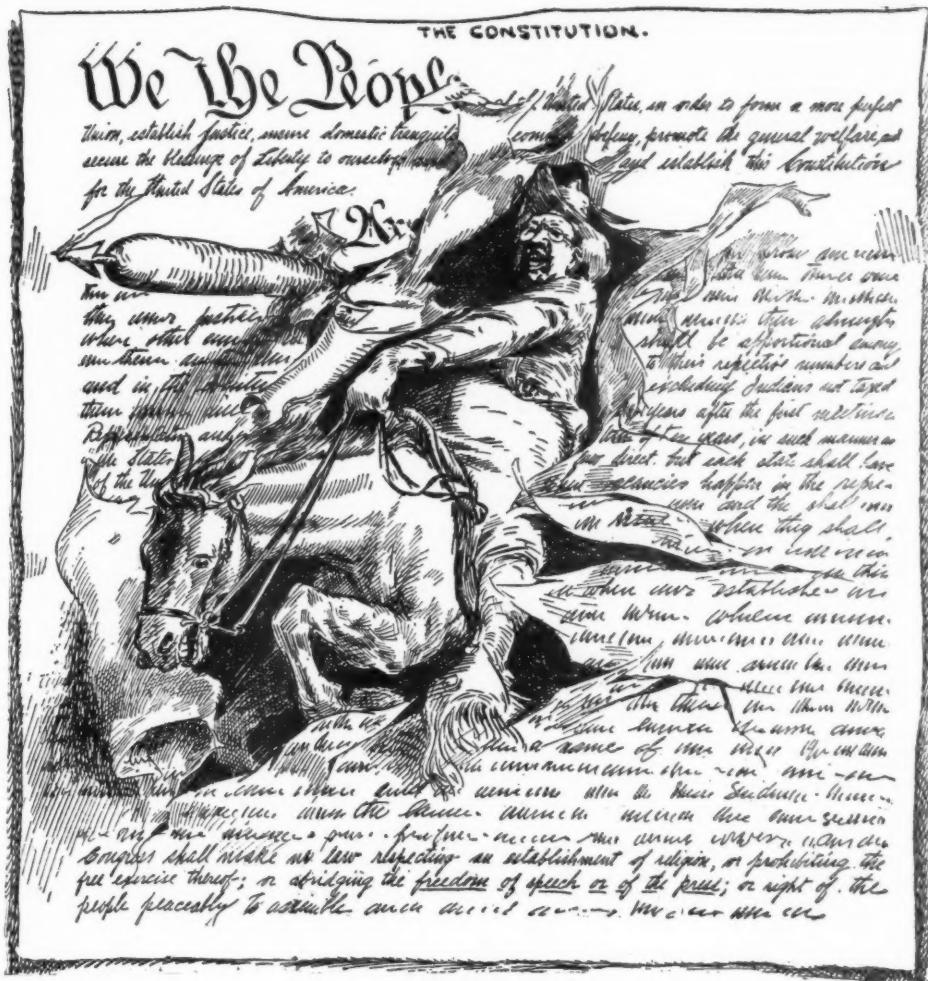
thinks the address "disappoints no expectation," and the Chicago *Tribune* sums up its opinion as follows: "It is not hortatory. It is not minatory. It is not even monitory, save in the appeal to the negro against impatient ambition. But it places its emphasis on construction and reorganization not only as respects that which must take place in business in the new relations created by the approved new laws, but also on the perfecting of the general machinery of federal administration." Similar quotations from the press might be multiplied indefinitely.

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N THE political golf-links, Mr. Taft may be said to have made a fine "drive" when he delivered his inaugural address. He followed it up with an excellent "brassie" when he selected his cabinet. At least it may be said of the cabinet as of the address that it has aroused no political jealousies and elicited no sharp criticism. The most conspicuous fact in regard to it is the number of lawyers it contains. Only two of the nine members—Meyer and Wilson—have had no legal education, and these two are hold-overs from the Roosevelt cabinet. Of the other seven men, one of them—Hitchcock—was admitted to the bar, but never practised; another—MacVeagh—abandoned practice a number of years ago for mercantile pursuits; and a third—Knox—has been for years actively engaged in political services whose importance has probably left him very little time for law practice. Of the remaining four lawyers, three at least have had experience in public service. Mr. Ballinger has been commissioner of the land office in the state of Washington, Mr. Dickinson was assistant attorney general under President Cleveland, and Mr. Nagel has been a state legislator and for four years president of the city council of St. Louis. Inasmuch as Mr. MacVeagh has been president of the Chicago bureau of charities, besides being actively interested in several important civic bodies, Mr. Wickersham remains as the only man of the nine with no public record. He has been chosen, it is probable, solely for his experience in corporate law, and because of the President's personal confidence in him, he being a law partner of Mr. Taft's New York brother.

"THE fact that it is almost a new body," remarks the Baltimore *American*, "contains a hint that Mr. Taft intends to do new



WHOOP-EE!!

—Macaulay in *New York World*.

things." This "hint" had already been given, however, in a more direct way. In his speech of acceptance, Mr. Taft declared that "the chief function" of this administration is distinct from and a progressive development of President Roosevelt's work. Mr. Taft looks upon his work as chiefly constructive, "to complete and perfect the machinery" for carrying out the Roosevelt policies. That is his own statement of purpose, and it is to be presumed that he has selected his cabinet with this constructive work in mind. It is accepted by the press in that way. "These are the men," the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* notes, "who will have to do with all the questions that arise concerning the relations of the government

with corporations. . . . The restoration of order out of this confusion Mr. Taft has recognized as the most essential work before him, and while his own judicial character fits him to preside over this work, it is clear that he means to have it done competently and carefully throughout, to re-establish confidence in 'a government of measures and not of men.' The most efficient aid President Roosevelt has received, says the Louisville *Post*, has been from lawyers in his cabinet, such as Taft, Root, Knox and Moody, and the number in the new cabinet will be therefore no cause for dissatisfaction to an unprejudiced public. "Mr. Taft's evident purpose," the Richmond *Times* thinks, "has been to provide the administra-



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE TAFT CABINET.

tion with the kind of brains which are certain to be matched against it."

THE chief element of danger to the Taft administration, as the Springfield *Republican* sees it, lies in the fact that it must live and work with the radical wing of the party, and yet it has begun by placing in control of the government "a much more moderate and conservative, but not reactionary, element." The cabinet, it notes, cannot be said to possess extraordinary political strength, for it contains no representative of the more radical element of the party, whose chief influence is in the middle West and which "may look with distrust upon an administration thus formed until its performance affords convincing proof that it will really 'clinch my policies.'" That very radical journal, the *New York American*, is willing to hold its judgment in suspense on this point. Here is its comment on the cabinet: "There are those who express some apprehension over the fact that the Taft cabinet as outlined in the public press is made up of those whose sympathies have largely and potentially moved with the corporations. Abstractly, this fact might justify grave apprehension to the friends of the people. But the answer is made to those who fear, that the new President desires the experience and judgment of corporate lawyers in his cabinet, in his fixed purpose and intention to regulate wealth and corporations along the wisest, justest and most enduring lines. Let

us hope that this is true, and let us believe that it will be true until we have reason to find it otherwise." The correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* says that the question Washington is now interested in is, who are to be the members of President Taft's "golf cabinet"? Few presidents, we are told, have begun their administration with less personal acquaintance with the members of their official cabinet than Mr. Taft has with his. "There is no member of the present cabinet whom Mr. Taft has ever called by his first name, . . . and perhaps not more than one or two members with whom his acquaintance is of more than a few years' standing. Having selected his official advisory body more with a view to their reputations for fitness and political expediency than from his personal intimacy with them, Washington naturally attaches an added value to those other men, not of the cabinet, whom the President will gather about him."

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UNLESS all records are broken, we are in for a two or three months' tussle with the tariff question. The revival of business, which was only waiting, according to some pontifical experts, for the end of the Roosevelt administration, is now waiting for the tariff revision to be finished. The extra session of Congress which began on the fifteenth is expected to devote itself



"THE DIN WAS DEAFENING."—FAREWELL TO MR. ROOSEVELT AT THE RAILWAY STATION

exclusively to this subject. There is one thing on which everybody seems to agree, and that is that whatever is done should be done quickly. The Democratic papers are urging the Democratic members of Congress not to use any undue dilatory tactics to delay final action. "It is not a time for buncombe, for filibustering, for dilatory tactics," says the Baltimore *Sun*. The high tariff journals are urging the greatest possible speed. "Everything," says the New York *Press*, "is waiting for the passage of the bill, everything is going to wait until it is passed. Get it out of the way." Even the free trade press, such as the New York *Evening Post*, promise co-operation if a real revision, along the lines advocated by the President, is attempted. But even with the best of intentions and the best of discipline in the Republican majority, several months are likely to elapse before the new schedule is adopted. The first printed copies of the proposed new bill were placed in the hands of members of the ways and means sub-committee on March 7. If by June 7 the work of Congress is over, the country may congratulate itself. For the Senate is still a deliberative body, and it has no rules for compelling the close of a debate.

THREE are some who smile incredulously at the notion of a revision downwards. Charles Edward Russell, the magazine writer,

calls the proposed revision "a huge and comical farce." For one thing, he says, in *Hampton's Magazine*, the trend of the world's movement is toward higher, not lower, rates. Every new tariff schedule is higher than its predecessor. "Within the last few years Ger-



BACK TO THE SIMPLE LIFE—FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. ROOSEVELT AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN



ROOSEVELT'S GUIDE AND GENERAL MANAGER

R. J. Cunningham is an Englishman who has had much experience shooting big game in British East Africa. He is selecting the biggest and bravest native porters to be had in Mombasa, for Mr. Roosevelt's trip.

many, Japan, Austria-Hungary, Canada, and Australia have adopted new tariffs, and every one has pushed up the duties all around. Some of the increases have been of a very startling nature. Japan has taken a long look ahead, gauged the probable trend of the world's development, and provided for successive tariff increases for years to come. Germany is to be our chief commercial rival in the Western world; Japan in the East. With these two nations running a race to produce the highest tariff and all the others chasing at their heels, does it seem in the least likely that we should really back-track and turn the other way? Our own successive tariff schedules, says Mr. Russell further, have been uniformly in the same direction, which is not an undisputed assertion, we may remark in passing. The only practical means now of reducing tariffs, in the same writer's opinion, is by international agreements, and by providing that men shall not in consequence be deprived of their work. "Having created this monster"—a protective tariff—"we are now practically at its mercy."

AT THE National Tariff Commission convention, held in Indianapolis in the latter part of February, representing 223 agricultural, civic, commercial and industrial bodies, resolutions were adopted by a practically unanimous vote calling for the creation of a permanent tariff commission that shall fix the rates of duty to be paid on foreign imports "within the lines of the maximum and minimum rates established by Congress." Congress was urged to make a revision of the present rates first, and then establish such a commission, in order to keep the new schedule adjusted to the needs of the country. The chairman of the general committee appointed by the convention, Henry R. Towne, president of the Merchants' Association of New York City, made an address in which he set forth the necessity of such a permanent tariff commission. Tariff revision hereafter, he maintains, should be continuous, not intermittent. When revision is now undertaken, on the intermittent plan, "it involves the entire tariff structure and opens the flood gates to opposing theories, clashing interests, and the pursuit of selfish ends by everyone concerned." On the continuous revision plan, the tariff would never be revised, in one sense; in another sense it would be revised daily—that is to say, some portion of the schedule would be calling for adjustment constantly. The result would be "substantial fixity" for the tariff as a whole, "with freedom from all apprehension of sweeping revisions at uncertain intervals"; but as to particular items, there would be facility for correction and change to meet the constant flux in industrial conditions. Mr. Towne's address is being widely circulated, it has the backing of powerful manufacturing and commercial organizations, and it will be of interest to see what progress his plan will make in the future. But it does not offer any help on the present revision. That goes on in the old way, by which, according to the Springfield *Republican*, the tariff system "can never be touched by way of any modifying change without throwing business into a more or less prolonged state of injurious uncertainty."

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ILL Theodore Roosevelt ever return from Africa? Not if he carries out the proposed itinerary for his hunting trip, says Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago. There are a great many



READY FOR SHIPMENT TO MOMBASA

The camp equipment for Mr. Roosevelt's hunting trip in Africa was prepared in England, but all his guns and ammunition are of American make.

others, says ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, who think the same thought, adding: "He may be very strenuous and he may be very strong; but he is taking a long chance." On the other hand, Professor Okeley, of the Columbian Museum, insists that Mr. Roosevelt will be as safe in Africa as in this country; which reminds one of the sad fate several years ago of a big-game hunter who escaped serious injury in all his African adventures only to meet sudden death in trying to cross lower Broadway. Mr. Roosevelt's tour is planned to give him about ten months in the heart of Africa. Where he goes the Duke of the Abruzzi, Joseph Chamberlain, Winston Spencer Churchill, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Mecklenburg have been, and they have come out alive to write books about their trips at much less than one dollar a word. Mr. Roosevelt is an experienced hunter, and knows how to take care of himself in the midst of danger and hardship. He will encounter deadly fevers, poisonous reptiles and fierce animals; but he will have the best medical equipment, experienced guides, and an up-to-date hunting outfit. Mr. Roosevelt is past the meridian of life, it is true; but, as Mrs. Humphry Ward has said of him, he still remains "with the spirit and strength, the many devices, of a boy." "I am not an athlete," he says; "I am simply a good ordinary out-of-door man." But in seven and a half years in the White House, there has been but one day

that the usher can recall when he seemed ill, and that was a day when he had a return of the Cuban fever, and "really had to push himself to stay at his desk."

HIS plans for the African trip will, if not interrupted, land Mr. Roosevelt in Mombasa, British East Africa, by the end of April. His guide and general manager, R. J. Cunningham, a noted English hunter, is already there hiring native porters and receiving the "kit" which is already beginning to arrive. All the guns and ammunition to be taken by Mr. Roosevelt, it is announced, are of American manufacture; but the camping outfit is of British make. There will be fold-up beds and fold-up bath-tubs, a fold-up dining table and a fold-up water cooler, fold-up spades and fold-up buckets. There are to be no reporters allowed in the party; but already the periodical literature of the country is showing the effects of the tour, and articles about big-game hunting in equatorial Africa have become a feature of the popular magazines. The official title of the expedition is the Smithsonian African Expedition, and the ostensible object at least is to procure for the Smithsonian Institution specimens of the fauna and flora of mid-Africa. J. Alden Loring, an expert collector of small mammals and birds, is to be one of the party; Edmund Heller, a trained naturalist, who has been on a tour of this kind in Africa once before, is to make



Photograph by Harris & Ewing

THE NATURALIST OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S PARTY

J. Alden Loring is an expert collector of small mammals and birds. All specimens gathered by the party, of any scientific interest, are destined for the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

another of the party; and Colonel Edgar A. Mearns, a physician and a retired officer of the regular army, is to be a third. Mr. Roosevelt pays his own expenses and those of his son Kermit, who goes as official photographer. The other expenses are met by a special subscription of \$25,000 secured for the purpose by the Smithsonian officials.

AT MOMBASA the party will be met not only by Mr. Cunningham, the guide, but by Mr. W. N. McMillan, the young St. Louis millionaire, who owns the Ju-Ja ranch of 20,000 acres, twenty-three miles from Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, where he is trying to apply some of the methods used by Burbank upon plants in experiments with animals. Up the Uganda railway the party expect to ride for two hundred miles. This railway, says a writer in *McClure's*, "leads through a zoological paradise." For a mile on each side wild animals are protected by law, and they take advantage of that fact. Winston Churchill, on his trip, saw six lions from the train. They have become indifferent to the train and the human beings riding on it. Ostriches, antelope of all species, thousands of zebras, hyenas and hartebeeste pass in review. On March 10 last, a dispatch from Mombasa gave news of a record group

of lions seen in the Great Rift valley, numbering thirty-two in all. But the royal beast seldom inspires terror in these days, it seems, outside of story books. "Persons returning to their camps after nightfall do not notice the roaring of lions or the cries of leopards and hyenas"—unless, perchance, there is a lion around who has tasted human flesh and become a man-eater. The rhinoceros is feared more than the lion, and the buffalo more than either, according to the *McClure's* writer, while the wild dogs are feared by the natives more than any other beasts that roam—even as Mowgli hath told us. When the native porters encounter a herd of buffaloes, they will take the chance of going around it. When they meet a lion they hardly notice it. But when they hear the howls of wild dogs they drop their burdens and take to the trees without waiting for a sight of the pack. Throughout British East Africa, a hunter is allowed to slay but two each of the buffaloes, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and other big game, except the lions and leopards. No license to kill these latter is required. Mr. Roosevelt was offered a special license by the authorities, but he refused to accept it, contenting himself with the same privileges other hunters enjoy.

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SELDOM in the course of its checkered existence has the Russian Duma given itself over to such extravagance of procedure as attended the efforts of Prime Minister Stolypin to render intelligible the still unintelligible sensation in the secret police. All the ministers who comprise what is sarcastically styled the cabinet were occupying front seats as Mr. Stolypin ascended the speaker's tribune. "There was an unprecedented throng of fashionable society," says the *Novoye Vremya*, "chiefly perfect ladies." The sensation of the hour has its origin in a series of accusations which one member of the revolutionary socialist party made against his colleague. The colleague, it seems, was a spy in the pay of the secret police. Superficially this seems trivial, yet, as the London *Spectator* observes, "the attention of the whole world has been called to the mystery." It began with the arrest, "in circumstances of unusual solemnity," of an ex-director of the police department, Lopukhin, second cousin to Prime Minister Stolypin himself, and a near relative to Prince Obolensky and other influential nobles. At six o'clock upon a February

morning the palatial residence of Mr. Lopukhin was surrounded by police in bullet-proof cuirasses. He had been under the closest observation for months. He is to-day awaiting trial in a solitary cell. "For years," to quote the St. Petersburg despatch of the well-informed Doctor E. J. Dillon in the London *Telegraph*, "Mr. Lopukhin was the most powerful personage in the empire." The lives, the property, and the liberty of thousands were at his mercy.

AZEFF, a wandering and brilliant Jew who for some eight years has led the Russian terrorists, was exposed by his Anarchist brethren as a police spy in the pay of Russia before this arrest of Lopukhin took place. The two events are intimately connected. Is Lopukhin, so long absolute chief of the Czar's police, a disguised anarchist? Or is Azeff, who led the terrorists and planned the assassination of von Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergius, really a secret spy in the Czar's police? Every European newspaper of importance has during the past month devoted columns to these twin puzzles. The world is asked to believe, therefore, to quote the words of the London *Spectator*, that "while a terrorist was seated in the chief place among the police and a police spy in the chief place among the terrorists, there was an understanding that neither should denounce the other." No one dreams of referring to the newspapers of St. Petersburg for a solution of these problems, which have already become more involved than the evidence of the identity of the man in the iron mask; but of Azeff and his alleged accomplice, Lopukhin, London and Paris papers give many bizarre details.

BETWEEN them, Azeff and Lopukhin, as the Paris *Figaro* understands the pair, have made all the secret history of the court of Nicholas II since the canonization of St. Seraphim. They had their share in the crisis that rendered war between Russia and Japan inevitable. Their specialty, however, was police work. Between them they nearly got the Czar killed, altho they never intended his death. Sham conspiracies against the sovereign were brought within an ace of fruition and foiled at the right time. So powerful was the really amiable Lopukhin—according to the newspaper correspondent who knows St. Petersburg better than any other western European, and who writes in the London *Telegraph*, Dr. E. J. Dillon—that his advice altered the settled plans of Nicholas II.



Photograph by Harris & Ewing

OF TO AFRICA WITH MR. ROOSEVELT

Colonel Edgar A. Mearns is a retired surgeon of the regular army. It is "up to" him to see that Mr. Roosevelt does not fall a victim to the deadly fevers of Equatorial Africa.

"Lopukhin compelled ministers, even such a minister as the late von Plehve, to bend their will to his." Personally an upright and genial soul, as Russians understand these traits, Mr. Lopukhin lived in princely ease with his wife and daughters, visiting London and Paris for business and pleasure, and making many friends. Prince Urussof, the liberal bureaucrat, whose amazing memoirs have lately been put into English by Herman Rosenthal and published in this country, is a brother-in-law of Lopukhin's.

FAR more mysterious than the rather ridiculous looking Lopukhin is that tall, plump, swarthy Jew, Azeff. His large and spreading ears, the tendency of his rather thick lips to remain half closed only, the bigness of his nose, and the other physiognomical characteristics in harmony with all these belie the subtlety and delicacy of his mind and methods. "Danger seems to have had an irresistible fascination for his distempered mind," says the *Débats*, "treason for his abnormal soul." The perversity of the delight he took in his own imminent peril of being stabbed at any moment by the revolutionaries or strung up by the government agents is dwelt upon by Dr. Dillon. "Yet he appeared always calm and self-possessed, was attired in the

height of fashion, and sought distraction in the gay places of the northern Palmyra." During the past seven years Azeff dwelt in a fine apartment on the fashionable side of the Neva, paying from time to time a flying visit to Paris. He maintained his family there in some state. After the fashion of his chum, Gershuni, "the ablest revolutionist Russia has ever produced," Azeff imparted to everyone brought into contact with him the impression of a subtle and sly but magnetizing personality, energetic, resourceful, strongly willed. "He was never taken aback, never hesitated, never flinched." Of this calibre was the man, then, to whom the terrorists in the realm of the Romanoffs looked for light and leading as well as a competent supply of those funds without which their best laid schemes of assassination must have been brought to naught.

HOBNOBBING now with exalted imperial officials like the hapless Lopukhin, or again with the incarnate spirits of revolt like Gershuni, the supple Azeff inspired the dramatic catastrophes of the whole reign. "He was the moving spirit in the historic mutinies of Sveaborg, Cronstadt and the insurrection in Moscow," writes Dr. Dillon, "and he was an indefatigable police agent in St. Petersburg, Paris and Moscow whenever there were conspirators to arrest." He participated in that bureaucratic conference near the capital of the Czar when the promulgation of an absolutism was debated just after the dispersal of the first Duma. He was the adviser of the radical groups which met in secret to plot the overthrow of Stolypin. "The reputation of the alleged traitor, Azeff, stood so high with his fellow revolutionists," declares the *London Times*, "that they characteristically suspected the comrade Burtzeff, who denounced him, of being the traitor himself." Now that "a kind of revolutionary court martial" has been convened to consider the mystery here, the terrorists at Paris "officially" report that Azeff is the real traitor and Burtzeff the true comrade.

THIS Burtzeff has long been well known in St. Petersburg as the founder and editor of the review *Byloye*. Like all "idealists," this Burtzeff has had his ups and downs, sometimes in St. Petersburg and sometimes in exile. "He was always fond of historical study," says the Paris *Temps*, "and when he last found himself expelled from the soil of his native land, Burtzeff founded a review. Amnestied a few years since, the editor and

revolutionary returned to St. Petersburg, taking the *Byloye* with him and winning for it a wide circle of subscribers." One day no less prominent a bureaucrat than Lopukhin himself came to the office of the *Byloye*. He suggested to Burtzeff the publication of those memoirs of Prince Urusoff, which reveal in so theatrical a guise the vicissitudes of what the Czars understand by official administration. In the course of the talk, Lopukhin mentioned that he had written out his own memoirs, and Burtzeff tried hard to get them for publication in the *Byloye*. "From that day forth Burtzeff kept pestering Lopukhin for leave to print these memoirs." It was never granted. The police have the memoirs now.

ANOTHER exalted ornament of the police hierarchy dropped in on Burtzeff with manuscripts of a highly exciting sort available for publication. The individual was Mr. Bakai, at the head of the forces of law and order in Warsaw. This time the documents proved beyond a doubt that in Russia there exist two distinct governments, and that each has its own policy. One of these governments is known to the world at large. It makes treaties, deals with the Duma, handles the people in the open and gathers the legal taxes. The other government is faintly outlined through the screen of such concealment and intrigue as Azeff, Gershuni, Ratchkovsky (long at the head of the Russian secret police in Paris, and for a time, according to the *Temps*, directing the operations of the Russian secret police in Washington) have thrown over their operations. Bakai first warned Burtzeff that there was a traitor in the terrorist camp, and Burtzeff conveyed that warning to Prince Peter Kropotkin in the French capital. Not long afterward Azeff went in panic to Lopukhin. Azeff was about to be tried by the revolutionary tribunal in Paris. That body would ask Lopukhin to testify. Azeff's life was in the hands of his accomplice, Lopukhin. A bureaucrat of distinction, connected with the secret police, called upon Lopukhin at Azeff's entreaty to find out what he would say when he appeared before Prince Kropotkin and his brethren at Paris.

INCREDIBLE as it may seem that the terrorists in Paris could compel the appearance before them of a Russian official as prominent as Lopukhin, the story, as it is pieced together from the revelations of the month, finds acceptance in some European

dailies on the continent of Europe. The government of Nicholas II swallowed the story too, the Paris *Temps* reminds us, for it caused the arrest of Mr. Lopukhin on a charge of high treason and of complicity in the revolutionary movement. "Throughout his entire career Mr. Lopukhin is said to have played a double game, turning one man against another and supporting now one and now the other." Between Lopukhin and Azeff the press of St. Petersburg grows bewildered. Inclined to set up a defence of Azeff as the one true patriot in the labyrinth of all the mysteries, that partisan reactionary sheet, the *Znamya*, warns the government that unless it shields him others will be discouraged from rendering services of equal value. Lopukhin, on the other hand, is denounced as a Judas Iscariot by both the *Vedomosti* (St. Petersburg) and the *Svet*, each of which is liberal and conservative by turns. The mouthpiece of the propertied and pious, the *Grashdanin*, thinks Mr. Lopukhin meant well, but, being Russian, was led about too much by the nose at the pleasure of the wily Jew in the case. The liberal *Rossiya* has filled much space with its theory that Azeff and his kind are indispensable agents in the war on terrorism. "Lopukhin is a traitor for unmasking and thus destroying their efficiency." The *Novoye Vremya*, semi-officially inspired, says Lopukhin may be the traitor, but so may Azeff. Thus Russian dailies meander in this maze.

FOR the present Mr. Lopukhin languishes without bail, altho cheered by the regular visits of a devoted wife and two lovely daughters. He is provided with ample facilities for writing that "full revelation of secret history" by which he expects to demonstrate his complete innocence. "To what extent Lopukhin and others have failed in their duty to Czar and country can not be ascertained before the trial," notes the London *Telegraph*, "which the prime minister promises to have conducted in public, with all the figures of accusers and accused set full against the broad light of day." This point does not impress the *Temps*, inclining, in the light of past experience, to the idea that the trial of Lopukhin will either be postponed until his witnesses are dead or conducted with the secrecy of star chamber judgments. The mystery as to the whereabouts of Azeff is still unsolved.

THE breathless moment in the Duma came when Prime Minister Stolypin faced the deputies with his "explanation." He left the

relations between Lopukhin and Azeff in a denser fog than the newspapers had disseminated. There are no grounds at this time, the prime minister said, of accusing any official of criminal acts. Neither has he any evidence upon which to base a charge that Azeff has been a police spy, provoking the terrorists to conspiracy. "I draw the sad but inevitable conclusion," went on the prime minister, "that as long as the revolutionary terror lasts, the secret police spy system must go on." The government of Russia is impelled "by its conscience" to afford the Czar personal protection through every available means. The dignified Stolypin, who spoke in a nervous and hesitating manner markedly contrasting, says the correspondent of the London *Standard*, with his usual tone of quiet assurance, startled the deputies somewhat by saying that the Russian police knew perfectly well where Azeff is at this moment. But Stolypin paid no attention to documents flourished by a Socialist deputy in proof of the charge that Azeff was both a terrorist and a secret police spy simultaneously. Long before Stolypin sat down, the Duma was vociferating its displeasure at what it evidently considered the prime minister's evasions. Mr. Milyoukoff essayed to put in a word, while the Socialists banged their seats with sticks and the Octobrist leader Prince Galitzin charged the constitutional democrats with being the associates of thieves and criminals. President Kholmiakoff pounded the rostrum in front of him with a gavel and implored the Duma to live down its reputation, if it could, of being the worst mannered representative body in the world. With yells of "Spy!" in all ears, the deputies adjourned.

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ISSENSIONS within the ranks of those British suffragettes who tried so vainly to fight their way into the presence of Prime Minister Asquith some few weeks since fully explain, it is hinted in London organs, the most dramatic of all the flank movements in England to gain votes for women. The details of the scenario include, beside the familiar contingent of three hundred London policemen, a procession of ladies carrying banners and several statesmen of cabinet rank behind locked doors, something like civil war in the ranks of the suffragettes themselves. On the question of policy there prevails among the ten distinct non-party organizations working directly for woman suf-

frage in Great Britain what Christabel Pankhurst herself has called an eternal harmony. The dissension relates to tactics. This dissension has been construed hitherto in terms of a failure to act co-operatively. The "militants," that is, have not been helped by their non-militant sisters. That Boadicea of woman suffrage, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, surrounded by her daughters, has led the National Women's Social and Political Union in rush after rush upon number 10 Downing Street, only to find the front door locked and Prime Minister Asquith under the protection of the police. No one need be told that many women working for the suffrage in England deprecate these tactics. Mrs. Henry Fawcett is among the most conspicuous of them all. No less than sixty-eight societies in the kingdom have federated themselves into a national union under Mrs. Fawcett to agitate votes for women while frowning down Mrs. Pankhurst.

QUIET unanticipated sources of pandemonium developed within the militant ranks when Mona Caird, the immortal author of the question whether marriage is a failure, ventured upon some criticism of the belligerency of recent tactics. Mona Caird had heard with genuine regret of the determination of the Women's Social and Political Union—"the Pankhurst police," as some dub them—to boycott the Women's Freedom League, in which Mrs. Edith How Martin is so conspicuous. These two organizations are militant. Both believe in raids on the House of Commons, in rushes upon cordons of the constabulary, and in padlocking their champions to the railings of official residences. The Women's Freedom League, however, revolts against the autocracy set up by the Pankhurst ladies in their government of the Women's Social and

Political Union. Strife between these factions went so far that the Pankhursts seem actually to have organized a raid upon the opposition militant meeting. The Pankhurst ladies were accused of a conspiracy to rule or ruin.

IT WAS to protest against the catastrophe to the cause of votes for women involved in this prospect that Mona Caird rushed in. She has long been an admirer of the Pankhurst ladies, and she herself is something of a militant, believing that since direct and really effective constitutional means are denied to women, to ask them to confine themselves rigidly to these means is "about tantamount to exhorting prisoners to escape from prison without breaking the prison rules." For the first time in history, she concedes, the cause has been made a living force in politics, and "for this we have to thank the militants who braved and are braving ordeals the most cruel that women could face in order to win for their sex the possession of full human rights." Her recent appeal to the Pankhurst "police" militants was not made, therefore, through failure to recognize that women, "being politically weaponless among a population of armed warriors, so to speak," are at bay. The suffragettes are practically obliged either to postpone their dream indefinitely, or—an article of Mona Caird's in *The Westminster Review* deals particularly with this point—to use more or less "desperate" means to free themselves. Nevertheless, Mona Caird protested against the plan of one militant band to break up the meeting of a less militant band. The Pankhurst answer was that the Women's Social and Political Union had long before announced its policy to interrupt the political speeches of cabinet ministers everywhere as a means of drawing official attention insist-



AWAITING THE SUFFRAGETTE SQUAD

This thoroughfare leads directly to No. 10 Downing street, the official residence of the Prime Minister of England in London. The authorities had learned of the plan of Mrs. Despard to raid the residence of the Premier and were in readiness to give the ladies a warm reception.

ently to the cause of votes for women. What, then, retorted Mrs. Caird, can be the object of continuing to interrupt cabinet ministers when they go out of their way to speak on the woman suffrage topic itself?

WHILE Mona Caird was thus denouncing the feuds within the suffragist ranks as "some subtle Machiavellian scheme of the anti-suffrage league," the heroines of the Women's Freedom League mobilized for a raid of their own. The Pankhursts were quite ostentatiously excluded from the battalions, and, to impart an original dash to the heroism, Miss Muriel Matters, famed by her historical investigations into women's past importance, got aboard an airship. In huge black letters on the side of the gas bag were painted the words: "Votes for Women," and "Women's Freedom League." Handbills, yellow and green, bearing printed statements regarding the eligibility for the vote of man and woman comparatively considered, fell in showers as the airship with Miss Matters aboard rose from a London suburb and drifted over Westminster and Tooting. "We have shown our opponents," said Miss Matters, when she got back to earth, "that they have no monopoly of effective arguments." This demonstration in the air was interpreted as a distinct blow to the prestige of the Pankhursts. They had never thought of it.

THE Pankhursts, through their Women's Social and Political Union, thereupon made a somewhat ostentatious announcement that the House of Commons would be invaded again. A deputation was appointed to proceed to the House of Commons and "lay the claim of England's wronged womanhood" before the prime minister. The usual police arrangements were made without delay. The Pankhursts so stimulated their rivals in the militant movement by this announcement that the Women's Freedom League, which had scored so heavily with the airship, resolved upon a still more daring enterprise. They went in twos and threes to the official residence of Prime Minister Asquith at number 10 Downing Street and took turns at rushing the police lines. They could not get into the house, but some sixty of the suffragettes did get into the neighboring police station, where many of them were bound over, many more were sent to prison for a month, and some were let off with a warning. The venerable Mrs. Charlotte Despard commanded on this occasion, and there was a fresh rally of



A PEER'S DAUGHTER IN THE DOCK

Lady Constance Lytton, whose father was among the great Indian viceroys and whose kinsman is in the House of Lords, was arrested and held in a London police court for taking part in last month's attempt to "rush" the House of Commons.

her forces that very evening. Another attempt to gain an interview with Mr. Asquith—this time in the House of Commons itself—inspired the police on duty to urge the representatives of the Women's Freedom League to return to their homes. This Mrs. Despard and her associates refused to do. "The whole scene, however," reports the London *Telegraph*, "was so quickly over that at a quarter to ten o'clock the appearance of Parliament Square was quite normal. The whole of the evening raid had commenced and ended without attracting the interest of more than fifty or sixty members of the general public."

NOT many days were allowed to pass by the Pankhursts before they moved again, some hundreds strong, against the same entrance to the House from which the rival faction had been repulsed with such heavy loss. It was noticed, however—and the critically

captious in the ranks of the Women's Freedom League made much of the point—that the Pankhurst ladies themselves took no part in the battle. Among those who did take part, however, under the command of the uncompromising Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, were ladies of high social position. They included the versatile and brilliant Lady Constance Georgina Lytton, sister of the Earl of Lytton and daughter of a former Viceroy of India. The daughter of former Prime Minister Saul Solomon, of Cape Colony, was with the raiders, not to mention Miss Una Stratford Dugdale, another ornament of West End drawing rooms. Everything was arranged with a view to impressing upon the authorities the solidly genteel importance of the persons the police would be called upon to treat violently. Young ladies related by ties of blood or marriage with prominent members of the House of Commons carried placards with the familiar device. The police displayed great subtlety in avoiding all appearance of superior numbers as the suffragettes arrived in the vicinity of Parliament Square and crowded into Caxton Hall for a preliminary demonstration.

OF THE raid on the House of Commons later in the evening, the judgment of the London press generally is that it failed. "If the truth must be recorded," to quote *The Telegraph*, "the failure amounted to a fiasco." This is the verdict of a daily which has displayed no hostility, after the fashion of the *London Times*, to the theoretical proposition of the suffragettes. The spectacle, we read, "degenerated into a pitiable display of useless effort on the part of individual units of what had been intended to be a large fighting deputation of specially chosen women." It has to be borne in mind, however, that the London press generally reports the proceedings of the suffragettes either in a hostile spirit or with a view solely to the spectacularly humorous aspects of a scrimmage between platoons of police and mobs of kicking, screaming, dishevelled women, with jeering and laughing crowds in the part of spectators. It seems impossible, as the *London Spectator* remarks, to get the British public in or out of the capital to take the militant suffragists very seriously. Not a few are accused of advertising themselves with an eye single to the lecture platform or the sale of their books. From behind the protection afforded by the serried ranks of police, a crowd of members of parliament watched the routed suffragettes as they dispersed, some to the police station under

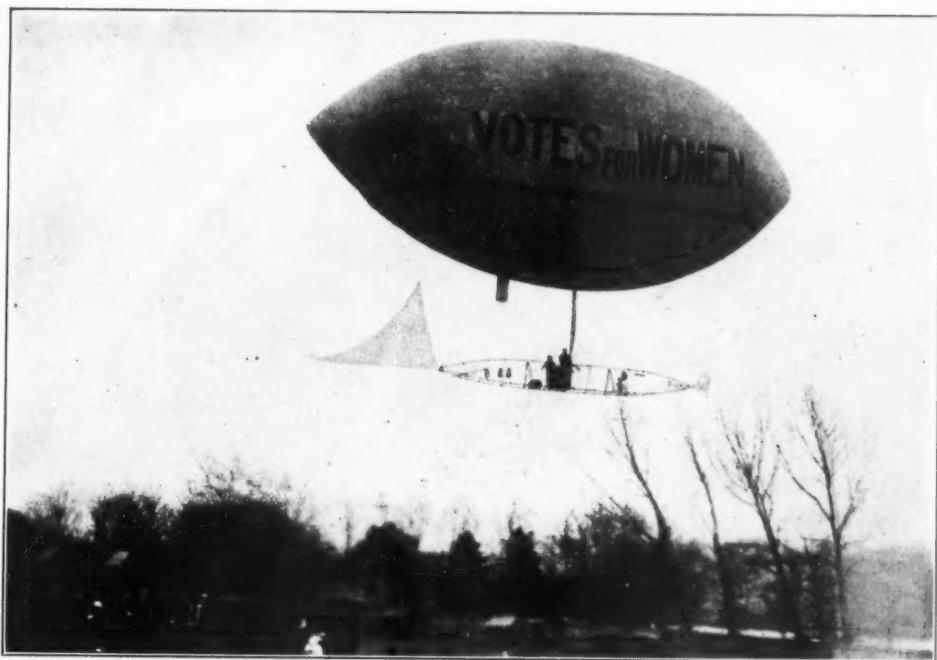
arrest, and others to headquarters of their union, where speeches continued until far into the night.

A SPIRITED discussion among members of the ten suffragist societies which ramify throughout Great Britain has to do with the practical utility of these tactics. Miss Christabel Pankhurst insisted in another fierce address to her following that there must be more rushes, more raids on the Commons, more martyrdoms in prison garb on prison diet. This is directly contraverted by those suffragists who speak in the name of the national union of woman suffrage societies. The fact seems to make Miss Christabel the more defiant as she expounds the Pankhurst proposition that the refusal of the ministry to grant votes for women renders a continuance of militant measures absolutely necessary. The next step, as London rumors indicate them, is a reconciliation between the rival militant factions in order to bring the prime minister to his knees. Much criticism has been directed against the militant suffragists because of their use of the names of noted women who in the past pioneered their cause. Mary Kingsley's name is one of those inscribed on banners borne aloft by the Pankhurst paraders. Now it is averred that she opposed the extension of the suffrage to women. Queen Victoria has been cited as an instance of one who believed in extending the political rights of her sex. Her name has been used freely in this sense by the militant suffragettes. Now comes the *London Times* with the positive statement that the late Queen was altogether against anything like votes for women, one of her letters being cited in justification of this inference. The *London Mail* contends that many of the uncompromising suffragettes are imported from the continent of Europe or from the colonies, names being given to make good this assertion. There is nothing in the movement of the suffragettes to justify the claim that they represent the women of England, insists Mrs. Humphry Ward, to which Mrs. Despard retorts that the women unrepresented in the agitation are still slaves awaiting emancipation.

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WHILE the English suffragettes have thus been pursuing their own tactics, displaying their right to be regarded, in the judgment of the *New York Tribune*, as "the most ingenious publicity agents in the



THE APPEAL TO HEAVEN

Miss Muriel Matters, noted for her prominence in the militant suffragette ranks in England, ascended from a London suburb last month in the carriage of a huge air ship. This demonstration of the Women's Freedom League proved highly successful from the standpoint of applied aeronautics.

world," the American suffragists have not been idle. The movement here, however, still remains in the argumentative or diplomatic stage, no ultimatums having yet been given and no war declared. The demonstration in Albany several weeks ago—on the same day that Mr. Asquith's house was surrounded by policemen to protect him from the raid—was one of unprecedented size and interest. Suffragists to the number of 750 and anti-suffragists, mostly women, to the number of 100, packed the Senate chamber and filled many columns of newspaper space the next day. "Undoubtedly the Albany spectacle was most impressive," says the *New York Times*, which strongly opposes woman suffrage. "It was not only that there were so many women, but the character of the representation was formidable. The shrieking sister of the old days was in the minority. It was no deputation of short-haired, short-skirted, masculine femininity. There were wives of men of large importance in the community, bankers, merchants, and lawyers. There were women of the best lineage whose influence is in most circumstances exerted only for the good. They have done the state service in showing how much force lies

behind the present agitation. It is a force that must be met with equal force, and combated with intelligence, candor, and good humor."

THE greatest misfortune that ever befell American women, according to a recent address by Mrs. Kate Trimble Woolsey, as reported in the dailies last month, was the secession of the American colonies from British rule. Mrs. Woolsey's ancestors helped in that secession, but she finds that the rights of women to-day are larger in Great Britain than in the United States, and generally greater in the aristocracies of the world than in the republics. Even in our own colonial days, we are told, women enjoyed the right of suffrage on practically the same basis as men, and Mrs. John Adams wrote to her husband, then in attendance at the Continental Congress, that if woman's right to vote was not specifically affirmed in the federal Constitution, the time would come when a rebellion against the government would be fomented by women. Five million women under the British flag, says Mrs. Woolsey, have equal rights with men in municipal suffrage, while in the United States



READY FOR THE PRIME MINISTER

Taking advantage of a technicality in the wording of the parcels post regulations, the suffragettes tried to get two of their number "conveyed" to Mr. Asquith—in vain.

but 250,000 have such rights. In the British Empire 1,500,000 women have complete suffrage; in this country less than 100,000 have it. She draws a contrast between the prominence of women in court functions of Great Britain and their absence or subordination in our own inaugural ceremonies and White House receptions. "Woman forms an indispensable part of the framework of aristocracy"—we are still quoting from a newspaper report of the speech—"and she does not form an indispensable part of the framework of democracy." Women in the South American republics occupy a lower place to-day than in Turkey, Japan, and other countries of the Orient.

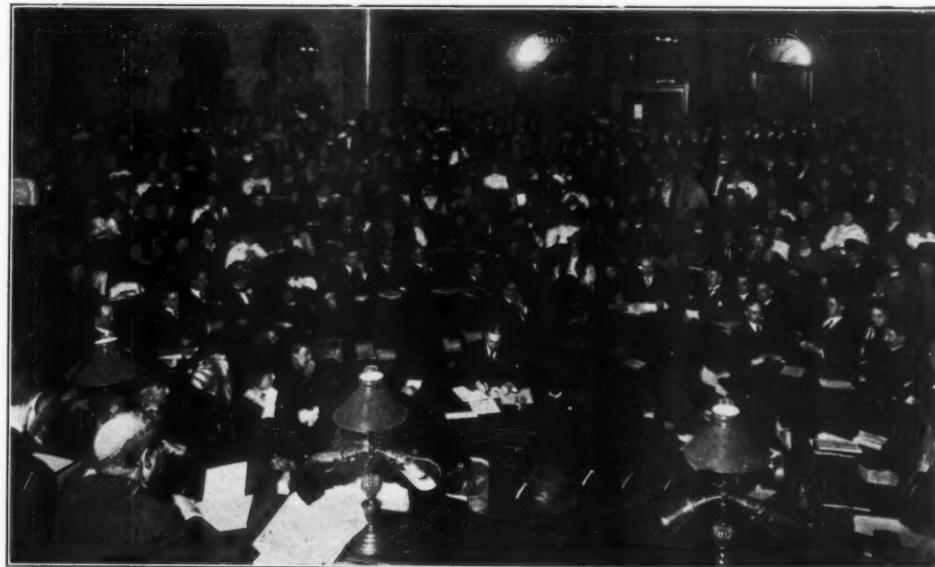
THE condition of woman, thus described, forms to Mrs. Woolsey's mind an indictment of republics. What, after all, she asks, is a republic but a sexocracy? But by another lady, Mrs. Rossiter Johnson, an anti-suffragist, this condition of affairs is accepted as an indictment of woman suffrage, which, she says, is thus seen to be "incompatible with sound republican government." Not one particle of progress has woman suffrage made in any part of the world, says Mrs. Johnson, except in alliance with socialism on one side or aristocratic tendencies on the other. "Greek women," under the republic, "retired to domestic life as the liberty of their people grew,"

whereas "during the ages of feudalism women who were land owners had the same rights as other nobles; they could raise soldiery, coin money and administer justice. In proportion as the aristocratic power lost its hold women were exempted from these services, and gained in moral influence." In this country, says Mrs. Johnson, woman suffrage has not made its progress as a result of sound democracy. It was adopted in Utah "as a legitimate part of the union of church and state, of communism, of polygamy." In Wyoming it was secured by means that shame democracy. In Colorado and Idaho it was an outgrowth of unbalanced populism. In a republic, the argument continues, political power must belong to those who have the physical strength to maintain it. In an aristocracy it is a matter of privilege, property, etc. Thus do Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Woolsey, reasoning from the same facts, reach totally different conclusions.

THIS ability to draw opposing conclusions from the same fact or group of facts is rather a striking incident in the whole controversy over woman suffrage. The result of women's voting in Colorado is one of the facts handled in this double way. Thus at Albany much was made by the anti-suffragists of a quotation from Judge Lindsay, of Denver, as follows: "I can't say that the woman's vote has

helped things much in Colorado. I have found that women in politics are no better and no worse than men. When a question narrows down to selfish interests, both sexes follow the same line of action—they look out for Number One." A few days later Mrs. Clarence Mackay, president of the Equal Suffrage Society of New York, published a letter she had received from Judge Lindsay, not repudiating his statement above, but maintaining that the wrong inference had been drawn from the conditions thus set forth. If the result in Colorado is an argument at all, says the Judge, it is one that tells against male suffrage rather than against female suffrage. "I do not see," so runs his letter, "how there can be a perfect test of what women can do so long as they are hampered by the corruption of men in politics. Why the inability of women to overcome the corruption due to men should be urged as a reason against woman suffrage is more than I can understand, and yet I found that constantly urged in New York. . . . As a matter of fact, I feel confident that female suffrage has helped some in Colorado, but it has not by any means eliminated the corruption in our politics, but this is positively nothing against female suffrage. I can show that it is against male suffrage if it is against anything."

THUS the merry war goes on. The Chicago *Evening Post* points to the 5,300,000 women who have had to leave the shelter of home and enter the ranks of industry as an argument for woman suffrage. "These are the women who need the ballot," it insists. The *New York Times* points to the same women as an anti-suffrage argument. The duration of the lives of women, in the industrial centers, it asserts, has shortened since 1868, altho the general span of life has been increased in the same time by five years in this country, and by seven years in Europe. And it draws this conclusion from these figures: "Women have been forced further into industrial competition than is good for them. They are not prepared for the additional burden of ordering the affairs of the government." The recent election of Mr. Root as senator from New York state has led to the request for his opinion on woman suffrage. He referred the questioners to his speech made before the New York Constitutional Convention in 1894, asserting that his views then are his views now. That speech has consequently figured considerably in recent discussion. Mr. Root's line of thought is that the right of suffrage is not a natural right, but is simply "a means of government." The question, therefore, to Mr. Root's mind, is solely one of ex-



"THE ALBANY SPECTACLE WAS MOST IMPRESSIVE"

So says an anti-woman suffrage daily of the hearing in the Senate Chamber on woman suffrage. In addition to 750 suffragists the anti-woman suffrage women also turned out a hundred strong and the debate was an exciting one.

pediency. Will better government or worse be secured by woman suffrage? He proceeds as follows:

"It is not that woman is inferior to man, but it is that woman is different to man, that in the distribution of powers, of capacities, of qualities, our Maker has created man adapted to the performances of certain functions in the economy of nature and society, and woman adapted to the performance of other functions.

"In politics there is struggle, strife, contention, bitterness, heart-burning, excitement, agitation, evrything which is adverse to the true character of woman. Woman rules to-day by the sweet and noble influence of her character. Put woman into the arena of conflict and she abandons these great weapons which control the world, and she takes into her hands, feeble and nerveless for strife, weapons with which she is unfamiliar and which she is unable to wield. Woman in strife becomes hard, harsh, unlovable, repulsive; as far removed from that gentle creature to whom we all owe allegiance and to whom we confess submission as the heaven is removed from the earth.

"Mr. President, in the divine distribution of powers the duty and the right of protection rests with the male. It is so throughout nature. It is so with men, and I for one will never consent to part with the divine right of protecting my wife, my daughter, the woman whom I love and the woman whom I respect, exercising the birthright of man, and place that high duty in the weak and nerveless hands of those destined by God to be protected rather than to engage in the stern warfare of government."

* * *

HE crucial issue placed before the Italian voters in the national election which has just brought so splendid a triumph to Prime Minister Giolitti was shaped by the attitude of the Pope. Signor Giolitti had called upon the country, as the ministerial *Tribuna* says, to choose between the constitutional parties—which strive for the preservation of institutions as they exist in the peninsula and for the maintenance of order—and those anti-monarchical and subversive parties to which a policy of revolution makes an irresistible appeal. From the outset of the political struggle the Pope declared a neutrality so benevolent that in many a diocese the rule forbidding the faithful to vote in a national election was suspended by the bishops. The majority with which Giolitti is returned to power convinces the Italian press generally that the Vatican can not be ignored among the factors that turned the scale in his favor. Pius X is quoted at second hand in a Naples daily as saying, while still on the bed of sickness from which he has just arisen, that he thanked God for the outcome of the struggle. Prime Minister Giolitti and the sovereign

pontiff are agreed, it seems, in rejoicing at the discomfiture of all the sections of the revolutionary extreme left. Every separate faction of the radicals, republicans and socialists has had reason for disappointment at the returns. To combat them at the polls, all the influence of constitutional liberals and clericals was exploited with an outcome most encouraging to both Vatican and Quirinal. The alliance between them is neither formal nor openly avowed, yet no well-informed European daily seems to doubt its existence.

AFTER some thirty-eight years of United Italy, therefore, and three pontificates, the kingdom of the house of Savoy, as the Roman publicist Salvatore Cortesi points out, witnesses the practical extinction of the famous formula of Don Margotti—"neither elected nor electors." The participation of the Vatican clericals in the political contest—an indirect but effective participation—was not, Signor Cortesi says, an isolated thing. It was no mere outcome of Roman Catholic lay rebellion against the famous prohibition of the non expedit. It was a regular abandonment of that prohibition countenanced by the most exalted dignitaries in the ninety odd dioceses. It was not a new Vatican attitude so much as an emphasis laid upon what has gone before. Five years have not come and gone since the appearance of the sensational letter of the vicar of the diocese of Reggio Emilia to his parish priests in which he used these words: "Before the evil which the Socialists have done and intend to do, the participation of Catholics at the polls is not only allowed but urged as a duty." This language found echoes in many a pastoral on the eve of last month's ballots.

THE one question which lies at the root of all others in Italy, and which is a legacy antedating the unification of the kingdom under the house of Savoy, has been complicated and given a new face by the earthquake. Giolitti himself has called it the "eternal" southern question. "The land, the extension of the suffrage, education, railway policy, tariff reforms, the efficiency of parliamentary institutions—all are connected with the southern question." Thus Giolitti. United Italy is still, as her prime minister confesses to parliament every session, in the lugubrious and impassive manner for which he is famous, divided not only geographically but economically and socially into two sections widely differing in traditions, history and manners. The

civilizations in the two fractions present elements of conflict. Nature herself has stepped in to aggravate the problem by fissuring Calabria and shaking Sicilian towns to their foundations in recurring shocks of earthquake. The government of these two divisions of the kingdom by uniform and equal laws remains the difficulty. The south of Italy—by which is usually meant Sardinia, Sicily and all continental Italy south of the Tronto and the Garigliano—has been termed “a cannon ball tied to the foot of the north.” The northerners—the natives of Lombardy, Piedmont and Liguria—profess to groan beneath the weight of taxation necessitated by the requirements of the backward and impoverished south. The dream of the north is to witness a wholesale emigration from the south to the United States of America. To her south Italy avows her indebtedness for the large crop of political scandal. Naples, we are reminded, has her Camorra, and Palermo boasts her Mafia. These pests have no counterpart in the north.

ONLY because he has stood impartially between north and south has it been possible for Giolitti to hold the reins of power so many years, according to the *Tribuna*. The Socialist *Avanti* sees a sufficient explanation in that mysterious pact between the prime minister and the pontiff in the Vatican concerning which it is indignant but indefinite. Signor Giolitti once described church and state to the chamber as “two parallel lines which never meet.” The two lines have just been drawn very closely together if we may trust the careful Roman correspondent of the London *Post*. “Pius X is not a Christian Socialist but a plain conservative,” he writes. “He is not a cosmopolitan diplomatist but a patriotic Italian.” On the other hand, Signor Giolitti is an opportunist who has nothing of the radical doctrinaire about him. “A consummate electioneering agent, he knows the value of the clerical vote at elections, now that the faithful are allowed to cast their ballots at the discretion of the bishops with the leave of the Vatican.” Now and then the alliance between premier and Pope may fail, but in the light of the election returns we may look for its further development.

NEITHER the sovereign pontiff nor the head of the ministry would enter into an open alliance, the best authorities on the situation tell us. “Phrases have much influence with the people. Many who do not dislike the church dislike the priests, while an

absolute reconciliation between Pope and king, even were it practicable, would have, from the Italian standpoint, less to recommend it than the present state of compromise.” The anti-clerical rowdyism which would have imperilled the dignity of the ceremonial attending the removal of the remains of the late pontiff to their final resting place, and which went the length of an attempted assault upon the cardinal secretary of state, is repressed with the stoned hand armed. “Had it continued,” says one despatch from the eternal city, “it would have materially injured that considerable section of the Roman population which lives out of the foreigner.” Hotel keepers and cabmen do not want any more pilgrimages to the Vatican postponed on account of anti-clerical riots. All Italy, moreover, is proud of the immense dignity conferred upon Rome as the mother not only of the departed Cæsars, but of the reigning line of Popes.

WHATEVER prestige has been won for the forces of constitutional rule in Italy is to the credit of the King and Queen of Italy, in the opinion of the competent Roman correspondent of the London *Times*. Every Italian heart has been touched by the devotion of the sovereigns to the stricken inhabitants of Calabria and Sicily. Never did the emotional impulsiveness of the Latin character assert itself with more direct effect upon a political struggle. The disintegration of the socialist and republican parties in parliament is thus a natural sequence of episodes in Reggio and Messina, with that Roman sequel which won Queen Helena her tremendous ovation in the chamber of deputies several weeks ago. “The country will not soon forget the unselfish devotion displayed in Calabria and in Sicily, nor is it blind to Victor Emmanuel’s untiring industry in its service and his unfailing sympathy with all its aspirations as well as all its sorrows.” Yet his efforts have met with little assistance from the ministry. Giolitti, odd as it may seem, is no devoted royalist in a personal sense. His ministry has allowed to pass unrebuked, in press and chamber, gross attacks upon the royal house.

IT WOULD be erroneous to infer too much from Italian appreciation of what Helena and her husband did when Reggio had been swallowed up and when Messina was in flames. No long interval has elapsed since the *Tribuna* itself, almost the actual organ of the ministry, published a story reflecting upon the royal family in a manner deemed amazing.

The Roman daily in due time found space for an official denial of its own version, but it was unable to print a word of its own regret editorially, or to retract one of its insinuations. These were soon copied with embellishments, insinuations, inferences and comments, in all the radical and socialist papers. The same ministerial *Tribuna* not long afterward gave prominence to an article by one of its star contributors to what read like a eulogy of Queen Margerita, the king's mother, altho it was in fact a thinly veiled attack upon her personality, her influence and her clericalism. Italian journalists are admitted to be past masters in the phraseology of a nominal praise, couched in excessively dignified language, which amounts practically to highly sarcastic delineation of traits it is the writer's object to ridicule. Of this form of lampoon the tendency to make the royal family the victims received no check from Giolitti. The practice has raised questions in the chamber of deputies. On the last of those debates the most disrespectful allusions to the Queen were permitted to pass unchecked and unrebuted. "It is hardly to be wondered at," exclaims the personal organ of Sonnino, "that the example of the *Tribuna* has emboldened the subversive press to throw off still further what little restraint it generally observes in its references to the throne." This, however, was applicable to conditions prevailing before Helena had compelled recognition as the heroine of the earthquake.

* * *

THAT ascetic looking Viscount Morley, of Blackburn, whose small, frail figure and scholar's stoop confirmed popular impressions of him as a mere academic philosopher and theorist when he was plain John Morley, referred with something like emotion in the House of Lords to Theodore Roosevelt's recent words on India. Those words have already been reproduced and belauded in every English newspaper of the least importance. Mr. Roosevelt's instinct for timeliness, the London *Mail* suspects, lured him into his eulogy just when India was threatening Great Britain with a crisis unparalleled since the Mutiny. The activity of an agitation originating four years ago in the patriotism of the Bengalese had been scientifically spread throughout the length and breadth of India by a native press so fevered with hatred of the Briton that even the Liberal Morley consented to a drastic censorship.

This agitation, when Theodore Roosevelt's words delighted the English, was already disseminating the most subversive doctrines into the ears of every class throughout India. Agitators were openly urging Mahomedans and Hindus to combine for the purpose of finding a leader of revolt against British rule, and the suggestion of the Ameer of Afghanistan as a suitable personage was finding favor with the vernacular organs. "Ameer Habibullah Khan might be the Napoleon of India and champion her cause," to quote the words of that most stormy of the agitators, Bepin Chandra Pal. "Ultimately," he added, "India is destined to be a republic similar to the United States of America, with an upper chamber of feudatory chiefs and a lower chamber of the common people."

WHEN Mr. Roosevelt paid his tribute of praise to Britannia for her work among the Moguls, he was helping to celebrate the diamond jubilee of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. A discussion was pursued at some length concerning the relations between the various white peoples with the native tribes whose countries they have occupied and controlled. Mr. Roosevelt pointed out, "with an extraordinary knowledge of the details of his subject and with a remarkable grasp of history," as the London *Times* feels bound to declare, that on the whole the movement of civilization had been fraught with lasting blessings to the majority of the races dwelling in those regions in which "white expansion" has occurred. "The remarks of Mr. Roosevelt upon the government of India by the British will have a special interest in England," according to the daily just named, "because they show that he has no sympathy with the anti-British campaign conducted for years in America against British rule in India." They also indicate, this authority says, Mr. Roosevelt's friendliness to England.

IN INDIA, to take up that portion of Mr. Roosevelt's address which was quoted with such satisfaction in the House of Lords, "we encounter the most colossal example history affords of the successful administration by men of European blood of a thickly populated region in another continent." Lord Morley commended this language to the attention of that deputation from the All-India Moslem League which waited upon him in London the other day, repeating also with emphasis the next sentence that fell from the lips of Mr. Roosevelt: "It is the greatest feat of the kind

that has been performed since the break-up of the Roman Empire." Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt averred, it is a grander achievement than anything to the credit of the ancient realm of the imperial Cæsars. Unquestionably, he admitted, mistakes have been made in carrying out so gigantic a task; but the fact remains, he thinks, that the successful administration of the Indian Empire by the English has been one of the most admirable achievements of the white race in two hundred years. Nothing Mr. Roosevelt has ever said or done has elicited utterances more gratified in tone than those with which the *London Standard* and its contemporaries receive this wholly unexpected outburst of praise. "We are grateful for this generous panegyric from a statesman who has studied history as well as made it. Nor need any false modesty induce us to disclaim the presidential laudation." The *London Mail*, always prone to see in Theodore Roosevelt an imperialist of exalted genius, is now staggered at the man's miraculous soundness of judgment. The *London Post* freely avows its incapacity to do justice to the discernment which prompted Mr. Roosevelt to speak about India as he did.

EULOGY so fervid might have thrilled the Britons less were not the unrest in India just now filling whole pages in London newspapers, and embarrassing politicians to an extent that has made the suffragettes almost welcome as a diversion. That party in India which is so furiously opposed to British rule has practically controlled the native press for two years. It has not hesitated to go the length of justifying violence and of inciting to insurrection. "When we read of the attacks being made on Europeans in the great military station of Rawalpindi," declared Lord Curzon, in an exciting debate that agitated the whole House of Lords on the eve of Mr. Roosevelt's utterance on India, "when we learn of serious agitation among the peasants of the Punjab, of disgraceful riots in the remote and hitherto entirely peaceful corners of Madras, of prominent citizens being arrested for sedition in Bombay, and of the sanguinary violence in Bengal, it is evident that there is a movement in existence in India which has wide ramifications, which is backed by a powerful and unscrupulous organization, which is supported by a large fund, which does not spring from any local or isolated cause, but which is part of a deliberate campaign conducted against British rule." Few indeed among the authorities on India in parliament

or the press venture to think that Lord Curzon, one of the most brilliant viceroys ever sent to Calcutta, is misinformed or pessimistic.

GOVERNMENT, to the natives of India, outside the concerns of their villages, means emphatically a system of rule from above. That is the matured conviction of the *London Times*, endorsed by the overwhelming sentiment of the leading journals in the United Kingdom. "The men [in India] who make speeches, write newspapers and get up organizations in the cause of agitation are the merest fraction of the population in whose name they pretend to speak, and in whose name they do not speak." They are a part, and, it would seem, only a small part, of the Hindus of the towns. The Mohammedans for the most part not only reject their invitations to join them, but view their whole movement with fixed feelings of suspicion, apprehension and disgust. "They are perplexed and somewhat disturbed by British toleration of conduct which would receive swift and severe chastisement in an Oriental state." Amongst the Hindus themselves the movement seems to be compounded of elements hostile to each other but working on convergent lines, and held in temporary and unstable combination by their common hatred of the English. So much the *London Times* itself concedes. Nothing but hatred of the English, it adds, could have united the Brahmin—who is the type and the incarnation of reactionary sacerdotalism and of caste exclusiveness—and the native pleaders and other professional men who make a parade of the most advanced political opinions in their crusade. Yet these elements, incongruous as our contemporary pronounces them, have unquestionably co-operated to further the agitation.

THE Viceroy of India has, by a resolution in council, instructed the local governments everywhere to prosecute all native newspapers which wilfully break the new law enacted with the approval of Viscount Morley, by the publication of matter tending to incite concerted action against the government. A perusal of the principal native organs appearing in the vernacular in India—when they are engaged in what is called the "new" movement—shows how systematically they are devoting themselves to sedition. In Lahore, the proprietor and the editor of the *Punjabi* were convicted of falsely accusing a European officer of the murder of a Mussulman policeman and of falsely accusing the government of

hushing up the crime. The story was told with every sort of aggravation that would be likely to inflame the racial and religious passions of native readers, or so the London *Times* despatches and editorials on this celebrated case would make it appear. It was alleged that the murder had been committed because the victim had refused to violate the rules of his creed. It was alleged that in India "European murderers usually escape," and that there "the much-vaunted British justice is a delusion."

NOR do the agitators in the native press restrict themselves to attacks upon individuals connected with the administration of the viceregal government. They attack the whole fabric of British rule in India. "India free, one and indivisible," says the *Bande Matarum*, "is the divine realization to which we move." A "fierce, stubborn and formidable struggle" is commended as the instrumentality of its consummation. It is a vain dream, the people of India are assured, to expect that they can achieve their end "without terrible sacrifices" and "struggle and battle, suffering and tears of blood." They are instigated to "organized resistance to the present system of government." This resistance "may be of many kinds— armed revolt or aggressive resistance, short of armed revolt, or defensive resistance, whether passive or active." The form of resistance in any given country, it is explained, must be determined by circumstances. For the present, "self-development and passive resistance" are enough. The natives are exhorted to boycott not only British goods, but the courts, for which they are to substitute arbitration courts of their own. "We must be prepared to break the law and endure the penalty with the object of making it unworkable." This is but a sample of a sort of native press comment that has become so widespread as to wring from Lord Morley his reluctant assent to a modified but strict censorship.

A DESPOTISM worse than that of the Muscovite autocrat in his most absolute moods holds the groaning Brahmin and the sweated Mussulman alike in abjectness and degradation, affirm the members of the society in this country for the advancement of India which has just made a public protest against Mr. Roosevelt's eulogy of the British government. "The people of India have no voice whatever in the management of their own affairs," say those who sign the open letter to

Theodore Roosevelt, including in their number the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton and Moorfield Storey. "To-day fully one hundred editors are serving terms of from three to ten years in prison, many of them without trial, without having had opportunity to defend themselves, in not a few cases without even having been informed of the nature of their offence." Nothing could be more rigid, the letter adds, than the censorship of despatches emanating from India with the object of keeping the outside world in ignorance of what is happening throughout that realm from which the highest salaries in the world are wrung for English officials whom the governed loathe. There is, asserts the open letter furthermore, an unjust denial of self-government.

WHETHER the currents of Indian thought mingle with that stream of Asiatic tendency to which Emperor William once gave the name of the yellow peril was the question underlying Mr. Roosevelt's remarks, and the theme uppermost in Lord Curzon's mind, in the opinion of those British organs which are most excited on the subject. The serious peril to the good government of India, in the opinion of the London *Times*, which is very much afraid that the Americans can not understand the subject at all, is the fact that "it is repugnant to the opinions and the sentiments of western democracy." The very trouble the British face in India is brewing for ourselves in the Philippines. "There is a strong tendency amongst large classes of democratic thinkers to look upon the fundamental doctrines of their political creed as immutable and universal truths which are applicable in all places and in all societies. They do not, indeed, openly propose to establish government of the people, by the people, for the people in India just yet; but they regard with benevolence efforts to attain this ultimate goal, and no fears seem to haunt them as to the possible results of this attitude." To the great bulk of the populations of Asia, insists this daily, government for the people, of the people and by the people is simply unintelligible. "These peoples have their own conception of government, ingrained in them by traditions going back beyond the dawn of history, and those conceptions are incompatible with modern democratic ideals." Mr. Roosevelt, it is hinted, has referred in his own writings to man's capacity for self government as a growth or development in certain races and not as a thing inherent in all human beings.

Persons in the Foreground

THE PERSONAL RELATIONS OF MR. ROOSEVELT AND MR. TAFT

AFEW weeks ago the rumor was floating through the air in New York to the effect that President Roosevelt and President-elect Taft had had a serious quarrel over the question of Mr. Loeb's future. Mr. Roosevelt, so the report ran, insisted that Mr. Loeb ought to be appointed to a cabinet position in the new administration, and Mr. Taft dissented. It was not a very credible report, but it was cuddled up close to their breasts by many who were longing for some right to hope that Mr. Roosevelt's influence will end with his term of office. But the report died as the accounts came in from Washington of the inaugural proceedings. The cordial relations of the two men were too obvious to be mistaken by any one. The President-elect was invited, with his wife, to stay at the White House the last night of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt's stay there. On the way to the inauguration, Mr. Taft refused to acknowledge the plaudits of the crowd that lined Pennsylvania Avenue, leaving them entirely to Mr. Roosevelt. And the latter departed from precedent by going straight from the Capitol to his train, leaving to Mr. Taft alone the plaudits of the triumphal return trip to the White House.

But we are not left to inference in regard to the continued cordial relations between the two men. One of the last things done by Mr. Taft before being sworn in as Chief Magistrate was to pen a magazine article, published in *Collier's*, in which he states that "the relation between Mr. Roosevelt and myself has been one of close and sweet intimacy. It has never been ruffled in the slightest degree, and I do not think that we have ever misunderstood one another."

The whole story of the personal relations of the two men, so far as it has been made public, is an important chapter of political history, and one of marked human interest. It was begun about seventeen years ago, when the two, one being the chairman of the Civil Service Commission and the other Solicitor General, lived in the same part of Washington, Mr. Roosevelt on Nineteenth Street near the

British Embassy, Mr. Taft on Dupont Circle. Their wives became well acquainted, and the two men found that their own views coincided on important questions. "We found," says Mr. Taft, in the article already referred to, "that we agreed in quite a marked way in our views of proper political ideals and proper political methods." According to Frederick Palmer, "Taft was the first to express publicly his opinion that the vital problem of the future was the control of corporate greed." Mr. Roosevelt himself has asserted that while he was governor of New York State he called on Taft for help and advice in drafting the franchise tax law, in which may be said to have dawned the Roosevelt policy. When Taft left Washington in 1892 to go on the bench, the two saw but little of each other, but they carried on a correspondence, and Mr. Taft's views on particular situations were frequently solicited by Mr. Roosevelt. Two years ago Mr. Roosevelt declared that he would be willing to walk on his hands and knees to the Capitol to make Mr. Taft his successor! And in the souvenir of the recent inauguration, the laudatory biographical sketch of Mr. Taft was written by Mr. Roosevelt.

It was not known until a few months since that in 1904 Mr. Taft, then secretary of war, sent in a letter of resignation to President Roosevelt. George Griswold Hill has told the story with a circumstantiality that leaves no room for doubt. Mr. Taft had been making a campaign speech in Connecticut in support of Mr. Roosevelt's re-election. He had dwelt upon the duty of the American Congress to reduce the duties on Philippine tobacco and sugar, and some of the tobacco-growers in that state were offended. Chairman Cortelyou heard of it, and suggested in a note to the President that it might be as well for Mr. Taft to defer discussion of the Philippine tariff until after the election. The President scribbled across the corner of the note the words, "Respectfully referred to the Secretary of War," and sent it by a messenger. Taft received it, and, straightway denying himself to all visitors, proceeded to in-

dite a letter of resignation. It was laboriously penned in his own handwriting, and then copied in the same way. He asserted his unwillingness to jeopardize in any way Mr. Roosevelt's re-election, but also asserted his unwavering loyalty to the Philippines, and his inability to cease the advocacy of a decrease in the duties on Philippine products. Therefore he felt compelled to sever his connection with the Roosevelt cabinet.

President Roosevelt took just two minutes to dispose of this letter of resignation. It was returned to Mr. Taft with these words inscribed across the corner:

"Dear Bill,—Fiddlededee.—T. R."

That ended the incident, in which the two men came perhaps nearer than ever before or since to something like a rupture.

Another interesting chapter in their relations was published in *Hampton's Magazine* during the recent campaign. It consisted of a letter from President Roosevelt to Mr. Taft, dated March 15, 1906, and a reply from Mr. Taft dated July 30, 1906. It is apparent that the President had offered to Mr. Taft a seat on the Supreme Court bench, and the latter had expressed his preference to continue his duties as secretary of war. The President then wrote a letter, marked "confidential," and beginning "Dear Will." The letter received wide publicity, and we quote a brief extract or two at this time simply to illustrate again the close personal note in the correspondence. Said the President:

"As I see the situation it is this. There are strong arguments against your taking this justiceship. In the first place my belief is that of all the men that have appeared so far you are the man who is most likely to receive the Republican Presidential nomination, and who is, I think, the best man to receive it. It is not a light thing to cast aside the chance of the Presidency, even tho, of course, it is a chance, however good a one. It would be a very foolish thing for you to get it into your thoughts, so that your sweet and fine nature would be warped, and you would become bitter and sour, as Henry Clay became; and thank Heaven this is absolutely impossib'e. But it is well to remember that the shadow of the Presidency falls on no man twice, save in the most exceptional circumstances. The good you could do as the head of the nation in four or eight years would be incalculable."

Mr. Taft's reply, it will be recalled, was to the effect that he ought to stay in the cabinet rather than go on the Supreme Bench because of the service he might render to the Philippines. His letter concluded as follows:

"I know that few, if any, even among my friends, will credit me with anything but a desire, uncon-

scious, perhaps, to run for the Presidency, and that I must face and bear this misconstruction of what I do. But I am confident that you credit my reasons as I give them to you, and will believe me when I say that I would much prefer to go on the Supreme Bench for life than to run for the Presidency, and that in twenty years of judicial service I could make myself more useful to the country than as President, even if my election should come about."

Never did the letters between two public men show a greater degree of mutual confidence. And never, perhaps, did a man about to be installed as President show in a public utterance a more affectionate regard for his predecessor than Mr. Taft expresses in his recent *Collier* article, already quoted. Here is another extract from that article:

"No one associates with Mr. Roosevelt closely without having the strongest possible affection for him. His mind, his disposition, and his temperament are all of that class that would rather make him agree than disagree with the people with whom he comes in contact. But this is not to say that he does not enjoy a controversy and a fight according to the rules of the game, for he does. He believes as strongly as possible in team work, and I never served under any other man, or hope to serve under another man, so intensely loyal to the cause which we were both seeking to uphold and so generous in his acceptance of the full responsibility for his subordinates in the work as Theodore Roosevelt. I never served under another who was as generous in his praise of those who worked with him and who were as willing to accord more than their deserts to the men who were shoulder to shoulder with him in the fight. That characteristic of his has been calculated to tie men to him with bonds of steel."

Mr. Taft further asserts that he never knew any other man "who worked as far in advance of what was to be done," and that he "never met a man who, upon proper presentation, would reverse himself as willingly and with as little trace of obstinacy or unreasonableness as Mr. Roosevelt." He draws the following contrast between Mr. Roosevelt and himself: "Mr. Roosevelt never had the education and practice of a lawyer. His intense desire to reach practical results for good has made him at times impatient of the restraint of legal methods, while I have been trained as a lawyer and a judge and am as strongly imbued with the necessity for legal methods as eleven years on the bench are likely to make one; and yet, in spite of this difference of method and difference of temperament, it is quite remarkable to me, and we have frequently commented on it to each other, that we have been in agreement in our views as to the results that ought to be obtained in the matter of government and political progress, even to details, much more than other men who have come into association with both of us."



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A PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP OF VAST POLITICAL IMPORTANCE

For seventeen years Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft have found themselves in close accord on political ideals and methods, and their intimacy has never for one moment been ruffled or their mutual understanding clouded by distrust. This photograph was taken in front of the White House, just before the trip to the Capitol for the inaugural ceremonies was begun.

THE DRAMATIC INTENSITY OF JOSEPH PULITZER

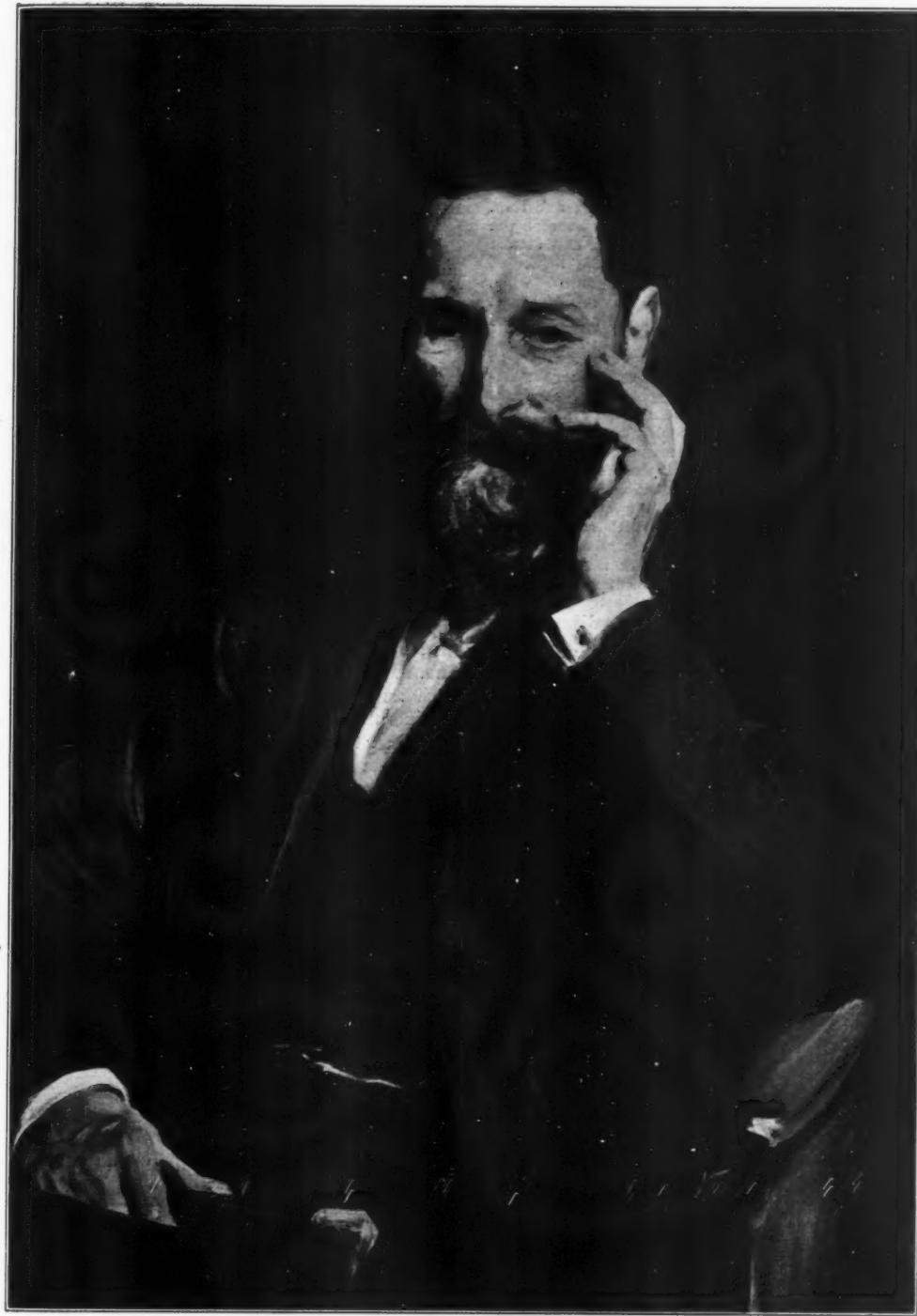
UNLESS his lawyers succeed in their hitherto vain protests, there will soon appear at the bar of the federal court in the District of Columbia, to answer to the charge of criminal libel, a very tall, spare, blind man who has had one of the most variegated and dramatic careers ever chronicled in this or any other country. From the time when, an immigrant lad of seventeen, he reached New York City with twenty cents in his pocket and spent the first night or two on a bench in City Hall Park, to the present time when, blind and broken in health, and driven by the demon of unrest, he scours the world in his private yacht, the reputed owner of twenty millions of dollars, his life has been full of melodrama, with many sudden entrances and surprising exits.

The word that best serves as a key to the character of this remarkable man is the word Intensity. The thing that he has once started out to do becomes, for the time being, the one and only thing that he can see, hear or feel. It is a question that might be added to the long list of questions for debating societies that used to appear in the back of our textbooks on rhetoric, whether intensity of purpose has done more of harm or of good to the world. All the great heroes and all the great villains have been men of intensity. Whether a man of that sort becomes a great leader or a great rascal depends largely upon the start he takes. He is pretty sure to get what he goes after because he is ready to pay any price. The basis of the whole psycho-therapeutic school to-day is the theory that whatever you set your mind upon you can get if you only have an intense enough desire. Joseph Pulitzer's first appearance as a journalist, in the capacity of a reporter for a St. Louis German paper, the *Westliche Post*, was an exhibition of this intense spirit in his work. It has been thus described by his early friend, William Fayel: "I remember his appearance distinctly, because he apparently had dashed out of the office upon receiving an intimation of whatever was happening, without stopping to put on his coat or collar. In one hand he held a pad of paper, and in the other a pencil. He did not wait for inquiries, but announced that he was the reporter for the *Westliche Post*, and began to ask questions of everybody in sight. Of all his qualities the most notable was his determination to accomplish whatever he set out to do."

If Pulitzer had devoted himself to the one purpose of amassing wealth, Lord Rothschild is said to have said, "he might have become the richest man in the world." Instead he devoted himself to making the greatest yellow newspaper the world had ever seen. He may possibly have been surpassed in later years by Mr. Hearst. That is a matter of opinion. But he certainly developed sensational journalism far beyond anything ever seen before his day. "What the Greeleys and the Raymonds and the Bennetts did for journalism thirty years ago," said James Gordon Bennett nineteen years since, "Pulitzer has done to-day. As for the *Herald*, we droop our colors to him. He has made success upon success against our prejudices; has succeeded all along the line; has roused a spirit of enterprise and personality which, up to this time, had not been known."

Mr. Pulitzer hails originally from Buda Pesth, where he was born in 1847. He is a German Jew, but little or nothing has been made public regarding his parentage. He struggled hard with poverty in his early days, but that was probably due more to his independence of character than to destitution of his family, for a few years after his arrival here he inherited enough money to enable him to purchase the paper on which he had been serving as a reporter at ten dollars a week, and, later on, to buy out two other St. Louis dailies and combine them as the *Post-Dispatch*. That he inherited something beside money is indicated in the statement once made by that most learned of vagabonds, Professor Thomas Davidson, who knew Pulitzer as a young man in St. Louis, and who has been quoted to the effect that he had never known another man so aloof from lewdness nor one more fastidious about his person. Young Pulitzer invariably used scented water on his hands and face after washing. Here is a description of his personal appearance, by James Creelman, for years the star performer on *The World* staff. We quote from an article in *Pearson's*, to which we are indebted for the basis of most of this sketch:

"Mr. Pulitzer is tremendous. No other word quite describes him. He thinks dramatically. His moral imagination arranges the events of everyday life into thrilling situations. There is no other stage-manager like him. A man of tempestuous emotions, abnormally sensitive, beset with sudden rages or enthusiasms, alternated with cold moods of cruel analyzing; one hour candid to the point of brutality, violent in word and gesture, the next



THE SARGENT PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH PULITZER

"Hide one side of the face," says James Creelman of this portrait, "and the other seems that of a ghastly stone monster. Hide the other side and you see a visage all kindness, gentleness, courtesy and good humor. John Sargent is not the only great artist who has portrayed these remarkable features of a remarkable man. The great French sculptor, Rodin, has made a portrait-bust of Mr. Pulitzer."

hour subtle, suspicious, evasive, intuitive; a mingling of occident and orient; recklessly brave, honest, intraceably cunning; mystic, iconoclast, persistent, inconstant, generous, unforgiving.

"He is a man of singular and striking appearance. He is very tall, about six feet and two inches, lean and loose-limbed, with broad, slightly stooped shoulders, flat breast, long arms.

"His brow is steep and high, his nose long—the nose of a commander—the cheek-bones prominent, the cheeks flat; the ears large, long and thin. The mouth, so far as it can be discerned beneath the moustache, is straight and the lips thin and almost cynical. The teeth incline inward. The thrust of a pointed fighting chin and the curve of wide, strong jaws are felt beneath the tawny-brown beard. Above the splendid forehead the dark hair stands up in a picturesque tousle.

"It is a powerful and interesting countenance, so sensitive that it can concentrate expressions startlingly. But the strangest things in the face are the delicate skin and the single eye of pale blue-gray. The skin is as fine and white as a young girl's. It has the most incredibly soft shadings of color. This in a man of six feet two, with heavy jaws and a coarse beard, produces an extraordinary effect, which is heightened by the curious brightness of the pale blue-gray eye, which sees nothing, but seems to ask questions, and the almost shut lid of the other eye, lying tragically in the shadow of its deep socket."

Before he entered upon journalism young Pulitzer went, in 1864, into the Union army, enlisting as a private in the Lincoln cavalry. He seems to have been in no engagements, but he served until the army was mustered out in the grand review at Washington. Then in an old blue uniform he set about again to seek employment in New York. It is said that he was once put out of the restaurant of French's Hotel because he had no money. Twenty-three years afterward he bought the hotel for \$630,000, razed it to the ground and erected *The World* building at a cost of one million dollars, overlooking City Hall Park, where he had once slept all night for want of cash to pay for better lodging. But this triumph over fate was not an unmixed one. He erected the million-dollar building, but he never saw it. Before it was completed he had lost his eyesight.

After the war, and the incident in French's Hotel, he drifted to St. Louis in search of work. To pay for his passage across the Mississippi, on the ferry boat, he shoveled coal in the engine room. Walking eight miles to the Jefferson Barracks, he got a job which lasted for two weeks, in charge of sixteen government mules. Then again he came to close grips with starvation, walking the streets day and night, but never begging a favor of any man except the favor of a job. After performing various sorts of work he found

himself one day in a restaurant-looking on at a game of chess, a game for which he is said to have a genius. A suggestion that he made to one of the players proved to be the little pivot on which his whole subsequent career turned. The player was Dr. Emil Preitorius, who with Carl Schurz was directing the *Westliche Post*. The acquaintance thus begun led to Pulitzer's entry upon the stage which he has never since left. The journalistic life fitted him like a glove. He "butted in" everywhere at first. "He wanted to write editorials, to make plans for the managing editor, to think for the city editor, to inaugurate new schemes for the city. He reached out for power in every direction. He broke into every jurisdiction. Nothing could discourage or dismay him."

But even his multifarious duties as journalist did not give his restless mind all the scope it craved. He ran for the legislature when he was but twenty-two, and was elected—four years after he had been helped out of French's Hotel by the porter. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was a member of Missouri's constitutional convention. He shot a politician who tried to bully him, but, the man not dying, Pulitzer escaped with a small fine. Even as a ten-dollar reporter he made such an attack upon the county court house officials that the court was abolished, Pulitzer thus first tasting the power that even an obscure young penny-a-liner may exert if he has an alliance with a printing-press. He was a delegate to the national convention that nominated Greeley for President, and later on to the convention that nominated Hancock. Eleven years after he spent that night in City Hall Park, he was writing political dispatches from Washington to the *New York Sun*. When his inheritance of between thirty and forty thousand dollars reached him, he bought, as already told, two struggling dailies in St. Louis, and at the end of a year his balance sheet showed, it is said, a profit of about \$75,000.

The yellow newspaper had been born.

In 1883 *The World*, of New York, had been financially manipulated into the hands of Jay Gould, and, losing the public confidence, its circulation had dwindled down to 20,000 or less. Pulitzer by this time had several hundred thousand dollars and unlimited ambition. Gould offered him *The World* for \$348,000. On May 10 it appeared for the first time under his management.

The defenders of yellow journalism call it "the journalism that does things." As a mat-

ter of fact, "doing things," in the sense meant, is not journalism at all. It may or may not be philanthropy or patriotism, but the journalism consists in "blowing" about it. The most successful yellow journal is the one that blows hardest about its achievements, real or imaginary. *The World* did things that were well worth doing, just as the Hearst papers have done things well worth doing. It raised a subscription of \$100,000 for a pedestal to the Statue of Liberty. It raised another subscription to purchase a silver service for Gladstone in recognition of his battle for Home Rule. It led in the fight that smashed the board of boodling aldermen who gave Jake Sharp the Broadway railroad franchise. It did much to check the war spirit at the time of President Cleveland's Venezuelan message. It forced the Cleveland administration to sell the new emergency bonds in the open market instead of by private sale to the Morgan syndicate. And all this time it was spreading on its pages in scare headlines all the crimes and misdoings and tragedies that a corps of keen reporters could nose out in all the moral sewers of the country. For "doing things" and making a great noise about it, are not enough to make a great yellow newspaper. There are not enough big things to be done

to fill up a newspaper 365 days of the year with sensational news. The real solid permanent basis of a yellow journal is the exploiting of crime and vice. And much as the yellow journalists may defend their calling, their resentment when the light of publicity is turned upon their own private lives and personal character is as great as any one's. "The journalist," Mr. Creelman well remarks, "most compelling and irresistible agent in a democratic community, fiercely insists upon a personal privacy that he denies to all others."

Mr. Pulitzer married Miss Kate Davis, niece of Jefferson Davis. Three sons and three daughters have been the fruit of this marriage which was said to have been a "great shock" to the bride's family. One of the most expensive households has been for years maintained by the Pulitzers. There is a beautiful house in New York City (on Seventy-third Street), an estate at Bar Harbor which is Mr. Pulitzer's favorite home, a winter place on Jekyll Island off the Georgia coast, and a 1,500-ton steam yacht which gives him a floating home that can be located at will in any of the seven seas. And if the trial for criminal libel goes against Mr. Pulitzer, he may have still another home for a year or so that will not be of his own choosing.

THE PRODIGIOUS EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG KING OF PORTUGAL

NO GRIEF could be more poignant than that of the nineteen-year-old Dom Manoel II, King of Portugal, at the sentimental misadventure of the Duke of the Abruzzi with the beauteous American girl he once aspired to espouse. Dom Manoel followed every vicissitude of the romance with the partisanship of a lover meditating a marriage equally untraditional. The mother of his Majesty—that exquisite Orleans princess whom the world now knows as the Queen Dowager Amelie—is credibly affirmed to have spread panic through the house of Savoy by predicting that if the Duke of the Abruzzi made his threatened American marriage, her own son would place upon the Portuguese throne a lovely but mature lady whose relatives are connected with the wine trade. Such is the purport of some gossip in the Lisbon *Mundo*, a daily bitterly opposed to the present form of government in the land. Support is lent to the insinuation by what appears in the

anti-dynastic *Vanguarda*, in the sarcastic *Xuao*, and in the facetious *Ridiculos*. Portugal, to be sure, gains its impressions of Dom Manoel, so far as those impressions are personal, from a press suspected of inoculation with the republicanism so rife in Lisbon; but, as the Paris *Figaro* says, there is much to justify current gossip in the almost monastic seclusion of the King, to say nothing of the fierceness of the controversy raging at court over the cocoa slavery question. The African dominions of his Majesty threaten just now to precipitate in Europe a crisis even more acute than that of the Congo, and Dom Manoel, incensed at the treatment of his lady love by the house of Orleans, is waging war on the clique that exploits the cocoa concession.

Such are the effects, observes the *Mundo*, of trying to turn a king into a pedant. Dom Manoel, avers this sheet (inspired, perhaps, by its hostility to all monarchy), has long been a captive in his own palace, imbibing—not very willingly—so varied a mass of learning from

pedants of every description imported for the purpose that he has been turned into a species of pedagogical prodigy. The fault, we are assured, is his mother's. The versatile and witty Dom Manoel, it would appear, is indebted to his expressive eyes and his arched brows for the circumstance that he is his mother's favorite. She showed him this partiality even before the taking off of his colder and less gifted brother, the late Crown Prince. Now that Dom Manoel is all that is left of her happy life as wife and mother, she clings to him with a fond tenacity which the young king himself is suspected of finding inconvenient at times. One can not even see his Majesty now without his mother's prior permission.

Having been brought into the world with but the slightest anticipation of his ultimate advent to the throne, Manoel was originally educated with a view to the immense inheritance coming to him through his mother. Manoel was barely six when his mother taught him to paint, and, as she is an artist of ability, and as his own tastes are esthetic, he executed in time some respectable landscapes. Somewhat to his mother's chagrin, Manoel fell as a lad under the influence of the Duke of the Abruzzi, whose fame as an explorer fired the future king with the spirit of emulation, and determined him to seek renown in the navy. This was when Manoel had entered his teens. The accounts of his daily life at this period, as the Portuguese papers give them, sustain the theory that the king's mother is a good deal of a disciplinarian—so much so, in fact, that there seems justification for the idea that she still fails to regard her son as her sovereign, deeming him merely her pupil. It is a sore theme to republican Lisbon. Manoel, we read, was called regularly in the morning at six to breakfast with his mother, to whom he read poetry and art criticism until breakfast time. She was invariably at her easel, and the late king, her husband, was invariably in bed.

Absorbed in the cultivation of history, literature and art as he was at this period, there seemed every prospect that Manoel would continue the dilettante traditions of the house of Orleans until the Duke of the Abruzzi fell in with him one summer at the villa of the Countess of Paris in Villa Vicosa. That was a turning point in the Dom's career. He took his mother very much aback by remarking that when he grew up he would want the world to admire him for just such dashes to the Pole and just such explorations of inac-

cessible mountain fastnesses as had won for the Duke his contemporary renown. There was an end to the piano lessons under the queen's tuition, the duke having remarked that it suggests effeminacy when a man is too proficient in the fingering of that ladylike instrument. The duke also hinted, it seems, that painting is no pursuit for a prince, and that the transcription of one's emotions in fragments of versification implies deficient virility. Manoel had at this period accumulated notes and documents for a projected history of the palace of Villa Vicosa, but these and his paint brushes were now laid aside. The prince announced his purpose to enter the navy as a midshipman. Her Majesty is said to have found it hard to forgive the Duke of the Abruzzi for the effect of his words upon the mind of her darling son. The episode was to have its influence in after years, when this same duke wanted to introduce an American bride into the royal family of Italy, which sets such store by the judgment of the house of Orleans. That is the gossip retailed in European society prints, which trace the wreck of the duke's matrimonial ship to the rock of Orleans opposition.

Science seemed now to exert over the mind of the prince the same fascination it had formerly succumbed to in the arts. At no time did the queen lose touch with her son. She was so jealous of his studies that, borrowing some works on naval construction, she actually went through a course in its abstrusities before her favorite had got back for the summer vacation. The queen's feelings were much hurt when he entreated her leave to return before the appointed time to his studies in Lisbon that he might continue his mathematics there. He feared to incur the ridicule of his classmates through a deficiency in calculus.

"What," asked the queen, somewhat piqued, "makes you so eager to leave me?"

"Because," he replied, "if I do not leave you at once, I shall not be able to leave you at all."

This apt quotation of a line from one of her favorite poets delighted her Majesty—the point of the anecdote loses something in translation—and demonstrated anew the prettiness of the wit for which Dom Manoel is famed. It is from his mother that the young monarch inherits this felicity in repartee. When she insisted in his presence that she showed no partiality for either of her sons—a difficult statement to credit in view of court gossip—Manoel inquired: "Then why have I all your

good looks?" a riddle deriving its piquancy from the accent on the word "all."

The unusual intimacy of the association between mother and son assumed a touching aspect in the weeks following the assassinations at Lisbon. Manoel had wounds in the arm and in the chest. There was a suspicion of blood poisoning. The king's only nurse was his mother. She applied every bandage, administered every dose of medicine, and carried every meal to his room. She washed him and dressed him just as if he were once more a babe. Only a royal princess could have discharged such a multiplicity of duties at the bedside of an invalid, observes the Madrid *Epoca*. The ladies of the house of Orleans—there are four of these princesses—were taught by their own mother, the Countess of Paris, to cook, to sew, to embroider, to nurse and to manage the details of a household. It can not be said that the ladies derive much popularity from these homely accomplishments since they are all uncompromising in the aristocracy or rather the royalty of their attitude to life. Hence it is that the Queen Dowager Amelie has but a moderate popularity in Portugal, where she is suspected of imparting to her son ideas quite out of harmony with the democratic instincts of the masses. The jealousy of the solicitude with which she took charge of the education of her son when his convalescence terminated so happily speedily brought on a court crisis.

The first step of the queen mother when her son the king was able to be about was to call a conference of the faculty of that renowned university at Coimbra which King Diniz himself founded over six hundred years ago. The intellectual diet prescribed for his Majesty was severe. He remained the closest of prisoners within the royal palace, for his mother dreaded the plots of the assassins. Letters threatening her son with the fate of his father and his brother filled the mother's mail. The local government of Lisbon had fallen into the hands of the republicans while the suspected assassins of the king had allies in exalted posts under the royal government itself. Weeks passed before Manoel went beyond the grounds of the palace. Thus his education had to be entrusted to his mother, who now bitterly lamented the step which had given him only a sailor's outlook upon life.

The scope of the education imparted to the king at this period embraced, according to the hostile critic of the *Xuao*, the political sciences, the physical sciences, and the philosophical sciences. He arose at seven every



THE PRIDE OF THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA

Don Manoel II., King of Portugal, is understood to be on the eve of an engagement with one of the European princesses to whom his mother is partial.

morning and studied Plato and the Greek philosophers for an hour, whereupon he adjourned to his mother's apartments for breakfast. At ten he took up astronomy, inorganic chemistry and physics under the supervision of members of the faculty at Coimbra. Luncheon time was noon, and at one the king returned to his education. This entailed the perusal of works of history and jurisprudence until four in the afternoon, whereupon there was a brief run in the palace grounds. The evenings were devoted to light literature, music, and the society of his mother, who saw his Majesty to bed by nine. Thus the round continued for month after month, varied only by state openings of the legislative body, an occasional visit in something like state to the university, and a run into Spain to see and enjoy the flowers and the fields at Villa Vicosa.

The intensity of republican wrath at the pedagogical peculiarities of the king's life

waxed continually. The more sarcastic Lisbon dailies insisted that the royal mind was imbibing Bourbon principles of political philosophy, and that the king was already a hopelessly bookish pedant. The students at the University of Coimbra, a turbulent set in the least agitated times, were wildly excited at news of a marked departure in the royal curriculum.

More or less official reports of the king's studies, disseminated to belie the grosser aspersions upon his preceptors, indicate that he has gone through the Latin and Greek poets with credit. Plato he seems to have no fondness for, but the serious Latin authors, like Cicero and Livy, he loves. He shows unusual aptitude for mathematics. The thesis he submitted for his doctor's degree proved a very creditable history of the literature of Portugal. He also did creditably in chemistry, physics, biology and astronomy. His proficiency in Spanish, French and Italian is likewise vouched for. The king applies himself with diligence, he has a fine memory, quick intelligence and a fondness for intellectual pursuits. Thus the authorized versions of his growth in knowledge. The insinuation that the severity of the royal studies had told upon the king's health was pronounced malicious. The *Xuao* had declared that the royal tutors were accomplishing the work the assassins originally set out to do, and in order to dispose forever of the alarms to which the assertion gave rise it was determined at court to have Dom Manoel visit the university of Coimbra and display his accomplishments to the faculty.

It was a surging crowd of hatless students that welcomed his Majesty at the gates. The miraculous versatility of the king, his readiness in the acquisition of every kind of lore, and the great variety of his elegant accomplishments—he imitates his grandmother's canary with such fidelity that the Countess can scarcely believe she is not listening to the bird itself—raised expectation to the highest pitch. No one in the throng of doctors of the various faculties knew what to make of the allegations in hostile Lisbon papers to the effect that the king was living in the fatuous ignorance consequent upon the pedantry of his tutors, and had never even heard of Kant or the theory of evolution. When the king alighted at the railroad station the professors in their hoods of pale blue, yellow, red or white and tasselled caps pressed forward to give their sovereign the academic salute. The cavalry were drawn up outside the building, strict orders having been given to guard against the possibility of another assassina-

tion. The students, however, had vowed to do whatever escorting was necessary. No sooner had the king entered the carriage than wild rushes scattered the horses, the professors and the local dignitaries right and left, Dom Manoel finding himself the centre of a yelling, gesticulating mob of youths of his own age. The faculty started on a run for the iron gates leading into the university grounds, and by the time they got there his Majesty was walking afoot, yelling at the top of his voice, and waving his arms like windmills, while to right and left raced and shrieked a mob of students. The king had prepared a paper on the difference between the consolations of philosophy and the consolations of religion, but when the faculty called for it that composition had long been torn into shreds.

Faculty, students and monarch were all in a dishevelled state, and somewhat breathless from exertion when they had ended their tumultuous progress through the cloisters to the degree hall. Here it speedily transpired that much sensational gossip regarding the kind of education the king has imbibed is sheer nonsense. His Majesty is perfectly well aware of the importance of Kant. He has heard of evolution. His acquaintance with the contemporary literature of science astonished the whole faculty of Coimbra. He carried on a conversation with the rector in Latin with an idiomatic fluency quite overpowering to that scholar. He criticized a dissertation on ethical philosophy read by the professor of dogmatic theology, and displayed such subtlety in the process that all the students joined vociferously in the din of applause. In truth, the displays of the king's profound knowledge of the arts and sciences as the faculty explored the resources of his intellect aroused such frenzies of enthusiasm in the student body that the rector had on one or two occasions to suspend the proceedings altogether until the restoration of such a degree of comparative silence as was consistent with the capacity of the royal voice to render itself audible.

Thus is exploded a delusion regarding the King of Portugal which, altho reared upon the foundation of fancy alone, as the loyal Lisbon *Dia* observes, was well calculated to prejudice the cause of the dynasty. The present head of the house of Braganza, it is now evident from dynastic organs, is a philosopher like his great-grandfather, King Louis Philippe, of France, a scientist like his father, the late Dom Carlos, and an artist like his gracious mother, the queen dowager.

THE NEW GRAND VIZIER

POLITENESS, in the most exotic Turkish sense of the term, is the foundation of the European fame of Hussein Hilmi Pacha, the statesman upon whom the Sultan has lately conferred the post of Grand Vizier. Many a European daily has denounced Hilmi as the instigator of the foulest murders recorded in the history of mankind; but not one fails to pay its tribute to the affability of his manner, the suavity of his facial expression, the courtesy of his conversational tone, the deference of his deportment. To the perfection of this politeness alone Hilmi is indebted, the Paris *Figaro* says, for his rise from obscurity among a horde of candidates for favor at Yildiz Kiosk to the exalted grade of Governor-General of Adana, to the still higher post of Governor-General of the Yemen, next to the inspectorship of the so-called Roumelian Vilayets and at last to the extremely difficult duties of inspector-general for the purpose of supervising the "reforms" in Macedonia. The functions of Hilmi in every office he has filled are summed up by the *Figaro* in the one word politeness. He has made that the business of his life much as Humboldt made science the business of his.

No one, in the opinion of the French daily, can say that Hilmi ever accomplished anything real, no matter what the region of the Sultan's empire to which he was despatched, beyond the display of his chief personal characteristic. "He did nothing—he was polite"—that is the record of the man in every stage of his career. It is typically Turkish. His Excellency Hussein Hilmi Pacha is a Turk "of the isles." The politest Turks of all come from the isles.

There is also Greek blood in his veins, if we may accept the study of him published by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In any event, if he be endowed with the fine astuteness of the Hellene he has all the energy of Osmanli. He expends it in the art of which he is master. A big man, with none of the greasiness of the Turk, bony in frame, seeming in appearance somewhat burned by the temperatures of the Yemen and the fierce heats of those Asiatic provinces he loves, bearded very slackly, altho the hair begins to exhibit streaks of gray, he suggests the pilgrim on his way to Mecca or some dusty denizen of the desert. His vitality is all in his perfect manner.

Merely to be ushered into his presence, affirms another writer in the *Gaulois*, is refreshing. He is acutely conscious of the importance of the person he is talking to, especially if that person be the representative of some western European daily. He imparts to the humblest newspaper correspondent the impression that the despatch he is about to send home will inaugurate an epoch. Even the hostile correspondent of the London *Times* admits the stimulus of Hilmi's deportment, as, in impeccable military uniform, the red fez pressed closely down over the forehead, he extends a long, elegant, well groomed hand and in splendid French confesses that this visit will make history. Hilmi has a genius for granting interviews to the representatives of newspapers. Only the Russian statesman, Mr. de Witte, can surpass him in the practice. Hilmi is, indeed, the Sultan's press agent, having officiated in that capacity through the worst phases of every Macedonian crisis. His specialty is the deplored of horrors. The ubiquity of Macedonian bands, the heavy catalog of crimes due to open violence, the impunity with which murders were committed under his eyes in the three vilayets for which he was nominally responsible—all these things he deplored with great regularity and politeness for six years, and, the Paris *Figaro* fears, will continue to deplore for some time to come.

Beneath his thick black brows, the authority we have quoted perceives a pair of Arab eyes, dark, profound and melancholy—eyes that seem dull and even dead when no emotion animates the countenance, altho they flash fire in moments of exacerbation. The fact that he is polite must not be interpreted to mean that Hilmi has no temper. Politeness, to this inscrutable and unspeakable Turk, is an instrument of government as he understands it. When his anger explodes he can impart heat to his displeasure. He seems self-contained and cold in his politeness at times, but he warms to his work when exploiting his talent as the press agent of the Commander of the Faithful. His collection of newspaper clippings never gets old. He resents nothing, but he lives in a state of perpetual bewilderment at the incapacity of the European press to comprehend the blessings of Turkish rule.

Hilmi, in one of his recent autobiographical moods, attributed his rise from obscurity and

poverty to the blessings of Allah. He is astoundingly ignorant of civilization in the western sense, for he has traveled very little outside of Turkey, altho he has enjoyed personal intimacy with members of the diplomatic corps in Constantinople, and has lived with European army officers in Macedonia as if they were his brethren. His attitude to life is that of the Mohammedan. His faith is that of the Koran. He is extremely proud of the fact that the Turk drinks no intoxicants. The only drunkards in the Sultan's empire come from Christian homes, he is quoted as having said to the newspaper correspondents who interviewed him lately. The Turk has one faith, he says, whereas the Christian church is split into sects. The standpoint from which the Christian regards woman is a mystery to Hilmi. In the Ottoman dominions, according to him, she is loved and looked up to. In Christian lands she is found working for her livelihood—a detail filling Hilmi with wonder. Moreover, the Turks, or so the new Grand Vizier says, are not thieves. Scrutinize a bazaar in Stamboul. You will find neither lock nor key. Wherever he went in the course of his official career in Turkey, Hilmi declares he never lost anything through a Turkish thief. When he lost a coin or a jewel or a piece of property he had but to return to the place of its disappearance, when lo! there it hung suspended to the twig of some tree. An honest Turk had hung it there. But lose your purse in London!—here Hilmi shrugs his shoulders. Again, as Hilmi told the newspaper correspondents at the height of his renown as a Macedonian reformer, the Turk does not lie. The Bulgarians, the Greeks, the Servians, lie like all the devils. Attempt to purchase in a shop owned by a Christian and observe the false praise bestowed upon inferior articles of merchandise, and then visit the bazaar of a Turkish trader. What modest detachment from the subject of comparative value! In fine, Hilmi praises Allah that he is a born follower of the prophet.

As the official spokesman to Europe of the masses of the Sultan's Mohammedan subjects, Hilmi is at his best. He is supposed to know more about the population of Macedonia than perhaps any living man, his knowledge embracing not merely official statistics and revenue returns, but personal details of an infinite variety. He has met the leading inhabitants of every town, visited the bazars in all the large centers of population, heard the grievances of the local dignitaries. His great aim is the welfare of the Turkish peasant, con-

cerning whom he gives much and definite information to all the newspaper men who come near him. The *Figaro* wonders how many newspapers Hilmi manages to go through in the course of a morning, for whether the Servians be ravaging Tilkut or the Bulgarians be bleeding from the bayonets of the faithful, the Sultan's press agent gets his work out of the way. He has always read the latest article in the daily papers, and is ready with his reply when the correspondents call.

"You are sorry—so sorry—so very sorry for the poor Christians!" Hilmi says it with one hand on the shoulder of his visitor and the other grasping his palm. He has managed to obtain a full report of the "outrage" from some source or other. In a trice every document is spread out to reveal the Mohammedan truths behind the Christian exaggerations. Hilmi is a master with documents. Scarcely a resident of all Macedonia, however humble he may be, is unrepresented in the files and files of classified documents.

"You are sorry—so sorry—so very sorry for the poor Christians!" Hilmi has received countless visitors with that greeting—when the caller represents a daily newspaper. Throwing his Arab eyes to the ceiling, Hilmi will cry next: "So am I!"

Whereupon the coffee and cigarettes are served, Hilmi being too polite to omit such a delicate attention. In a moment the interview is in full progress, Hilmi making all the explanations, doing all the talking, anticipating all the questions, concealing nothing, making no reservations, committing himself to indiscretions and relying upon the sense of honor of the newspaper correspondent not to betray him.

He is tremendously admired in Constantinople as the only living Turk who understands the art of managing the newspaper correspondents. His enemies at Yildiz Kiosk are disposed to accuse him of understanding little else. The impression may be due to his incapacity for what we Americans call team work. Hilmi has no secretaries, no staff workers, no assistants. In the wildest Macedonian upheavals he never surrounded himself with minions. To-day he is without that mob of hangers-on invariably in the suite of Turkish aspirants to power when the name of the Sultan was whispered in dread. In these new days of a newer sphere for him, Hilmi displays a politeness more Turkish than it ever was, and a readiness of indiscretion with the newspaper correspondents quite stunning in the Sublime Porte.

Literature and Art

A SPANISH PAINTER WHO HAS TAKEN NEW YORK BY STORM

THE art sensation of the winter in New York has been furnished by an exhibition of the paintings of Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida. These pictures may be said to have burst upon the American consciousness with the full force of a revelation. Until now Sorolla has been almost unknown here. His previous triumphs in Paris and London were only faintly echoed on this side of the Atlantic. When Mr. Archer Huntington, the public-spirited New Yorker who has done so much in the furtherance of Spanish culture, an-

nounced his intention of bringing three hundred of Sorolla's paintings to America, only a mild interest was evinced. With the opening of the exhibition, however, this interest steadily grew, and finally became what Henry Tyrrell, the art critic of the New York *World*, describes as "a local tidal wave of enthusiasm." Artists, critics, and the general public all flocked to the exhibition, and united in singing its praises. "And the effect," Mr. Tyrrell remarks, "bears true and just relation to the cause, for this is undoubtedly the most brilliant and stunning 'one-man show' to which



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society

THE ONE SAD PICTURE OF THE SOROLLA COLLECTION

This portrayal of sick and crippled children taking a bath in the sea under priestly guardianship makes a poignant appeal. It is called "A Sad Inheritance," and has hung for some time in the Sunday-school room of a New York church.

art-loving Manhattan has ever yet been treated."

Sorolla is first and foremost a painter of light and atmosphere; he belongs to the "impressionist" school. In explaining his method to Mr. Tyrrell, he said:

"Have you considered why you have such artists as Sargent, Chase and the late Whistler? It is because the real founder of American art was that supreme impressionist master, Velasquez. The men I have named, like Constable and Turner, and Courbet before them, seize greatness by that same ecstatic swiftness of execution which was the secret of Velasquez's splendid triumphs of realism. As for myself, I can assure you this lyrical impetuosity came to me as naturally as breathing or the beatings of my heart, at the earliest dawn of my sympathy with nature.

"All inspired painters are impressionists, even tho it be true that some impressionists are not inspired.

"If ever painter wrought a miracle of illusion with brush and pigment that painter was Velasquez in his 'Las Meninas,' at the Prado in Madrid. Now, I have studied this picture with a lens, and what do I find? Why, that Velasquez got that marvellous atmospheric background by one broad sweep of his flowing brush, charged with thin color—so thin that you

can feel the very texture of the canvas through it.

"Nature, the sun itself, produces color effects on this same principle, but instantaneously. The impression of these evanescent visions is what we make desperate attempts to catch and fix by any means at hand. At such moments I am unconscious of materials, of style, of rules, of everything that intervenes between my perception and the object or idea perceived.

"No, mes amis, impressionism is not charlatany, nor a formula, nor a school. I should say rather it is the bold resolve to throw all those things overboard."

The two ablest critiques greeting Sorolla's art are those of James Huneker and Christian Brinton. Mr. Huneker, seasoned critic that he is, writes unrestrainedly of the new arrival. A "painter of sunshine without equal," he calls him. Admitting no "mincing of comparisons," he adds his conviction that "not Turner, not Monet, painted so directly blinding shafts of sunshine as has this Spaniard." In a spirit equally enthusiastic, Mr. Brinton says: "Judged by his sheer technical facility, his astounding productivity and the universality of his choice, Sorolla is indisputably the foremost living Spanish painter."



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society

POEMS OF NUDITY

Sorolla's pantheistic conceptions of the play of sunlight, the surge of water, and the human body as something united with these, not separated from them, have won the encomiums of artists, critics and the general public.



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society

ONE OF SOROLLA'S "SEA IDYLLS"

Nothing is more characteristic of the artist than these glimpses of boys and girls "disporting themselves in clear green water through which their bodies glimmer, a revelation of superb draughtsmanship and magical, swift brushing in of color."

The subjects celebrated by Sorolla are as varied as life itself. Kings and peasants, hidalgos and gipsies, soldiers, sailors, and fishermen, writers, scientists and statesmen—figure impartially in his canvases. But most of all he loves the play of sunshine on the water and on the bare flesh of the body. "Ay, but he is a big chap," Mr. Huneker exclaims, "this amiable little Valencian with a big heart and a hand that reaches out and grabs down clouds, skies, scoops up the sea, and sets running, wriggling, screaming a joyful band of naked boys and girls over the golden summer sands in a sort of ecstatic symphony of pantheism." The same critic writes further (in the *New York Sun*):

"He is masculine and absolutely free from the neurasthenic *morbidessa* of his fellow countryman Zuloaga. (And far from attaining that painter's inches as a psychologist.) For the delineation of moods nocturnal, of poetic melancholy, of the contemplative aspect of life, we must not go to Sorolla. He is not a thinker. He is the painter of bright mornings and brisk salt breezes. He is half Greek. There is Winckelmann's *Heiterkeit*, blitheness, in his groups of romping children, in their unashamed bare skins and naive attitudes. Boys on Valencian beaches evidently believe in Adamic undress. Nor do the girls seem to care. Stretched upon his

stomach on the beach, a youth, straw-hatted, stares at the spume of the rollers. His companion is not so unconventionally disarrayed, and as she has evidently not eaten of the poisonous apple of wisdom she is free from embarrassment. Balzac's two infants, innocent of their sex, could not be less care-free than the Sorolla children. How tenderly, sensitively he models the hardly nubile forms of maidens! The movement of their legs as they race the strand, their dash into the water, or their nervous pausing at the rim of the wet—here is poetry for you, the poetry of glorious days in youthland. Curiously enough his types are for the most part more international than racial; that is, racial as are Zuloaga's Basque brigands, *manolas*, and gipsies.

"But only this? Can't he paint anything but massive oxen wading to their buttocks in the sea; or fisher-boats with swelling sails blotting out the horizon; or a girl after a dip standing, as her boyish cavalier covers her with a robe—you see the clear pink flesh through her garb; or vistas of flower-gardens with roguish maidens and courtly parks; peasants harvesting, working-women sorting raisins; sailors mending nets, boys at rope-making—is all this great art? Where are the polished surfaces of the cultured studio worker; where the *bric-à-brac* which we inseparably connect with pseudo-Spanish art? You will not find any of them. Sorolla with good red blood in his veins, the blood of a great, misunderstood race, paints what he sees on the top of God's earth. He is not a book- but a nature-poet; not a virtuoso of the brush but a normal man of genius. He is in love with light, and by his treat-



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society

OXEN BEACHING A BOAT

A Sorolla painting that has been presented to the Metropolitan Museum by a public-spirited American, and will remain permanently in this country.

ment of relative values creates the illusion of sun-flooded landscapes."

This "fecund and racial genius," as Mr. Brinton terms him, was born at Valencia of humble parents in 1863. His appearance in the art world, at the age of twenty-one, was signalized by a youthful impetuosity thoroly characteristic of the man. He had determined to depict a bull-fight, but instead of painting from imagination or relying upon preconceptions of the dramatic, he grouped his models about the dusty bull-ring of Valencia, and steeped them in actual smoke in order to get the most natural effect possible. The picture was not in itself of exceptional quality, but it led to greater work. In 1884 Sorolla won in open competition the coveted Prize of Rome, and set up his studio in the Italian capital. It was at Paris, however, in the sincere and homely naturalism of Bastien-Lepage, that he found his first great artistic stimulus; and when he later returned to the familiar scenes of his native country he was equipped to do the real work of his life.

Such are the salient facts of Sorolla's development; but "beneath this bare outline," as Mr. Brinton points out, "lurks something in-

initely more important, and that is the spirit and inner significance of this many-sided activity, the meaning of this splendid and salubrious art." He goes on to say (in *The International Studio*) :

"There is, after all, but one way to approach the work of Sorolla, or, as a matter of fact, that of any painter, and that is through the medium of the artist's own national as well as individual esthetic background. The impetuous and indefatigable author of these three hundred and fifty-six canvases which now enliven the walls of the Hispanic Society merely carries onward with the help of the brilliant chromatic palette of to-day the immutable traditions of Spanish art. In common with his great predecessors, who painted with such subdued and restrained gravity of tone, he knows but one lesson and that is the lesson of actuality. There has never been and there can never be anything speculative or philosophical in the art of the Iberian Peninsula. From Velasquez downward the Spaniards have been a race of pictorial impressionists, and it was to this fountain head of truth that Edouard Manet and all the later men were obliged to turn when they wished to secure a formula with which to combat the false classicism and flamboyant rhetoric of the mid-century in France."

Mr. Brinton emphasizes the essential sanity of Sorolla's art. The painter "presents the spectacle," he tells us, "rare indeed in art, of an absolutely sound and perfectly balanced or-

ganism. It seems as tho there must have been drifted across to his own glistening *plazas* some of that antique Peloponnesian blitheness of which the world of to-day knows so little." To quote further:

"There is in these endlessly diversified episodes no striving after effect, no desire to perpetuate anything save the simple, wholesome facts of life and nature. In these canvases, whether huge finished pictures or hasty sketches, all the world is in holiday mood; work alike for master and for beast of burden has become a pleasure, and pleasure has taken on a pagan joyousness which had long since seemed lost to mankind. When he moves inland and sets up his easel amid Valencian garden, orchard or vineyard it is the same story. Each theme is depicted with a colorful picturesqueness which is at once free, broad and intensely local. All is rapid and instantaneous as before. No chance effect, however subtle, eludes his ever-prompt observation. There is no mistaking the girl who is patiently sorting oranges, the women seated in the sunlit doorway mending nets, or, indeed, any of these types which add such distinctive notes to Spanish rural life. In 'An Old Castilian' and 'Leonese Peasants' we have more specific characterization than is customary, yet never is the racial flavor neglected."



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society

"AFTER THE BATH"
One of Sorolla's most exquisite creations,



Photograph by W. A. Cooper

SOROLLA, PAINTER OF SUNLIGHT

A "painter of sunshine without equal," Mr. Huneker calls him; "not Turner, not Monet, painted so directly blinding shafts of sunshine as has this Spaniard."

It is unnecessary, Mr. Brinton concludes, to seek the profound, the abstract, or the analytical in Sorolla's art. One must look there rather for a passionate attachment to outward things. "Sorolla lives in a constant state of luminous and impulsive exteriorization. His pictorial language is well nigh universal, but it is fundamentally a language of visual appearances. He is an observer whose sole instinct is to record with an almost irrepressible automatism that which happens to hold his fancy for the moment. And yet, altho these myriad-hued impressions may at first appear wanting in system and relation, there nevertheless runs, at least unconsciously, through the art of Señor Sorolla a unity of feeling and purpose which links together every stroke of that restless and magical brush. Diverse as she may seem, Nature herself is constantly achieving a closer structure and a subtler synthesis of her varied forces, and it is thus with the work of Sorolla, which is Nature's reflex in so far as he can make it. If this art is anything, it is an apotheosis of visible, external beauty. It rises to positively lyrical heights in its worship of solar radiance —it is a jubilant symphony of sunlight."

CHESTERTON AND THE REVOLT AGAINST MODERNITY

HE name G. K. Chesterton is at once cryptic and challenging. Very few as yet appreciate its significance. For ten years Mr. Chesterton has been flooding the world with his effusions. Poems, stories, critiques, newspaper gossip, have poured from his pen. He has dazzled with epigrams and paradoxes and crackled like a pyrotechnic display. Many of us have read Chesterton somewhat—his writings have penetrated far. But until now no intelligent effort has been made to estimate the man or to formulate his philosophy. The deficiency is made good in a critical study* lately published.

The anonymous author expresses his fear that an apology may be demanded for a book entirely devoted to a young man, still living, not much over thirty. He need have had no qualms on this score. The critique more than justifies itself, and is, indeed, an acute analysis not merely of Chesterton but of many of the most vital tendencies of our age. For Chesterton is shown to be a type, rather than an isolated figure, and many will find their own intellectual attitude reflected in the story of his development. "Mr. Chesterton," the writer says, "is primarily a propagandist, the preacher of a definite message to his own time. He is using all the power which his literary capacity gives him to lead the age in a certain direction." And this message, we are told, is one of conservatism. "He stands for the hunger of a perplexed age for the more lucid life of the Ages of Faith, for the revolt against modernity—in a word, for what may legitimately be called 'action.'"

Chesterton began as a pagan. His first reaction was against the *fait*¹ of his fathers. At the age of twelve, he confesses, he was a pagan, and by the age of sixteen a complete agnostic. The idol of his youth was Walt Whitman, and his early poems—"The Wild Knight," for instance—show the strong impress of Whitman's spirit. "The effect which Whitman's poems produced on him was electric. They seemed to sum up the aspirations of his own youth. They gave him a faith to hold to, and a gospel to preach."

Under Whitman's influence, Mr. Chesterton actually became a Socialist for a while and

contributed to the Socialist press. During this period his attitude toward life was that of the revolutionist. The word "priest" is never used in his earlier poems, save in the spirit of Whitman's—"Allons, from all formules! From your formules, O bat-eyed and materialistic priests!" The Founder of Christianity is praised to the point of worship, as Whitman praised him, but historic Christianity is treated as a ghastly perversion of Christ's teaching. In the powerful "Ballad of God-Makers" we see "the kings of the Earth" planning Christianity as a defence against Christ:

Said the King of the East to the King of the West
(I wot his frown was set),
"Lo, let us slay him—and make him as dung,
It is well that the world forget."

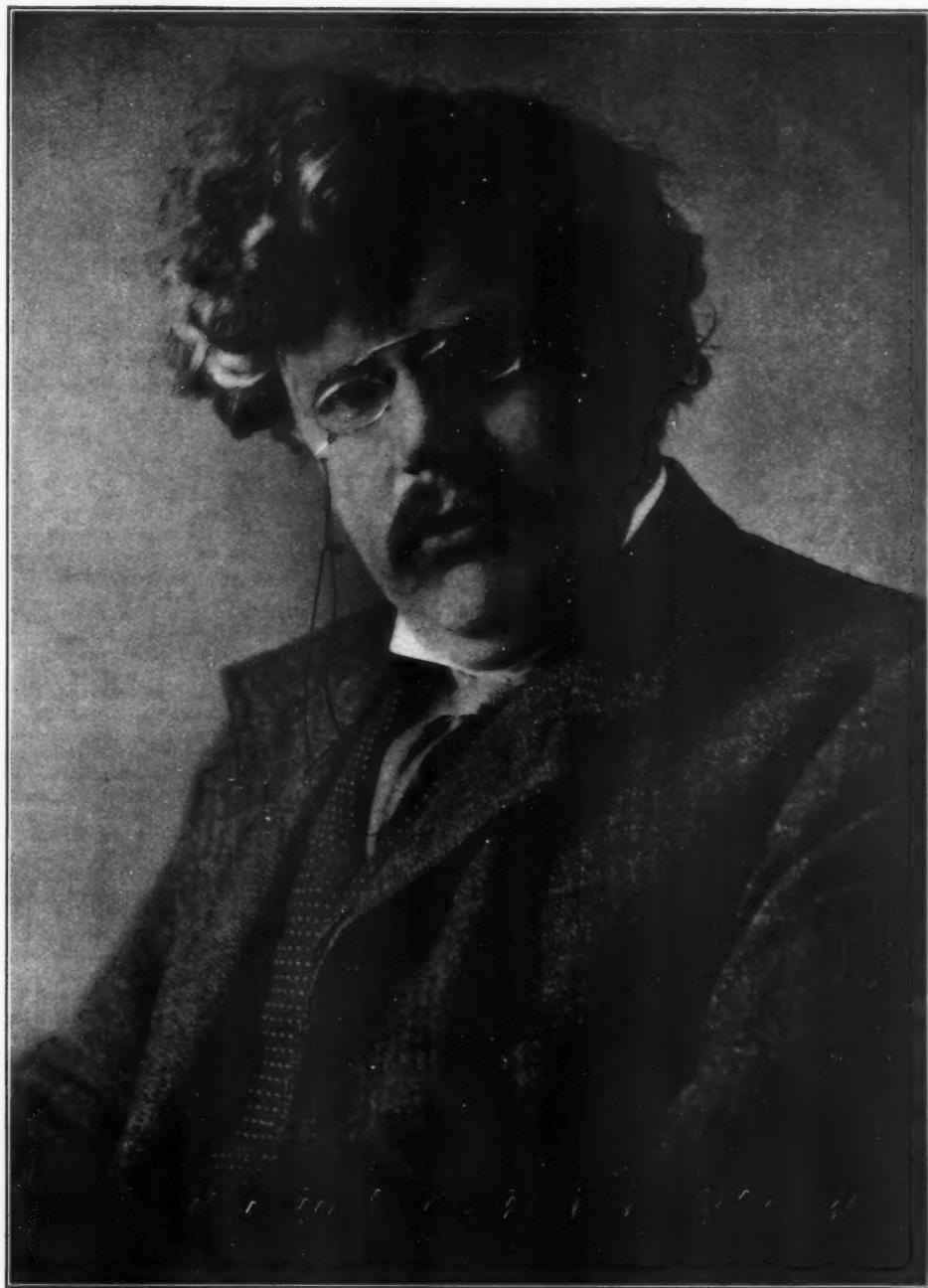
Said the King of the West to the King of the East
(I wot his smile was dread),
"Nay, let us slay him—and make him a god,
It is well that our god be dead."

They set the young man on a hill,
They nailed him to a rod;
And there in darkness and in blood
They made themselves a god.

But Mr. Chesterton's revolutionary mood was short-lived. His first prose work, "The Defendant," consisting of essays contributed to the London *Speaker*, shows the radical becoming a conservative. In "The Wild Knight" the foes against whom the attacks had been made were the supporters of the existing order. In "The Defendant" it is the iconoclasts, the impugners of existing things, who are primarily assailed. The fundamental sanctities recognized are much the same in both cases, but in the poems they were preached to a conventional world which had forgotten them; in the essays they are defended against an unconventional world which is bent on destroying them. The "kings" and "priests" escape without censure in "The Defendant." It is the anarchists, the atheists, the people who want to abolish marriage, the people who deny the validity of patriotism, against whom the defences are set up.

This change of attitude, the new critique informs us, was due to a number of causes, but chiefly to the searchings of heart occasioned by the Boer war, and the growth of the Imperialistic spirit in England. Chesterton believed in war, but not in this sort of war. Fighting was noble and romantic—if you

*GILBERT K. CHESTERTON: A Criticism. John Lane Company.

**A REVOLUTIONIST BECOME CONSERVATIVE**

The evolution of G. K. Chesterton, the English poet, critic and novelist, from a Socialist and disciple of Walt Whitman into a brilliant champion of orthodoxy, constitutes one of the interesting chapters in the literary history of our time.

fought against great odds. It was a fine thing that the weak should take the sword and conquer the strong. But here were the strong hurling their battalions against the weak. As he put it in a powerful Christmas poem, written while the war was still raging:

Hard out of English bone my curse falls on an idle
war,
That men of other blood have found the secret of
the Star.

As the Boer war inspired in Rudyard Kipling the Imperialist passion, so in Chesterton it brought out and emphasized the anti-Imperialist. Week after week his able and aggressive articles appeared in *The Speaker*. In the spring of 1900 every one was asking every one else, "Who is 'G. K. C.?" Before the year was over his writings had given him a national reputation. He was on the losing side, but he compelled his fellow-countrymen to listen to him.

From a psychological point of view, the most important and enduring result of Mr. Chesterton's pro-Boer agitation may be said to be his conviction, which then for the first time took definite shape, of the sanctity of nationality. But an even larger issue emerged from the controversy. He began to question a doctrine that hitherto had seemed to him almost axiomatic—the doctrine of progress. To quote from the new study:

"There was this peculiarity about the war disputes, that both sides appealed to the same ideals—marched, so to speak, under the same banner. The Boer war was not defended, as the great French War, for instance, was defended, as a war for the preservation of authority and tradition. On the contrary, it was defended as a democratic war, a war for the purpose of breaking a narrow, corrupt and old-fashioned oligarchy which obstructed the progress of the world. Nor could it be denied that there was at least this measure of truth in the claim—that the Boers unmistakably represented the old order and the Outlanders the new. The Rhodesian party in South Africa called itself 'Progressive,' and it was perfectly justified in doing so, if a progressive be taken to mean a man who goes the way the world appears to be going. It is not altogether surprising if Mr. Chesterton, who hated the whole spirit and ideal of that party, felt that the way the world appeared to be going was the way to Hell!

"This conviction brought him into sharp conflict with one of those vast dogmas which the nineteenth century had assumed without ever proving or even distinctly formulating—the dogma of Progress. All the great writers of that century are full of the idea of Progress—the idea that the world is inevitably getting better and better. Men of opinion and temperaments as diverse as Shelley and Macaulay accepted it without question. It received an additional impetus from the current misinterpretations of Darwin's doctrine of Evolution; that biological spec-

ulation, which in its inventor's mind involved nothing more than a hypothesis concerning the causes which led organisms to approximate to their environment, was interpreted by poets and rhetoricians as a promise of the ultimate triumph of good over evil—'good' and 'evil' being just the two words that no true man of science ever uses. Thus Tennyson held that man would

Move upwards, working out the brute,
And let the ape and tiger die.

until, in the slow process of time, all mankind became gradually more and more like the Prince Consort! In a word, Progressive Evolutionism became a new religion. It is as a conspicuous rebel against the dogmas of this religion that Mr. Chesterton is most notable in his generation."

Mr. Chesterton's fantastic story, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," may be described as a book of which the main thesis is the denial of progress. As the present critic interprets it:

"The novel is a prophetic romance of the year 1950 or thereabouts. Men having lost their faith in doctrine, and having come to believe in 'a thing called Evolution,' have allowed things to drift until a dull oligarchy governs the whole world, its prosaic disillusionment being admirably illustrated by the fact that the despotic King who is at its head is selected like a juryman from an alphabetical rotation list of the governing classes. Unfortunately the lot falls on one Auberon Quinn, a humorist who resolves to use his despotic powers for the purpose of forcing his subjects to assume all the splendor and ritual of feudal times. With this intent he frames the Charter of Cities whereby the various districts of London are provided with Lord High Provosts, flags, city guards with uniforms and halberds, and even with heroic legends conceived by the expansive imagination of King Auberon. The respectable vestrymen who have to perform these antics are annoyed, but they are obliged to acquiesce and go sullenly on with their work. The principal task before them at the moment is the construction of a great road from Westbourne Grove to Hammersmith Broadway. But their schemes are suddenly upset by the appearance of a young man named Adam Wayne, to whom the King's joke is a serious thing, a religion. Having become Provost of Notting Hill, he refuses to allow the road to pass through his Free City, and especially objects to a sacrilegious hand being laid upon Pump Street, to which he feels an especially passionate patriotic devotion. Instantly all the forgotten enthusiasms, which men had thought to have vanished from the world for ever when the last Dervishes were exterminated and when the last little Republic in South America was absorbed, flare up and destroy the empire of Modernity. Notting Hill defends itself like Athens, hurls back its enemies, and finally infects the other London districts with its own fiery patriotism and romance. The King's joke has redeemed the world."

"Heretics" is an even more outspoken attack on modernity, and marks a plunge from philosophical allegory into practical polemics. There is nothing indefinite here. The enemies of the True Ideal, as Chesterton sees it, are

dealt with each in a separate chapter, and some of them are found to be his old friends. There is Bernard Shaw, the Socialist; H. G. Wells, the pragmatist; G. Lowes Dickinson, the pagan; Joseph McCabe, the materialist; and Mr. Chesterton denounces them all. The justification of the book, in its author's eyes, is that it calls attention to the neglected truth of "the importance of Orthodoxy"—that is to say, the importance of having a right view of the meaning of the universe.

What this meaning is, Mr. Chesterton tries to explain, in his unique fashion, in "The Man Who Was Thursday." No stranger book has been written in our time. Mr. Chesterton himself calls it "A Nightmare." It was treated as a joke. But it really has a meaning.

Six men sworn to wage war on the Anarchy of the modern world have received their commissions from a mysterious Hand in a dark room. The "man who was Thursday," a poet-detective intent on uncovering the secrets of decadence, is one of the six. The unknown leader, the Arch-Anarchist whom they are sworn to fight, is Sunday. At the end of their adventures, when the identity of Sunday has been discovered, they are summoned to a great festival, and Sunday speaks:

"We will eat and drink later," he said. "Let us remain together a little, we who have loved each other so sadly, and have fought so long. I seem to remember only centuries of heroic war, in which you were always heroes—epic on epic, Iliad on Iliad, and you always brothers in arms. Whether it was but recently (for time is nothing), or at the beginning of the world, I sent you out to war. I sat in the darkness, where there is not any created thing, and to you I was only a voice commanding valor and an unnatural virtue. You heard the voice in the dark, and you never heard it again. The sun in heaven denied it, the earth and sky denied it, all human wisdom denied it. And when I met you in the daylight I denied it myself."

"There was complete silence in the starlit garden, and then the black-browed Secretary, implacable, turned in his chair towards Sunday, and said in a harsh voice:

"Who and what are you?"

"I am the Sabbath," said the other without moving. "I am the peace of God."

"The Secretary started up, and stood crushing his costly robe in his hand.

"I know what you mean," he cried, "and it is exactly that that I cannot forgive you. I know you are contentment, optimism, what do they call the thing, an ultimate reconciliation. Well, I am not reconciled. If you were the man in the dark room, why were you also Sunday, an offence of the sunlight? If you were from the first our father and our friend, why were you also our greatest enemy?"

Then the others, one by one, take up the complaint. One says: "It seems so silly that you should have been on both sides and fought

yourself." And another: "You let me stray a little too near to hell." And yet another: "I wish I knew why I was hurt so much." And Sunday answers: "I have heard your complaints in order. And here, I think, comes another to complain, and we will hear him also."

Enters Gregory, the real Anarchist, and hurls his accusation at the Paladins of Order:

"You sit in your chairs of stone, and have never come down from them. You are the seven angels of heaven, and you have had no troubles. Oh, I could forgive you everything, you that rule all mankind, if I could feel for once that you had suffered for one hour a real agony such as I—"

"Syme sprang to his feet, shaking from head to foot.

"I see everything," he cried, 'everything that there is. Why does each thing on the earth war against each other thing? Why does each small thing in the world have to fight against the world itself? Why does a fly have to fight the whole universe? Why does a dandelion have to fight the whole universe? For the same reason that I had to be alone in the dreadful Council of the Days. So that each thing that obeys law may have the glory and isolation of the anarchist. So that each man fighting for order may be as brave and good a man as the dynamiter. So that the real lie of Satan may be flung back in the face of this blasphemer, so that by tears and torture we may earn the right to say to this man, "You lie!" No agonies can be too great to buy the right to say to this accuser, "We also have suffered."

"It is not true that we have never been broken. We have been broken upon the wheel. It is not true that we have never descended from these thrones. We have descended into hell."

"He had turned his eyes so as to see suddenly the great face of Sunday, which wore a strange smile.

"'Have you,' he cried in a dreadful voice, 'have you ever suffered?'

"As he gazed the great face grew to an awful size, grew larger than the colossal mask of Memnon, which had made him scream as a child. It grew larger and larger, filling the whole sky; then everything went black. Only in the blackness before it entirely destroyed his brain he seemed to hear a distant voice saying a commonplace text that he had heard somewhere, 'Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?'"

This haunting allegory is G. K. Chesterton's confession of faith. For those who are unimaginative its message is elaborated in plain prose in "Orthodoxy," his latest book. Mr. Chesterton has made his choice—for conservatism. In the face of the iconoclast, he chooses the ancient doctrines. Conservatism may look askance at him—it has never been defended so! But he cares not a jot about that. The radicals, on the other hand, are sure to find in him one of their most formidable opponents, for he has lived in their world and can meet them on their own ground.

THE "MOST STRIKING GENIUS" OF NINETEENTH CENTURY WOMANHOOD

SUCH is the phrase which Mr. Clement Shorter applies to Emily Brontë in his latest Brontë compilation.* The poetic genius of the author of "Wuthering Heights" and "Last Lines" (a poem quoted only the other day by Mr. Haldane in his Gifford Lectures, and by Sir Oliver Lodge in "The Immortality of the Soul," for its philosophic content) was first made known to the reading world in 1850 by Sidney Dobell, two years after Emily Brontë's death. Swinburne, later, "blew the dust" from "Wuthering Heights"; and Matthew Arnold wrote the belated epitaph of her—

"Whose soul
Knew no fellow for might,
Passion, vehemence, grief,
Daring, since Byron died."

We now have the careful tribute of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and the rather ill-informed and vaporous eulogy of Maeterlinck. Neither phrase nor praise, however, can add one jot to the tragic power of "Wuthering Heights," and to those philosophic poems and lyrics,† three or four of which, as Mr. Shorter says, "will live in our poetic anthologies forever."

Nor can one entirely agree with Mr. Shorter as to the mystery of Emily Brontë's personality. "Emily Brontë is the sphinx of our modern literature," again he phrases. "She came into being in the family of an obscure clergyman, and she went out of it at thirty years of age without leaving behind her one single significant record which was any key to her character or to her mode of thought"—save only, of course, her poetry. Mr. Shorter's own enthusiastic industry in collecting these hundreds of letters written by Charlotte Brontë to her friends, wherein her sister Emily is most intimately revealed, furnishes sufficient contradiction. Altho the references to Emily are comparatively few and brief, they are nevertheless illuminating; for Charlotte, whose melodramatic success in fiction never blinded her to Emily's higher poetic quality and astonishing potentialities, was equally clairvoyant in all personal matters concerning her great younger sister. Emily Brontë's biographer, Miss Mary F. Robinson, did not have access

to many of the letters now gathered together by Mr. Shorter, and her eloquent story is therefore incomplete and slightly mistaken. Two scraps of girlish diary, two short notes full of character, and the self-revelation of her poems and novel apart, it is after all through the medium of Charlotte that we must forever see Emily Brontë—in Charlotte's letters, in her famous introduction to "Wuthering Heights," and in the character of Shirley Keeldar, part drawn when Emily's dead body lay under the aisle of Haworth church, but when she was still a living presence in Charlotte's tortured memory.

The first significant glimpse of Emily Brontë in these volumes, however, is given not by Charlotte but by her lifelong friend and correspondent, Ellen Nussey. Miss Nussey, in describing a first visit to Haworth parsonage when Emily was about fifteen years old, writes: "Emily Brontë had by this time acquired a lithesome, graceful figure. She was the tallest person in the house, except her father. Her hair, which was naturally as beautiful as Charlotte's, was in the same unbecoming tight curl and frizz, and there was the same want of complexion. She had very beautiful eyes—kind, kindling, liquid eyes; but she did not often look at you: she was too reserved. Their color might be said to be dark grey, at other times dark blue, they varied so. She talked very little. . . . One long ramble made in these early days was far away over the moors, to a spot familiar to Emily and Anne, which they called 'The Meeting of the Waters.' . . . Emily, half reclining on a slab of stone, played like a young child with the tadpoles in the water, making them swim about, and then fell to moralizing on the strong and the weak, the brave and the cowardly, as she chased them with her hand. . . . She had a gleesome delight in these works of beauty—her reserve for the time vanished." A poem written in Emily's sixteenth year already shows that "mastery" which, says Mrs. Ward, "distinguishes her verse from her sisters', and remains with any discriminating reader as the dominant impression of her work." Years later, when Charlotte Brontë went to London and first met George Henry Lewes, she wrote to this same friend, Ellen Nussey: "The aspect of Lewes's face almost moves me to tears; it is so wonderfully like Emily, her

*THE BRONTËS. LIFE AND LETTERS. Two volumes. By Clement Shorter. Scribner's.

†THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY BRONTË. Hodder & Stoughton, London.

eyes, her features, the very nose, the somewhat prominent mouth, the forehead, even, at moments, the expression: whatever Lewes does or says, I believe I cannot hate him."

Emily Brontë left her Yorkshire home just four times in her short life, to go to school and teach. Each time she sickened, not so much for home as for the moors, and not so much for the moors as for liberty. "Liberty," wrote Charlotte, "was the breath of Emily's nostrils. Without it she perished." In the Brussels school, where she went with Charlotte and succeeded in remaining seven or eight months, Professor Héger, who had her in charge, exclaimed: "She should have been a man! a great historian! a great navigator!" And he retreated, discomfited and amazed, before the challenge of her logic.

Nine months' servitude as a governess followed Emily Brontë's schooldays, of which time Charlotte writes: "My sister Emily is gone into a situation as teacher in a large school of near forty pupils, near Halifax. I have had one letter from her since her departure; it gives an appalling account of her duties—hard labor from six in the morning until near eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between. This is slavery. I fear she will never stand it."

Thereafter, as one of the three sisters must remain at home with the hypochondriacal father and the drunken brother, Emily chose the task; to bake and wash in the parsonage kitchen (with book propped up on the table beside her); patiently to lead the raving or maudlin Branwell safely to his bed late at night, until even she, with her large sympathy, must needs admit that he was a "hopeless being"; to tramp the barren moors for recreation, with her dog. In such an environment, "Wuthering Heights" was constructed, and the soul of Emily Brontë wrought itself into undying rhythmic form. It all seems tragically simple—and unsphinxlike!

For a time the Brontë sisters thought of opening a school in the unhealthful old parsonage at Haworth, and Emily's diary thus cheerfully records the failure of their plan: "I should have mentioned that last summer the school scheme was revived in full vigor. We had prospectuses printed, despatched letters to all acquaintances imparting our plans, and did our little all; but it was found no go. Now I don't desire a school at all, and none of us have any great longing for it. We have cash enough for our present wants, with a prospect of accumulation. We are all in decent health."

This was in the summer of 1845. In the fall of that year, Charlotte Brontë tells us, "I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse. I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear they had also a peculiar music, wild, melancholy and elevating. My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one on the recesses of whose mind and feelings even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication."

The result of this discovery was the little book of poems by "Curer, Ellis and Acton Bell," printed at the authors' expense, exactly two copies of which were sold the first year after publication. The verses of Charlotte and Anne were neither better nor worse than hundreds of others printed in their day, and this Charlotte knew full well; but she suffered for years from the neglect of Emily. As for Emily herself, "The Old Stoic," which Swinburne pronounces the most "personal and characteristic" of all her poems, perhaps best expresses her indifference. In Emily's desk, after her death, was found the clipping of a review giving pre-eminence to Charlotte in both verse and prose. As if in ironical comment, the "Last Lines" lay beside it.

The sisters' next literary adventure was the trio of novels—"The Professor," "Agnes Grey," and "Wuthering Heights." The two latter were not long in finding a "shuffling scamp" of a publisher; but "The Professor" finally reached the firm of Smith, Elder & Co., whose refusal to publish the novel "cheered the author" (to use her own words) "better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done." Within a month "Jane Eyre" was forwarded to the same firm, and shortly after published. "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" followed, both novels being advertised as earlier works by the author of "Jane Eyre"—a lie which has proved to be one of the most persistent spooks in English literature.

"Ellis Bell" was utterly unappreciated. "Curer" fumed and fretted in vain. "Blind is he as any bat, insensate as any stone, to the merits of Ellis," we find her writing of a

Spectator critic to Mr. W. S. Williams, the reader for Smith, Elder & Co. "He cannot feel or will not acknowledge that the very finish and *labor limae* which Currer wants, Ellis has. . . . Because Ellis's poems are short and abstract, the critics think them comparatively insignificant and dull. They are mistaken." The sentimental melodrama of "Jane Eyre" was far more to the taste of both critics and public of 1848 than that singular combination of realism and tragic poetry, "Wuthering Heights."

In September, 1848, Branwell Brontë died; the father and Emily were released from their terrible night-watches; Emily could now come to her writing with unwearied brain and quiet nerves; but it was too late. The family heritage was hers—pain in the chest, cough, shortness of breath. She left the house only once after Branwell's death. On November second, Charlotte Brontë wrote to her good friend, Mr. Williams:

"I would fain hope that Emily is a little better this evening, but it is difficult to ascertain this. She is a real stoic in her illness: she neither seeks nor will accept sympathy. To put any questions, to offer any aid, is to annoy; she will not yield a step before pain or sickness till forced; not one of her ordinary avocations will she voluntarily renounce. You must look on and see her do what she is unfit to do, and not dare to say a word—a painful necessity for those to whom her health and existence are as precious as the life in their veins."

Emily Brontë's indomitable will was now set against "poisoning doctors," and Charlotte's letters become one cry of agony as she watches that lonely combat with death. "Would that my sister added to her many great qualities the humble one of tractability!" she writes. "I think Emily seems the nearest thing to my heart in this world. . . . She is dear to me as life. . . . My sister would not see the most skilful physician in England if he were brought to her just now, nor would she follow his prescription."

Mr. Williams suggested consultation with a London doctor, and Charlotte broke away from Emily's control long enough to write a description of her symptoms. It is surely one of the most extraordinary statements that ever came into physician's hands. "Her pulse—the only time she allowed it to be felt—was found to be 115 per minute. . . . Her resolution to contend against illness being very fixed, she has never consented to lie in bed for a single day—she sits up from seven in the morning till ten at night. . . ." The London doctor sent some medicine, which Emily "would not take." "Day by day," wrote

Charlotte, later, looking back on that dark time, "when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked upon her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the fading eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health."

On the very day of her death Emily Brontë rose, dressed herself, went downstairs alone and tried to sew. But she grew rapidly worse. At noon, pain broke her will, and she whispered to her sister, "If you will send for a doctor, I will see him now!" Before he came she was dead, half rising from her seat at the end of the struggle.

We learn from Charlotte that while physically Emily Brontë perished, "mentally she grew stronger than her sisters had yet known her," a conclusive proof of which are the "Last Lines" found in her desk. "Emily's religious faith," says Mrs. Ward, "was a mystery in life, but in dying she gave it voice, and it is the voice of her century." We quote in full:

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

"O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in thee!

"Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

"To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

"With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

"Tho earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

"There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—*Thou* art Being and Breath,
And what *Thou* art may never be destroyed."

CATULLE MENDES, VENDER OF HONEY AND POISON



CATULLE MENDES, poet, critic, dramatist, friend of Verlaine and of Baudelaire, son-in-law to Gautier, head of the Parnassians, Wagner's critical precursor in France, the most brilliant talker, with one or two exceptions, perhaps, whom the modern world has known, he of whom George Moore has spoken as "the wickedest man in Paris," and whose exquisite prose and nobly chiseled verse Saint Beuve has likened to honey and poison—Catulle Mendès, master-decadent, king of the boulevard, is dead. His death, sudden and terrible, was as strange as his tales. He spent the forenoon of his last day at the rehearsal of his latest play, "Napoleon in Elba," and his afternoon had been given to polishing one of his poems, until, like all his published work, it was utterly perfect. In the evening he dined gayly with a friend, the Baron von Oppenheim, and cheerful, tho' fatigued, he departed, and was found towards morning a bleeding corpse, mangled under the wheels of a train near his home. Some spoke of foul play, others of self-slaughter. Perhaps the poet, whose mysticism had grown upon him, immolated himself upon the altar of some cruel and mysterious god; perhaps it was only an accident—there is wide room for conjecture. Mendès was nearly seventy when he died, yet he may be said to have been cut off in his prime. For in late years this prodigious *causeur* and flawless virtuoso had wearied of brilliant and elegant trifles, of amorous tales, cynical and perverse, tho' shot with beauty, and at the time of life when the pen falls from other hands he had begun to work on a larger and more serious scale than ever before. Ten thousand pages of admirable writing came and went with his books, and on hundreds of these pages was the stroke of wit and irony, the fanciful suggestion, the touch of caprice, the felicity of expression that gave them charm and distinction of a day. He himself, a writer in the Boston *Transcript* assures us, had no illusions about their importance or endurance; but in the last ten years of his life he created marvelous romantic and tragic plays cast in rich and free verse, vivid of atmosphere, poetic of speech and image, engrossing as dramatic narrations, by which he liked to believe another generation than his own would know and recall him. It would take his trifles as trifles, but it should admire his plays; yet "Queen Fiammetta" and "Saint

Theresa" (reproduced in the pages of this magazine) made no deep impression on the Parisians, who preferred the Mendès who diverted them to the Mendès who would impress them. They liked his little pieces better than his dramas in "six acts"; his pastels and fantasies and anecdotes better than his large romantic canvases. They cherished the wit, the ironist, the playful cynic, the writer of amorous divertimenti, the lyric poet. He amused and piqued. He charmed and he delighted. He was a daily and distinguished figure of Paris, whose routine he loved and whose temper he could feel with sensitive finger, and he plucked the flowers of each day's reward. "Perhaps," the *Transcript* writer concludes, "to a man of his temperament, they were more satisfying than a wreath of immortelles."

Mendès has been called nearly a great poet, as he was nearly an Academician. His production was enormous, rivaling in bulk Hugo's and Balzac's. He was a poet, playwright, short story writer and critic far above the average; but, in the opinion of many of his contemporaries, he failed to achieve lasting distinction in any quarter. He was the victim of his facility and his phenomenal cleverness. It has been said of him that he wrote as well as any of the masters; but that he never strode out for himself, that he was a sedulous ape in the sense of Stevenson's own confession, but that, unlike Stevenson, he remained to the end a parrot of genius. The man who thus first summed up the achievements of Catulle Mendès has done him a horrible injustice; for, in the face of his many-sided endeavors, it seemed so true that it has been parroted in turn by every critic of Mendès living and Mendès dead. Only one critic, Percival Pollard, who is said to be partial to purple poets, hints that perhaps Mendès was the master of them all, and that he often surpassed those whose genius he had absorbed, vampire fashion. "If you have a genius for selection," he remarks in the *New York Times*, "you may be able to find in him stuff sufficient to dim the fame of Pierre Louys, of Loti, and of Anatole France. For he had the talent of all of them. Not the heart of Loti, but the talent, always the talent, quite as much as Anatole France. Some day you will see that."

Catulle Mendès, in Mr. Pollard's opinion, affords the greatest instance of the tragedy of cleverness in the history of literature. "He



THE WICKEDEST AND THE CLEVEREST MAN IN PARIS

The late Catulle Mendès, it has been said, could write like an angel, and again he could write like a devil. "He spilled the jewels of his poetry and of his prose so recklessly that eventually people forgot they were jewels. He lived to see men of far less talent become great figures of international renown."

could write in one hundred different manners; he was everything; he could be any artist he chose—he could write like an angel, and again he could write like a very devil."

"He spilled the jewels of his poetry and of his prose so recklessly that eventually people forgot they were jewels. He lived to see men of far less talent become great figures of international renown, the while he remained—just Mendès, Mendès, the dramatic critic of a great daily paper, the *Journal*; Mendès, the playwright; Mendès, the author of thousands of beautiful pages that no proper young girl would allow her mother to read.

"He was an artist of the sort whom we do not know at all in America, unless we think of our brothers Saltus. . . . Here was a man of letters of such amazing versatility that it would beggar our type to list the things he wrote in poetry and prose, creative and critical. Yet the punishment for his absolute devotion to a strictly unmoral art was that the majority, as they knew him at all, knew him as a man of vast talent who had, somehow, reached a definite impasse in the world.

"He was branded, ticketed, and pigeon-holed: A man who wrote gem-like stories and poems, of an eroticism, and of what New England calls immorality, that put him beyond the pale of international appreciation. Yet, on the other hand, he never descended to the sheer lust or gay madness of a Paul De Kock or a Gyp; he had too much art for that. He strewed his way with flowers fully as evil and as beautiful as those of Baudelaire.

"Always one comes, in his case, to one companion or another. That, all his days, was the fly in the amber of his art. He had pages, like the pages of Verlaine, like the pages of our own Austin Dobson; if he had one artistic god more than another Shakespeare was he; and on one occasion he wrote exactly like Edmond Rostand. Like Stevenson, he was a sedulous ape; but often he surpassed the writer whom he was aping. He took beauty where he found it, used it, made it his own. Like all great artists, he took his own where he pleased."

Greek and Hebrew were strangely blended in the poet's blood. At twelve he wrote a skit produced on the boards; at eighteen he edited a magazine, *La Revue Faintaisiste*, and was jailed for a poem audaciously erotic, altho Baudelaire and Daudet were his spokesmen before the court. It was Mendès who many years later printed the conclusion of Zola's "L'Assommoir" after a weekly which had begun it grew afraid of the story. And it was Mendès who fathered the Parnassian school. The Parnassians, remarks Mr. Pollard, to whom we are partly indebted for the above information, came to suppress banal and absurd sentiment and to substitute in its stead "pure form and exquisite virtuosity." To quote again:

"Clad gayly in their youth and their ambition, these young men tramped over the old formulas and the old respectabilities. With Whistler they spoke unkindly of the sunset, and with Rimbaud they named the colors of music, which Rene Ghil was

later to modify to suit himself. For the sound and fury of the lesser Hugos the Parnassians substituted the haunting melodies and accomplished arts of Mendès and De Banville; for the soiled linen and unkempt hair of the neo-Muergers they substituted the golden syllables from the golden mouth of Mendès.

"Verlaine himself wrote no more delicate verse than Mendès. He could be of a cloying aristocracy, as exquisite and as delightful as Dobson; as diseased as Rimbaud. A smiling morbidezza informed his art; he was the Pierrot of French letters—a Pierrot passionate, who yet never believed in passion. He had the look and the air of a Christ who exhaled the seven deadly sins."

So passionate was his literary sincerity that he fought many duels with critical opponents and was almost mortally wounded in a combat originating in a difference of opinion with regard to Sarah Bernhardt's presentation of Hamlet. He believed in nothing but beauty, and if you would have confronted him with a New Englander preaching ethics and morality, Catulle Mendès, Mr. Pollard insists, would not have known the language. "Corruption was the essence of his art, true; corruption and beauty. It depended on the point of view. To him it was never anything but beauty. He started Verlaine upon the Parnassian way; also Maeterlinck, and Jean Moréas, and Mallarmé. First Verlaine was acknowledged the prince of Paris poets; the official mantle was passed on to Mallarmé. Mendès saw them both die, without taking the mantle from them. He was by then too sunk in his beautiful prosperity. Which the others still called corruption. He wrote, in the *Journal*, a beautiful, wonderful review of his brother Richepin's play, 'La Chemineau'; Paris read it, but forgot, somehow, the brilliant master of prose who wrote the review." Paris, the writer goes on to say, became too accustomed to Mendès. "It knew he was the cleverest man in Paris, but he was clever in too many ways. Plays, poems, novels, stories, sketches of no more than a page in length, exquisite as cameos or enamels set in jewels, critiques, anything and everything, all brilliant, all flawless, all utterly without purpose or moral. His art was corrupt, said one side of the world. Beauty, then, is surely corrupt, for it was beauty he worshipped."

Cafülle Mendès, it has been pointed out, loved music very tenderly. He often gave the best of his genius to it, and at all times judged it with profound competence. "There are few of our great composers of today" *The Musical Courier* declares, "who have not, once at least, owed part of their glory to the winged muse of this poet."

Religion and Ethics

THE REVIVAL IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

THE past few months have been signalized by a notable awakening of the evangelistic spirit in various parts of the country. Saint George's Episcopal Church, in New York, started the crusade with indoor services and outdoor parades led by the Rev. W. J. Dawson. Cleveland, Ohio, followed with enthusiastic efforts to "live like Christ" for two weeks. Thousands of people in Pittsburgh and St. Louis have been flocking to hear "Gipsy Smith." In Spokane and other cities of the far Northwest, the Rev. "Billy" Sunday has had no trouble filling large halls. The movement has culminated in recent evangelistic meetings held in Boston under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Charles M. Alexander, and described as the largest and most successful since the Moody and Sankey revivals of thirty-five years ago.

The success of the new crusade makes it clear that, despite statements to the contrary, the religious revival still exerts a commanding influence over the masses of mankind. The Boston campaign, in particular, awakened an intensity of popular feeling that promises to be lasting. Yet the movement, as a whole, has been subjected to a steady fire of criticism. The opinion is freely expressed, both in religious and secular journals, that evangelism of the old sort has fulfilled its mission, and in this twentieth century has no place.

"The modern mind," says the Rev. Dr. H. M. J. Klein, in the *Reformed Church Quarterly*, "resents the obtrusiveness of the revival method." He continues:

"The relation of a man to his God is so deep, personal, intimate and sacred a thing that the self-respecting man shrinks from dragging it out into the public gaze. No man of really fine feeling carries his heart upon his coat-sleeve or flaunts to the crowd the most sacred things in his own life, nor dare he find it in his heart to press or demand such a public revelation from others. A man who deeply reverences personality will not do that. The more deeply sensitive he is to the eternal significance of the religion of the considerate Jesus, the less will he be inclined to force his way into the secret recesses of another's heart. If there is one thing the man of fine grain dreads in himself and in others, it is this trifling play upon, this ruthless overriding of, the personality of another. A deepening sense is growing upon thoughtful men of the sacredness of the personal relation between a man and his God.

It is not a thing for public gaze. It is not a question solved in a moment by the waving of a handkerchief. It is not a matter of unrestrained emotion or dramatic convulsion. The kingdom of God came not as the Jews expected through some cataclysmic stroke out of the sky. It came as the seed that bore first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. It grew as all fellowship grows, as all true relationships ripen. See how unobtrusively God works in human hearts! See how unobtrusively Jesus led men into the Kingdom! If we understand the method of Jesus aright it conforms to the truth promulgated by modern psychology that strong character appears normally in the growth of calm and disciplined habits of religion."

The Boston *Transcript* echoes these words; and William Marion Reedy voices similar sentiments in the *St. Louis Mirror*. He says:

"What effervesces suddenly, as suddenly goes flat and stale. Exaltation is followed by depression. Still, it is good that people can be stirred by the thing that can stir them—a sunset, a poem, a statue, the story of a great deed or a great sorrow, a revivalist even. *De gustibus*, etc. But a crowd as a crowd may mean many things; it mostly means one thing only—curiosity. But able men testify to the revivalist's power, how about that? Able men believed in Psalmanazar, in Cagliostro, in John Law, in Joanna Southcote, in Sojourner Truth, the ebon sybil, in Alexander Dowie—all persons of power, all claimants, like the revivalist, to 'power from on high.' Ingersoll had power—at a dollar per pow-wow for each hearer. The demonic Debs has power to make men see red—not as the symbol of shed blood, but of brotherhood. The revivalist is no miracle. The revival is no novelty introduced by Protestantism. Catholicism has always had its 'retreats'—some of eloquence, some of silence. All religions have had their ecstasies and powerful preaching excitants of ecstasy. There were the orgies of Dionysios, the saturnalia of Saturn, the bacchanalia of Bacchus, and the people who cast themselves under Juggernaut's car. There were corybantic philosophers on street corners in ancient Rome, whipping with words their auditors into confessions and 'testimonies.' Modern revivalists have invented nothing new. People are much the same as they were in the days of old. The majority of them do not think. Get them into a crowd and they fall in with the purpose of those who know what they want to do. They yield to the emotion they fix their attention upon. They give themselves even before the player upon them 'gets them,' the more completely as the man concentrating their attention has what we call personality, or magnetism. They collaborate with him who focuses their attention, to their own emotional undoing, quite independent of the doctrine preached. No, indeed; I don't think much of revivals or of revivalists as factors for permanent good."

It needs to be pointed out, however, that the

revival meetings of the twentieth century are very different from those of the past. Neither of the writers quoted takes sufficient account of this fact. There is less talk of "conversions" nowadays, and less hysteria. "We are living in the midst of a great revival of religion," Dr. Lyman Abbott asserts (in *The Outlook*); "but it is a revival of ethical purpose, not of spiritual emotion. And this is the kind we need," he continues, "less the creation of a new spiritual force than the application to present social conditions of spiritual forces already in existence." Dr. Abbott illustrates this contention by a reference to his own experience:

"For the last ten years my ministerial service has been rendered almost exclusively in colleges; and it has consisted not merely in talking to students, but in talking with them. During that time I do not recall that a single student has asked me, 'What shall I do to be saved?' but hundreds have asked me, 'What can I do to save others?' The current questions are not, What must I do to get to heaven? but, What can I do to bring the kingdom of heaven to the earth?"

In this connection it should be noted that two of the four evangelists now in the public eye are men of a rather practical turn of mind. Mr. Dawson has even tried to combine the gospel message with the results of the higher criticism, and Dr. Chapman discourages emotional displays. Of the Chapman method a writer in *The Christian Advocate* gives the following account:

"Dr. Chapman, who must stand as the type of the whole movement, has revealed a marvelously winning personality. Calm, simple, direct, poised, always busy, never hurried, he has kept the movement absolutely free from 'excitement,' 'cant' and nerve strain, always encouraging calmness and deliberation. He has neither 'set traps' nor used doubtful devices. His message has been clear, direct, convincing, uncontroversial. He never antagonizes. He has undoubtedly brought all churches and religious people nearer together than ever before in any similar movement. The community in its totality seems to have adapted the movement as its own. There seems to have been on the part of the community as a social whole the emergence of a sense of conscious need of moral treatment, and a universal desire for this movement to result in awakening people to higher and better things."

To this should be added the testimony of a Boston paper, bearing on the main tendencies of the Chapman-Alexander campaign:

"It is not an old-fashioned 'revival,' in which the personal element was the most conspicuous. It is a concerted action of Christian churches, through their lay membership, for the advancement of the cause of Christ here at home in the amelioration of the condition of our people, and abroad through the

promulgation of the doctrine of good-will to all men.

"As one of the speakers at a recent meeting said, 'We cannot express the Christian power in the old terms of divine sovereignty, we cannot proclaim the Christian salvation in the old terms of Christian atonement. We cannot awaken men's horror and pity with the old term of eternal punishment, and if our conception of religion has changed, how much more has our view of the world? We don't see its needs as the elders saw it, we do not believe that the race fell at its birth, and is getting worse near its close, but that from the beginning it has been an aspiring and ascending race.'

"It is this liberal, 'all-enveloping temper' of the leaders of this movement which exemplifies its force and foreshadows its ultimate influence."

Revivals conceived and carried through in this spirit are not open to the old objections. Their beneficial results, it appears to *The Universalist Leader* (Boston), will far outweigh the evil. "Some souls," the same paper remarks, "will be hurt but more souls will be helped. Some will live for a little time upon the heights to which they are called, and then because of instability, or because the sustaining hand is removed, they will fall back, discouraged and disheartened. And yet even this experience is not all bad; it is good to have had a taste even of something better than the deadly routine of sin, and it is possible that this taste may so linger as to furnish new incentive in the future to try again. And of the many who are lifted to the heights, some will abide and add to the permanent forces of righteousness in the community."

The *Boston Congregationalist* declares:

"Churches, like ships, sometimes become becalmed or they encounter some obstacle on which they seem to be stranded. How to get over the bar—that is the question. The breeze is not strong enough to fill the sails, or the machinery sufficiently powerful to stir the hulk—but wait! the tide is coming in, that mighty force which 'draws from out the boundless deep' will soon surround the vessel, and what had proved difficult or impossible before, comes to pass easily and naturally. In many a church in Greater Boston the general quickening of spiritual interest has widely re-enforced local agencies, heartened discouraged laborers, produced a new consciousness of power and projected before the vision new and commanding objectives of individual and social service.

"In many a home there is a new note of joy, an unprecedented measure of harmony. Some of the happiest men we have met the last week have been fathers whose children, in their teens, have just taken their first stand for Christ. Reared in Christian homes, regular in attendance upon church and Sunday school, these young people seem to have been waiting for something to serve as an occasion for taking a decided position. Now the hour has struck, and children and parents are rejoicing together. There are other homes in which religion has seldom been mentioned hitherto, or in which it has been a divisive rather than a uniting influence, where the atmosphere has been transformed. The fre-

quency with which Dr. Chapman has urged the duty of becoming a Christian for the sake of others in the family has had due effect. Household religion will gain proportionately throughout Greater Boston.

"Enough of the flotsam and jetsam of the city has been reached to prove anew that the Christian

religion can cleanse and uplift the wanderer and the outcast. We need these conspicuous demonstrations from time to time of the fact that the gospel is a remedial force, and that no one can sink so low or become so estranged and corrupt as to be past hope of redemption."

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC REPLY TO CHRISTIAN SCIENCE



LL who have followed the growth of Christian Science will be interested in one of the strongest arguments against the new cult so far promulgated. It appears during the course of a debate between the Christian Science leader, Mr. W. D. McCrackan, and that doughty champion of Roman Catholicism, the Rev. Louis A. Lambert, LL.D., editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*. Years ago Dr. Lambert broke lances with Ingersollism. Now he has entered the lists against Christian Science, and formulates the reply of the oldest to the youngest of the churches.

The debate, which took place in the columns of the *Freeman's Journal*, and has lately been reprinted in book form* with the indorsement of Archbishop Farley and a preface by Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, originated in a letter from Mr. McCrackan to Dr. Lambert protesting against editorial misrepresentations of Christian Science. The Christian Scientist asked for space to state his position. This Dr. Lambert willingly granted, on the principle that "the best way to defend a true system or refute a false one is to let them be seen as they really are, and deal with them on that basis."

The three fundamental doctrines of Christian Science, and the points at which it diverges most sharply from accepted beliefs, may be said to lie in its teaching (1) that God is All-in-All and that God is Mind; (2) that evil is a creation of mortal mind, of the same nature as any delusion or nightmare; and (3) that disease can be cured by the affirmation of spiritual wholeness. It is around these three points that the discussion between Mr. McCrackan and Dr. Lambert mostly turns; it is against their general truth that the Roman Catholic editor directs his strongest shafts.

According to Mr. McCrackan, "Christian Science teaches that there is but one God, a God Who is Infinite Spirit and Creator, the universe, including man, consisting of an infinite number of expressions of this One Spirit." This conception of God seems to approach the Christian concept; but actually, Dr. Lambert contends, it is something very different. As he puts it:

"You say 'God is Infinite Spirit.' Why not say an infinite Spirit? Why persist in avoiding the individual article an? You say 'God is Infinite Creator,' but in the same sentence you deny that He is Creator when you say the universe, man included, consists of an infinite number of expressions of the One Spirit, or God. If by 'expression' you mean that the universe, with all its phenomena of changes and individuations, is only subjective changes and evolvements of the Deity, you should say it frankly, as the Pantheists do, and take your place among them, and drop the word Creator from your philosophy. If you mean by the word Creator what Christian philosophy means by it—the production by God, from nothing, of things distinct from Himself—you should drop the term 'expression' and use the word Creator. Exact science does not tolerate the use of both these terms in the same sense. Not the least objection to Christian Scientists is their misuse or vague, non-committal use of terms; it is characteristic of all their literature."

Christian Science, Mr. McCrackan asserts, "does not deny the existence of the universe. It does not question the reality of a single object in the universe. But it teaches that this reality is an expression of Mind, and not matter." But this statement, Dr. Lambert holds, is a mere subterfuge. "There can be no doubt," he observes, "that Christian Science denies the reality of the universe in the sense that Christians affirm it. In saying it is an expression of Mind they deny its creation; in saying it is not matter they contradict the common sense of mankind." The argument proceeds:

"Christian Science denies the real existence of the typewriter by means of which Mr. McCracken wrote his letter, and the paper on which he wrote it, and the train that brought it to us. All these, it tells us, are mere mental expressions, having no real existence outside of and distinct from the Divine

*CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BEFORE THE BAR OF REASON. By the Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Edited by the Rev. A. S. Quinlan. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company.

Mind. The bullet that entered the body of President McKinley was only an idea of a bullet existing in the Divine Mind, as was also the President, and the assassin who killed him, and the chair in which that assassin sat to receive the idea of a death shock from an idea of electricity, is only the idea of a chair, existing nowhere but in the Divine Mind. And the human mind that believes in the material reality of the bullet that killed, and the wretch who shot it, and the chair that he sat in, and the electricity that killed him, is, according to Christian Science, a mind victimized by delusions and hallucinations. The assassination was, in reality, only a clash of incompatible ideas in the divine mind, and one of them went down into the idea of a grave, which also exists only in the divine mind; and the idea of a Government of the State of New York sent the other antagonistic idea to the divine idea of a grave. And the idea of the world will continue to revolve—in the One Mind—as heretofore."

From this fantastic statement of the implications of Christian Science, Dr. Lambert passes on to an affirmation that the new creed is sheer Pantheism. The very essence of Pantheism, according to his definition, is the denial of the creative act. "Those who hold to that ism," he remarks, "do not say that God is in matter, but that all that is, is God; that all the phenomena of which we are conscious are but the visible unfolding or evolution of the divine nature, as the rose unfolds itself, all unconscious of what it does; and this universe, as seen by us, is to God what the surface of the ocean is to the ocean, whose waves and bubbles rise and fall back into it, never ceasing in all their changes to be a part of it. Pantheism looks on the universe and all its changes—including thought—as phases or forms of the Divine Being, evolving and ever to evolve or unfold, by a fatal necessity." But this is precisely what Christian Science teaches. Addressing himself directly to Mr. McCrackan, Dr. Lambert says:

"As you deny the existence of all spirits except the Infinite Spirit, and deny the existence of the material world also, there remains nothing in existence but the Infinite Spirit; hence you can, by the term 'expression' mean only some form, state or change of this Spirit Himself. The term 'expression,' then, in your sense, clashes with creation; it goes further, and denies creation, leaving nothing but subjective change, development or evolution of the Infinite Being. This is Pantheism pure and simple. You may not intend this, but it is the inevitable conclusion from your Christian Science principles."

"You confirm this conclusion when you say: 'The only real universe is mental. Things are thoughts.' That is, thoughts in the mind of God. If things are nothing more than thoughts, existing only in the Divine Mind, then things—this universe—is eternal, for God's thoughts are eternal and unchangeable. Consequently, there never has been a creation; for, had there been, there would be something more than thoughts. There would be thoughts plus their realization in time and space by the crea-

tive act. You see, then, that when you deny the existence of everything but thought, you deny creation. It will not do to say that God created His thoughts, for that would necessarily imply that He had to do something—create—before He could think—a supposition too absurd for a sane mind. To say, therefore, that only divine thoughts exist is to deny creation and fall into Pantheism. While you hold such views you should eliminate the term 'creation' from your Christian Science vocabulary; it has no place there whatever."

"In contrast with this is Christian philosophy, which teaches that from all eternity the archetypes, patterns or exemplars of all things that have real, substantial existence were in the divine mind, as the plan of a yet unbuilt palace is in the mind of the architect, and that by the creative act of Divine Omnipotence copies or replicas of these eternal archetypes were brought from nothing into real being, separate and distinct from their Creator. Here it will be seen that the creative act is the mark of distinction between Christian teaching and Pantheism in all its forms, including Christian Science as one of its forms."

Proceeding to an examination of the Christian Science attitude toward evil and "mortal mind," Dr. Lambert quotes this statement of Mr. McCrackan's:

"The use of the word 'Mind' in Christian Science deserves special notice. Spelled with a capital M it is synonymous with Spirit. Thus God is spoken of as Mind or Spirit. Spelled with a small letter, mind is used to designate that human mind which rises in rebellion against the Divine Mind—that mortal mind which attempts to counterfeit the Immortal Mind. This Mortal Mind is the 'carnal mind,' spoken of by Paul, and is the fruitful source of all sin and sickness. It is—not to put too fine a point upon it—the lying serpent, the devil, which tries to separate man from his Creator."

This method of distinguishing the Divine Mind from the human mind is credited by Dr. Lambert with originality, if with nothing else. But it leads, he thinks, to an identification, rather than to a differentiation, of the two kinds of mind. For if the Divine Mind is *all*, how can the existence of mortal mind be even imagined? To quote verbatim:

"The logical conclusion is that the human mind, alias mortal mind, alias the lying spirit, alias the devil, is an expression or mode of the Divine Mind. It cannot be anything separate and distinct from the Divine Mind, since according to the writer above quoted, what ever is not that Mind or a mode of it is absolute nothingness. A further conclusion is that sin, sickness, the spirit of rebellion and counterfeiting, the lying serpent and the devil, are in and of the Divine Mind and have no existence outside of it. They are all, therefore, Divine in their nature, as the Mind of which they are but an expression or mode is Divine. The Universe, including man, is only an eternal thought existing in the Divine Mind, having no corresponding external reality. All the evils of this life of our conscience existence, sin, sickness, pain and death are only ideas in the Divine Mind! Such, it seems to us, is the god whom the

Christian Scientists call Infinite Love, Perfection and Truth!"

There is, we are told, no escape from this dilemma. Either "mortal mind" was created by God, or it was not. According to Christian Science, it was not. The sole remaining alternative is that of an uncreated mind apart from God. Dr. Lambert says:

"You tell us that this being was not created by God. As it could not create itself it is, therefore, eternal, because uncreated. You have then an eternal liar eternally facing and defying God; one the origin of good, and the other the origin of evil. This dualism is the necessary result of what you say of mortal mind. It is Manichaeism, that combination of Magism and Buddhism that was condemned by the Christian Church in the third century."

In his consideration of the therapeutic methods on which so much of the success of Christian Science rests, Dr. Lambert has little or nothing to say of the results accomplished. He makes some telling points, however, against the theories that underlie the methods. When Mr. McCrackan urges, "It does not appear that Christ and the Apostles taught that God healed the sick by material means," he replies: "Neither does it appear that they taught that God appeased the hunger of the hungry by material means. There was no need to teach what everybody understood and believed. The fact that our Lord and His Apostles did not contradict the common and universal belief is the best possible proof that the belief corresponded with the truth." He goes on to argue:

"When the deaf, the dumb, the blind and the paralyzed came to Him to be healed, what more opportune time could there be to correct the errors of their 'mortal minds' by telling them that their diseases were only in their deluded minds and not in their bodies, for they had no bodies to be diseased, no ears to be deaf, no eyes to be blind, no limbs to be paralyzed. Instead, however, of talking in this Christian Science vein, our Lord received the sick and treated the diseases they complained of as real bodily diseases, and used His supernatural power to miraculously heal them. The leper said: 'Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean.' And Jesus put forth His Hand and touched him, saying, 'I will; be thou clean,' and immediately the leprosy was cleansed.—Matt. viii. 3. No suggestion here of error of the leper's mortal mind. All is real, both the leprosy and the miraculous cure."

The Christian Science theory of healing, it is contended, can not claim a New Testament basis. It involves its exponents, moreover, in a dilemma almost as bewildering as that raised by the theory of "mortal mind." For Christian Scientists, be it remembered, teach that the material body, even when eaten by cancer or tortured by pain, has no real existence out-

side the mind, and that as existing in the mind it is a delusion, a phantom lie told by the mortal mind to itself. They teach that the testimony of the five senses, which bear witness to the reality of our material bodies and the material universe about us, is not good testimony, for it has to be constantly corrected. And yet they at the same time claim—in proof of their doctrines—that they have effected many cures. Dr. Lambert points out:

"Now these three positions make it necessary for the Christian Scientists to answer the following questions: How can their claim to have healed diseases be proved? How can they get their evidence present to our consciousness, or before the court of our mind, except through the senses? And if we cannot rely on the testimony of our senses how can we know that the cures they claim to have effected are real cures and not delusions?"

In illustration of his point, Dr. Lambert offers the following short dialog:

"CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST:—We have cured many diseases.

"CHRISTIAN:—Give us a case in proof.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST:—Well, there is the case of John Doe, who had a cancer on his cheek. You see, it is now entirely healed. Nothing but a scar remains.

"CHRISTIAN:—It would seem so, and I would be inclined to believe it were it not that you have told me that my senses are not to be trusted. My senses are the only means by which I can know that the cancer has been healed. Now, as you say they deceive me, I cannot say on their testimony that I know anything about the cure which you speak of. Therefore, until you admit that my senses are credible witnesses, I cannot admit any of your claimed cures.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST:—But I can bring many other cases.

"CHRISTIAN:—But the same difficulty remains as in the cancer case. Before your cures can be proved to me you must admit that my senses are reliable witnesses, and if they be reliable enough to prove your cancer cure they are equally reliable when they tell me that the cancer was a real one and that the body it was on is a real material body, and not a mere idea existing in some mind. You cannot use the testimony of the senses to prove your claimed cures, and reject it when it disproves your doctrine. It is good in either case, or it is good in neither."

The attempt to give Christian Science philosophy a Christian purpose, direction and end is pronounced by Dr. Lambert utterly futile. "It is the antithesis of Christianity," he says. He sums up the whole matter thus:

"Christian Scienceism is a revulsion against gross materialism. It is the opposite extreme. Materialism denies the existence of everything that is not matter; Christian Scienceism denies the existence of everything that is not spirit or mind. They are both errors, equidistant from the truth, which is that both material and spiritual beings exist."

A NEW "ALTAR TO THE UNKNOWN GOD"



WORK of rare beauty and fascination, unique in contemporary literature, has lately appeared in England. It is entitled "The New Word," and its author is Allen Upward, a London barrister. The book first saw the light in Geneva. It wore an outlandish garb, and was issued anonymously. Yet it instantly challenged the attention of serious critics. William Archer, the English translator of Ibsen, was especially impressed by its merits, and wrote of it enthusiastically in a London morning paper. Another writer, in a Theosophical magazine, paid it a high tribute of praise. The volume was republished in London,* this time with the author's name, and it has had a remarkable reception. The editor of *Public Opinion* thinks that it deserves the next Nobel prize awarded for "the most distinguished work of an idealist tendency." Such recognition would be singularly appropriate in view of the fact that the idea of the book was suggested by the provisions of the Nobel will, and that it is written in the form of an "Open Letter" to the Swedish Academy in Stockholm.

The "new word" of Mr. Upward's title is idealism, and the book is throughout a passionate plea for an idealistic, as opposed to a materialistic and utilitarian, view of life. It is to the future, to "the unfettered mind" and "undying verihood," that the author makes his appeal. "I am writing against what is falsely called Science," he says, "as well as against what is falsely called Religion. I am thinking of the new shell as well as of the old. I am looking a thousand years ahead. . . . I have seen an altar to the unknown God."

At the outset of his argument, Mr. Upward pays his respects to Alfred Nobel as a man idealistic in the highest and truest sense. He was deeply moved, he says, when he first read the terms of the Nobel will. Nobel seemed to him the first philanthropist who had taken into consideration not merely the laggards of humanity, but its forerunners. There are two kinds of outcasts, Mr. Upward reminds us. Man, in his march out of the darkness into light, throws out a vanguard and a rearguard, and both are out of step with the main body. Humanity condemns alike those who are too good for it and those who are too bad. On

its Procrustean bed the stunted members of the race are racked; the giants are cut down. It puts to death with the same ruthless equality the prophet and the atavist. The poet and the drunkard starve side by side.

The mood of humanity towards the poet, Mr. Upward declares, is "that of the schoolboy towards the butterfly—without pity but without malice." Towards the prophet "it is that of the sick child towards the physician—one of angry resistance." Mr. Upward continues:

"There is no more pitiful sight than this; mankind suffers under no such curse; it is the tragedy of the world, the stoning of the messenger of good tidings. 'Ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them.' Alas! it is in sacrifice to the dead prophet that the living prophet is offered up.

"There is no instinct much more deeply rooted in the heart of man than this old cannibal one that the suffering of the best man is for the benefit of mankind. 'I exiled Dante,' exults proud Florence, 'and lo! the Divine Comedy.' 'I hounded forth Mohammed,' boasts Mecca, 'and here is Islam.' It needs a Diagoras to ask where are the votive offerings of those who were wrecked. It takes a Nobel to discern the difference to mankind between the labors of Hercules and the agony of the Meriah. . . . Nobel himself was branded as a dreamer. There were those ready to insinuate that he had not been in his right mind. . . . Nobel wished to give eight thousand pounds a year among the writers of new texts. That was his dream. His madness lay there. Humanity is not mad to spend one hundred millions a year on phonographs. Nobel was mad to offer these few thousands for a living voice."

If the idealist of our day is compelled to work "like the medieval chemist, by stealth and in dread of men," it is because, in Mr. Upward's opinion, humanity, as a whole, suffers from a grievous disease. This disease is Fixity—the notion that the world can stand still and that truth is somehow dangerous. And Christianity is largely to blame for this state of mind. "Falsehood," Mr. Upward asserts, "is found in every religion, but only in Christianity is it the foundation of religion. The first word of Buddhism is Know. The first word of Christianity is Believe. And the merit lies not in believing what is true, but in believing what is false. The greater the falsehood the greater the faith. As one of themselves has written, 'I believe because it is impossible.'"

The anti-scientific instinct, which Christianity has hallowed as the cardinal virtue, is therefore not the fear that science may be wrong, but that it may be right. When the

*THE NEW WORD. By Allen Upward. London: A. C. Fifield.

geologists found out that the earth was more than 5,804 years old, many good men thought them mistaken because the margin of the English Bible had fixed the date of creation at 4004 B.C. When the good men had it shown to them that this date rested on Archbishop Usher's authority, and not on God's, they held their peace and let the geologists go on. But they did not thank the geologists. Their feeling was that the geologists had been very rash and presumptuous, and that they would have done much better to keep their discoveries to themselves. The idea that Heaven means us to learn its ways; that its first commandment is, *Thou shalt learn*; and that such learners as Copernicus and Linné and Darwin have rendered more faithful service than a great multitude of saints and Puritans, never even entered their heads.

Such is the disease. Humanity is growing ashamed of it, and may in time learn to overcome it, but the disease is still here. Only the other day an Anglo-Roman priest, with all the impressiveness at his command, told his congregation: "We must face the truth about our documents." In making this statement he revealed, all unconsciously, the low plane on which the church moves, as compared even with the professions and sciences. "Fancy a teacher of medicine," Mr. Upward exclaims, "saying to his class: 'We must face the truth about our drugs.' Fancy a lecturer on astronomy telling his hearers: 'We must face the truth about the stars.' What should we think of the counsel who said to his client in open court: 'We must face the truth about our evidence.' What would a tradesman think of the banknote handed to him by a customer with the remark, 'I must face the truth about this note.'"

Again, and within the last year or two, a paper was read at a great church congress in England on the question of religious teaching in the public schools. The argument of the paper was on this wise: When the boys to whom we have taught religion in the schools go on to the universities, and find out that educated men no longer believe what we have taught them, they turn round and despise us for having taught them falsely; what then is the least truth that we must teach them in the schools, so as not to despise by them after they have gone to the universities? This was the question raised by the paper and discussed by the delegates. It was not a question of how much truth they *might* teach the boys, but how little truth they *must* teach. No one in that congress even dared to suggest that the whole truth should be taught.

Now all this betokens the virulence and deep-seatedness of the disease. Mr. Upward says:

"If the sufferers from this disease were asked to diagnose it they would most likely answer that fuller knowledge tends to make men lose faith. Their reasoning seems to be somewhat after this fashion: 'I believe that God made the earth, and made it flat; if I now learn that it is not flat, I shall cease to believe that it was made by God.' Through the last few centuries we seem to hear a succession of men crying out, after each fresh discovery of verihood, 'The earth moves; therefore there is no God!—'The earth is millions of years old; therefore there is no God!—'The Buddha was a great and good man; therefore there is no God!—'There are traces of more than one hand in the writing of the Pentateuch; therefore there is no God!' Such a frame of mind can hardly be called faith. The man who holds to his God by a single hair, ready to let go if it should turn out that there is something in wireless telegraphy, or that there are no whales in the Mediterranean sea, is surely not far removed from an infidel."

With all his heart Mr. Upward protests against the "terrier and rat" attitude toward truth. He hopes for a time when we shall value truth for its own sake, and honor the man who bears it, instead of hounding him. The truth may be subversive; it may bring with it all sorts of pain and trouble. That is no matter. If it is the truth, we need it. Mr. Upward has no patience with such sayings as Tennyson's—

"Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views."

Such advice is well-meant, but, from Mr. Upward's point of view, it is eternally false. He writes:

"The poet who gave that advice acted like a physician who would give the patient up. It is easy to see what was in his mind. If the bandages that have been used to stunt the growth of the Chinese girl's foot are removed in later life, the effort of the foot to regain its natural growth and shape causes her intense pain. It was that pain which the last generation had to suffer when it read Darwin's book.

"And this explanation shows us the ultimate nature of the disease which the Idealist is called in to cure."

In further elucidation of his attitude, Mr. Upward compares the spiritual fixity of mankind with the atmosphere pervading one of the great monuments of ancient times—the Egyptian Pyramid:

"It is the mightiest building on earth. It is the greatest monument of the most long-lasting Mediterranean Power. Hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed in building it; its founder went to

sleep in it, wrapped in the curse of mankind, believing that he had secured himself an everlasting death. And to-day it stands empty; there is no corpse of any slave huddled into the sand, till the hyena comes to scratch it up, that is not more secure than that proud Pharaoh.

"It is an astronomer's building, an eternal kalender. And since it was built, the very pole of heaven has shifted, and the kalender has been thrice reformed.

"It is a sermon in stone, an architectural bible. And it has witnessed the rise and fall of three religions, not one of which has known what it owed to the Masons of the Pyramid.

"This Delta raised in three dimensions is the embodiment of Pure Measure; the idol of Fixity; the shell of Logic and Theology. This frozen flame is the perfect Denial of Change.

"It is the Last Word of the Black Man.

"Europe has got this Pyramid upon the brain. Here is the ogre's fortress, and not in any mushroom city on the Seven Hills; and here a foe worthy of the White Knight's steel."

The great need of humanity, now as ever, Mr. Upward contends, is the far-seeing idealist, the thinker emancipated from the bonds of fixity; and the world's salvation, he further argues, will come not so much through theology or science as through strength and hope. "The science of hope," he remarks, "is languishing to-day, and I have thought it not the least part of this inquiry to investigate the causes of this aberration, and suggest a remedy. Its chairs are filled, and its endowments are embezzled, by men who are still living in the Dark Age. They are good men, or so I like to think, but their work is not good, and they are blocking the way of better men. They seem to me like old women who should stand round a burning house with pails in their hands, faithfully throwing their paltry dribble on the flames, but keeping back the engine which alone can put out the fire." And when the fire is out and the human spirit has become utterly free, what then? Mr. Upward does not pretend to answer the question. He intimates that no one could answer it. But he offers some hints in the direction of a larger knowledge.

The most fascinating and original part of "The New Word" is that in which Mr. Upward analyzes and criticizes the great schools of human thought—metaphysics, science, theology, sociology, logic, geometry, and the rest. His method is naive, poetic, searching, and most effective. He is half playful at one moment, deadly in earnest the next. He is a thorogooing iconoclast, yet we feel that he shatters idols in the crusader's spirit, as one who defends the truth of the living God.

The investigations and disputations of human creatures, he tells us, often remind him

of the squirrel in its revolving cage. There is an enormous amount of turning and turning, but nothing comes of it all. In the field of metaphysics, for instance, there has been partizan after partizan, and argument without end, yet we are as much in the dark as ever. Let us recognize this fact frankly. Let us not make the mistake of attaching ourselves to this metaphysical school, or to that, in the delusion that it contains and sums up *all* the truth.

Theology, as Mr. Upward sees it, is in the same plight as metaphysics. Every cult of religious thought is defending its esoteric doctrines in a hot-house atmosphere against the blasts of the outer air of truth. Mr. Upward illustrates his argument as follows:

"The worst talkers about God who have ever lived, because the most positive and circumstantial talkers, were the Catholics. Their ablest talker, one of the ablest talkers I have heard of, was a Mediterranean man named Thomas Aquinas, who wrote a book called the Sum of Theology, or the Height of Talk about God. His book stands out as the high water mark of the human mind in the Dark Ages. It is theology at its best, or worst.

"Aquinas was by no means a man of weak or narrow mind. Within the revolving cage of Andronican words there has toiled no braver nor truer-minded squirrel. That High Talk of his sounded so like verihood that to many of those who listened to it Aquinas seemed to be an atheist, while to others he seemed to be a saint. With truer instinct than Kant, and therefore with better reason, he wished to set out from the two words God and the Soul. But he never really left his starting-point. Such questions as came before his mind he examined truthfully, setting out the arguments on both sides, but always giving judgment in the words of the Church. So we may see the mesmerised subject exercising his reason freely where it has been left free; but as soon as he is brought up by the suggestion of the mesmerist, his mind ceases to work, and he repeats the mesmerist's will.

"The Churchman had no doubt that Aquinas was a saint. They applied a simple test, and found that, however impartial might be the summing-up, the verdict was always in their favor.

"To-day this book, the greatest book of Catholic Theology, ranks as a curiosity rather than as literature. And that is not because, like the book of Copernicus, it has done its work, but because no one any longer hopes that it can do any work. It has no going strength. It is like a disused incantation, which the spirit has left off obeying. The spell is still there, but the spirit has fled. The failure of such a theologian is the failure of theology."

Humanitarianism comes in for the same sort of castigation. Mr. Upward describes a conversation that he had with a disciple of Tolstoy, a man who exalted love above everything else in the world. Altruism was his watchword, and he said: "The heart of the true altruist overflows with love towards every creature, the lowest as well as the highest, the

greatest criminal as well as the purest saint." Moreover, he argued, the true altruist must be non-resistant; he must not use force. The following dialog took place:

"If a man went mad and wanted to beat you or your children, or to set fire to your house, or do any other wicked thing, you would think it right to restrain him by force?"

"Of course. That is a ridiculous question. It would be for the good of the man himself to restrain him."

"But if he were not mad; if he were only eccentric, or were behaving like that out of superstition, or spite, you would think it wrong to restrain him by force?"

"All that is a question of degree. The test is a very simple one; does the man know what he is doing?"

"Then let me see if I have got it right this time. You mean that if a man is doing wicked things by accident he ought to be prevented, but not if he is doing them on purpose? And so an altruist is one who restrains good men, and lets wicked men do what they like."

"That," said my friend, "is not putting it fairly. I said that madmen ought to be restrained for their own sake. Surely you ought to be able to see the difference. When we restrain a man for his own good we are serving him. Our action is altruistic."

"I think I see what you mean, this time. It is doing good to a madman to save him from doing wicked things which he might afterwards regret?"

"My friend smiled, well pleased.

"'Exactly! Now you understand me.'

"But it is not doing good to a man in his right mind to save him from doing wicked things which he might afterwards regret."

"My friend's face fell.

"No man who wants to do wicked things is really in his right mind," he said. "Tolstoy has said so over and over again."

"Then I am afraid I don't understand you," I had to confess. "I thought you began by saying that the altruist ought not to use force to anybody, and now you seem to be saying that he ought to use force to everybody who is doing what the altruist thinks is wrong."

Evidently, Mr. Upward concluded, *altruism* is not the last word in social ethics; nor, he adds, is *egoism*. Neither of these words embodies the whole truth.

Materialistic science receives as little quarter at Mr. Upward's hands as humanitarianism. Here, he intimates, is another half-truth masquerading as a whole truth. But he emerges from his investigation of this subject with a word that he proposes as a point of departure from present cramped standards, and of approach to a truer philosophy. The word is *strength*. In the *action and reaction of strength*, he suggests, we may find a key that will help to explain the bewildering dualities, the tangled riddle of existence. He writes:

"The opposite to strength is strength.

"It is not lack of strength—weakness is only the

slack tide of strength. It is not no strength—nothingness has neither position nor opposition. It is strength going the other way, as in the yea and nay of the electric atom, as in the force and energy of the mechanical universe, the Ebb and Flow of Everything.

"The word Power, like so many words used by materialists, is a bad one. Because Power means the same as Potency, and strength is not potential, but kinetic. All force is pulling. All energy is pushing.

"All strength is Going Strength. As we have seen, the tying up of strength is matter.

"And as we have seen again, Matter is wrought by the crossing of two Ways of Strength. It is not the Rest, but the full Strain of the wrestlers—the deadlock of those great Twin Wrestlers whose wrestle is the All-Thing.

"Opposite is also a bad word, because it makes us think in one measure, and we ought to think in three. The right word is inversion, which is to say, in English, turning inside out.

"The turning inside out of strength is the key to the riddle. It is the key to many other riddles. For rightly to interpret one word is rightly to interpret all words."

Mr. Upward asks us to consider this idea—to "consider this inner strength, coming and going, turning and returning, millions of beats in every tick of secular time, while, throbbing through the network woven by their meeting, the over-strength comes and goes faster than flashes in a diamond." He proceeds, in a passage of haunting poetic beauty:

"It is no longer a mere word. It is a magic crystal, and by looking long into it, you will see wonderful meanings come and go. It will change color like an opal while you gaze, reflecting the thoughts in your own mind. It is a most chameleon-like ball. It has this deeper magic, that it will show you not only the thoughts you knew about before, but other thoughts you did not know of, old, drowned thoughts, hereditary thoughts; it will awaken the slumbering ancestral ghosts that haunt the brain; you will remember things you used to know and feel long ago.

"What do you see in the magic crystal?

"Do you see the Atom, the only real one, the point of strength within the All-Strength?

"Do you see the crumb, the tiny crystal that breathes ever so faintly, swelling and shrinking too slightly for our measures, while in and out of it there throbs that beat of strength we call attraction and repulsion?

"Do you see the sun's orb, not fixed as we suppose, but nearly in the middle of our sun-whirl, swelling and shrinking in great tides of fire, while it breathes in and out those throbs that we call Energy and Force? Or is it this planet that you see, not altogether weaned, but clinging like a suckling to its mother's breast, drinking in life, and giving it forth again? Ourselves, involved in the vast cocoon of silken light, do we not seem to other eyes, watching from other orbs, to be flame-spirits moving in a burning world?

"Is it the mite you see, the tiny life-crumb, fire-begotten, water-born, air-fed, earth-clad, of which we know neither the beginning nor the end?

"Is it the seed, feeding upon the earth-strength,

and sending it forth again in roots and shoots? Is it the living waterspout, through which strength courses to and fro from leaves to roots and back again to leaves; is it the Tree Yggdrasil?

"Or is it rather the cell, swelling and shrinking within the body-strength, while within the cell there swells and shrinks the nucleus, and within that the nucleolus, and within that what lesser nucleolites we have not measured?

"Suppose it is yourself. Suppose it is your heart that pants and throbs, while through it the blood whirls in and swirls out in systole and diastole. Suppose it is your inner strength, swelling and shrinking along its nervous tracery, while through it the great Outer-Strength comes and goes, coming in sense and going in emotion.—That word emotion is not an Andronican cipher. It means outgoing. It means the swirl. Those old men who used it first knew well enough what it meant. They were not sleep-walkers as we are.

"Suppose we say it is the Strength Within, played upon by the Strength Without. Suppose we say, in words we hardly understand, that what we call the Body is a network woven between the tiny Strength Within and the great Strength Without."

There is no word in the English language that exactly expresses this idea of action and reaction; so Mr. Upward coins a word of his own. It is *metastrophe*. He explains:

"By this word I mean more than the archbishops

have meant by their word metabolism. I mean, not growth and decay, but growth turning into decay, and decay turning into growth. I mean involution in the midst of evolution. I mean life turning inside out. And I mean more than life; I mean also the expression of life. Metastrophe is a mood, and in so far as we attain this mood, so will the Strength Within us chime more and more sweetly with the Strength Without; not in dead unity, but in living unison, and the faint gladness of our earthly voices climb and thread the thunder music rolling out of Heaven.

"Here is ideal dynamite that shall break up the bony knobs that clog the brain, and set thought free. I cast this little seed into the mind. If it be a true life-seed, I have no fear but that it will take root and grow.

"It will be slower than the other kind of dynamite; it may take a thousand years; but it will do its work more surely in the end. For it is stranger than the real dynamite. It is alive. It will grow."

Many readers of this unusual book may feel that the "new word" is not as clearly defined as it ought to be, that the author is not sufficiently explicit in the practical application of his philosophy. But he has given us at least a glimpse—and a very wonderful glimpse at that—of the "unknown God" to whom he dedicates his altar.

WHERE PRAGMATISM FAILS

IT IS nearly two years since Prof. William James's book on pragmatism may be said to have formally launched a new philosophical propaganda in this country. During the months that have intervened a continuous warfare has been going on between the supporters and the opponents of his attitude. On the surface, the pragmatists have seemed to triumph. The zeal and enthusiasm of the propagandist has been theirs. They have been exceptionally fortunate in their spokesmen, and have been brilliantly represented in books and articles that have commanded a wide reading, while their opponents have written mostly for technical periodicals seldom read by the general public. But there is "another side" to this as to most other questions, and an anti-pragmatist work, voicing the convictions of those who reject the new philosophy, has just appeared.* It is the first book of the kind so far published in English, and it is by James Bissett Pratt, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Williams College.

Professor Pratt presents his arguments with

admirable precision, and his style is not unworthy of comparison with that of the prophet-in-chief of pragmatism. He confesses, indeed, his hearty admiration for Professor James, and says that when the movement first began he was an enthusiastic pragmatist. "My enthusiasm lasted," he continues, "until I came to understand clearly what it really meant. And tho I am no longer one of its supporters, its charm is still so strong upon me that I am eager to see it completely developed and carefully expressed, and the good seed which indubitably is in it threshed out and separated from the immense amount of chaff which bears its name."

As Professor Pratt views it, pragmatism is fundamentally a theory of *meaning*, a theory of *truth*, and a theory of *knowledge*; and its definitions in each case are utilitarian, and based on practical consequences. It may be regarded, he says, as the result of two confluent, tho not altogether consistent, streams of tendency. The first he traces back as far as Kant's doctrine of the primacy of the practical reason. We cannot, argued Kant, *prove* the reality of God, freedom, immortality, and the moral law. But since we are volitional,

***WHAT IS PRAGMATISM?** By James Bissett Pratt. The Macmillan Company.

active, rational beings we have both the right and the duty to *postulate* the reality of these things, and whatever else may be essential to moral action. Professor Pratt continues:

"Practically this same brave moral doctrine was revived and reformulated in 1896 by Professor James's 'Will to Believe,'—a book that has stirred America as have few philosophic works of our generation. In the first essay of the volume (which gave its title to the whole) Professor James points out that faith is itself a force and often makes real its own object; and that when we are faced with genuinely possible alternatives we have a right to accept and believe that one whose acceptance will contribute most to our moral life. Here and elsewhere, moreover, James shows that in morality and metaphysics and religion, as well as in science, we are justified in testing the truth of a belief by its usefulness."

The second source of pragmatism mentioned by Professor Pratt is the modern scientific view of the meaning of hypotheses. In this connection he writes:

"Hypotheses, 'natural laws,' scientific generalizations, etc., are, as most scientists now maintain, merely short-hand expressions of human experience. They are handy ways of telling us what has happened or what we may expect. They are not so much descriptions of an outer and independent 'nature' as ways of summarizing and explaining our experience. Their whole meaning is exhausted after they have told us (directly or indirectly) how things act upon us and how we react on things. . . . The scientist, in short, sees that his hypotheses and laws ultimately get all their meaning from our experience. And, moreover, he no longer regards them purely as ends in themselves; rather are they now his *instruments* by the use of which human action may profitably be guided. Hence he is less concerned than were his predecessors with the question whether his hypotheses are *true*; what concerns him most is their *usefulness*. His great question concerning any proposed generalization is, *Does it work?* And this for two reasons: in the first place, because its working is practically more important to him than its merely theoretical truth; and secondly, because the only test he has for its truth is its successful working. Unless it works, he has no reason to believe it true. Moreover, as truth and usefulness are both forms of value, the scientist who has no time nor fondness for what he calls 'logic chopping' has a tendency to identify the two, without asking himself too curiously whether his hypothesis is true because it is useful or useful because it is true."

On these two bases pragmatism as a system of philosophical doctrine may be said to rest. The original statement of the pragmatic method, formulated by C. S. Pierce thirty years ago, and quoted by Professor James, is as follows:

"If it can make no practical difference which of two statements is true, then they are really one statement in two verbal forms; if it can make no

practical difference whether a given statement be true or false, then the statement has no real meaning."

Now from the beginning until the present day, Professor Pratt points out, two tendencies, or types of attitude, have predominated in philosophic thought. The first considers truth as an end in itself. This way of conceiving things probably antedates history. It found supreme expression in Plato, and has ever exalted the abstract intellect at the expense of the passions and feelings of the animal man. Almost every philosopher for more than a thousand years has contributed to this conception. Aristotle's thought was so interpreted and his work so used that for centuries his influence tended to identify philosophy with absolute standards and pure intellectualism. In the same spirit, Francis Bacon wrote: "Howsoever these things are in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature." At the present time this attitude has a multitude of champions.

But alongside of this doctrine, down through the centuries, has run the counter-doctrine that *practical* truth, not "rationalistic abstractions," is the thing to be desired. This spirit has never been stronger than it is to-day. From the growth of the natural sciences in the last century, the development of the historical sense, the spread of biological ideas, it has taken new strength and new form. The attitude of our age is expressed by the motto: "Knowledge is power." The suitable objects for human investigations are felt to be those which belong to the world in which we live and to our actual experience. This is the essence of pragmatism. And between just these two alternatives of abstract and of practical truth mankind is called upon to choose. The choice is no light matter. Upon it, as Professor Pratt observes, depend the deepest questions of our destiny. As we take our stand we determine our whole philosophy, our whole outlook upon life and upon the world.

For himself, Professor Pratt chooses the Platonic, rather than the pragmatic, point of view. He holds that there is a spiritual essence which pragmatism does not recognize, that it has left out of account. It has much to say of "practical" meanings and methods, but there are theoretical meanings also, and future consequences. It tries to account for

knowledge by eliminating the transcendental elements; but there are mysteries here that it has not fathomed. It tends to the theory that there is no such thing as truth unless it is "verified," and it blurs the difference between verification and verifiability. Professor Pratt prefers to emphasize the gulf that separates mere possibility from the concrete process of making the possibility an actuality. "Columbus's idea," he says, "that he could cross the Atlantic was merely verifiable so long as he stayed in Spain, and this its quality of verifiability (which it *already* possessed while he was still in Spain), had always seemed to me quite a different thing from the concrete steps of getting ships, manning them, hoisting anchor and raising sail and all the other links in the chain of actual verification." The argument proceeds:

"There is one question which I should like to put to the pragmatist,—a definite answer to which might clear up some of the obscurities of the subject, namely this: Is pragmatism true, and if so in what sense is it true?

"And, first of all, is it true in the pragmatic sense? This is certainly a question which is very hard to answer. Since pragmatism has worked satisfactorily to the pragmatist, it evidently is true—to him. But with equal certainty it is not true to the non-pragmatist, for to him it is not satisfactory—it has not been verified. It is in exactly the position of any other unverified claim, and I hope we need not remind the pragmatist of his oft-repeated assertion that an unverified claim is not yet true. Pragmatism therefore (like so many other things in the pragmatic world) is both true and false at the same time. 'And the best of the joke is,' as Plato would say, that inasmuch as the non-pragmatists (as yet at least) far outnumber the pragmatists, it follows that pragmatism is true in only a small minority of cases. Of course no one (not even a humanist) would seriously start out to determine the truth of a doctrine by counting human heads; and yet if it really be the case that a doctrine is not true till verified, and is made true by verification, it would seem not altogether irrelevant to consider the number of those who regard its verification complete.

"But it is evident that even if pragmatism were true in the pragmatic sense, this would not satisfy the pragmatists. They believe it is true in the non-pragmatic sense. Like other rational beings, they are not satisfied (except at times) with having their doctrine *accepted*; they want to show that it *ought to be accepted*. They believe it is true no matter what people think, *already* true whether verified or not. That is why they are so eager to verify it. That is the very presupposition of all their argument. They insist, in other words, that the pragmatist doctrine of truth is true in the non-pragmatic sense—true on the correspondence theory of truth.

"But alas! When they do that, they surrender the whole matter. To insist that a doctrine must be verified in order to be true and to add that this doctrine is true whether verified or not, is as simple a manner as can be found of contradicting oneself.

Pragmatists, I am sure, will call this 'logic-chopping'—a simple and useful device when one has been reduced to unavoidable self-contradiction. But inasmuch as this is altogether a matter of logic I fail to see the force of the reproach. Inconsistency is the one great sin in thinking, and the inconsistency just pointed out runs through all the arguments by which the pragmatist seeks to prove his position. At every point he is—no doubt, unconsciously—making use of the very conception of truth which he is trying to refute; he is claiming for his doctrine the very kind of truth which he says is no truth at all."

No one denies the practical value of knowledge and thought in guiding the reaction of the individual upon his environment. But "when it is maintained," says Professor Pratt, "that this is the only value to be found in knowledge and reason, that all human values are ultimately matters of action, and that the possession of truth is always a means and never an end in itself, then, as it seems to me, it is time to call a halt and to reassert the old and trite thesis that *to know the truth is worth while for its own sake*." He adds:

"The whole splendid tradition of humanity's scholars and thinkers from the Greeks to the present day is evidence of this. The existence of pragmatism itself proves it. The noble army of 'those who know,' from their master down, rises up to testify to the fact that knowledge itself, and even apart from its practical results, is one of the things most exceedingly worth while. And not only 'worth while' is it; it is as genuinely *human*, as genuinely natural and normal as is digestion or movement or reproduction. In the words of 'that immortal sentence' of Aristotle's—'All men by nature desire knowledge.' Nor can I here refrain from quoting a little more at length from 'the master of those who know':

"'If men philosophized in order to escape ignorance it is evident that they pursued wisdom just for the sake of knowing, not for the sake of any advantage it might bring. This is shown too by the course of events. For it is only after practically all things that are necessary for the comfort and convenience of life had been provided that this kind of knowledge began to be sought. Clearly, then, we pursue this knowledge for the sake of no extraneous use to which it may be put; but, just as we call a man free who serves his own and not another's will, so also this science is the only one of all the sciences that is liberal, for it is the only one that exists for its own sake. . . . More necessary, indeed, every other science may be than this; more excellent there is none.'"

It is in its neglect of this idealistic factor that pragmatism, according to Professor Pratt, fails. It is here that he parts company with William James and joins hands with the great English philosopher who said: "The inquiry of truth . . . the knowledge of truth . . . the belief of truth . . . is the sovereign good of human nature."

THE RELIGION OF THE GIPSIES



FLOOD of new light has lately been shed on a curious and hitherto almost unexplored corner of human psychology, by two German savants, Dr. H. Leibig and Dr. Heinrich von Wliskoki. The subject of their investigations is the mind of the gipsies, and they follow the development of this international fraternity through the centuries. The gipsies, as is well known, have habits of thought and action all their own. Their customs are often poetic and romantic, sometimes crude and superstitious, as befits a race of child-people who have wandered far under the open sky.

From a religious point of view, they are even a greater mystery than they are ethnologically. An article in the well-known German religious paper, the *Glauben und Wissen*, makes it clear that they can hardly be described as religious at all, in the ordinarily accepted sense. They have no cultus, no religious ceremonies, no symbols. In vain has the search been made for traces of former heathen rites or creeds. But their whole life is saturated with a sense of the supernatural. They believe in premonitions and in signs. They are not afraid of ghosts and spirits. It may come as a shock to some to learn that they celebrate Jesus as one of the great gipsies of the world. They cherish a tradition that he is the son of Ishmael, the tribal ancestor of the gipsies, and they think he is still living and being persecuted because he is a gipsy.

Many of the details of their faith reflect the influence of the Christian religion, and this makes it difficult to determine exactly what their original religion was. Among other things, they show great reverence for the dead, and an oath by the departed is inviolable and sacred, as is also an oath by "the paternal hand." These two oaths the gipsy constantly employs when he is concerned about the truth. The memory of the dead is sacred to him, altho he burns everything that reminds him of the dead. No gipsy passes by the grave of a fellow-tribesman without pouring upon it a few drops of beer, wine or whisky, and no gipsy will fail to visit the grave of his relations at least once a year. It is highly significant of his religious ideas that at all times he blames God for having caused the death of his relations. If, for instance, a gipsy child dies, it is declared that "the great God has devoured it," and thus God is accordingly cursed and abused with the fiercest of appella-

tions, often with terms so obscene that they could not be reproduced in other tongues. It seems that, originally at least, the gipsy knew nothing of a blessedness beyond the grave, but only of damnation of the wicked. His language has no terms for Paradise, blessedness, or eternal life; but condemnation he calls "the Devil's fire," or "the Devil's kitchen."

The attitude of the gipsy toward God is, indeed, almost invariably of a negative rather than of a positive order. He fears God, but certainly does not love Him. Liebig has concluded from this that the gipsies are of Hindustani origin, for the Hindu attitude is similar. The gipsy's God is a God of thunder and lightning, of snow and rain. He calls lightning "God's fire," thunder "God's anger," and the stars "God's lights." He does not believe that God is the giver of good things. He does not consider rain a blessing of God. To the gipsy on his journey or encamped on the open field, rain is an inconvenient incident. He rather regards the earth as the mother of all good things.

One of the quaintest chapters in gipsy lore relates to the Creation. Here is the story:

Originally, when God was the only existing living creature, He became lonesome. He had created the world, and this consisted merely of water. In order to pass the time He threw his staff into the water in anger. To His amazement it turned into a tree, and when He looked more closely He saw the Devil under the tree. The Devil said to Him, "Good day, my good brother. You have no brother and no friend; I will be your brother and your friend." God rejoiced at this, and said: "You shall not be my brother, but only my friend. It would not be proper for me to have a brother." They spent nine days together, and rode around on the great water, and God soon saw that the Devil did not love Him. On one occasion the Devil said: "My good brother, our life is not what it should be; there ought to be more living creatures; I would like to create more." "Well," said God, "create more, then." "But I cannot," replied the Devil; "if I could, I would create a mighty world; but this is impossible, my brother." "Well and good," said God, "I will myself create a world. Descend into the deep water and bring up some sand, and out of this sand I will make the dry land." Then said the Devil: "How could you create a dry land out of sand? I do not understand you." And God answered: "I will pronounce my name and the sand will be converted into earth. Go, and bring me the sand." The Devil descended into the deep and made up his mind that he would himself create a world, and when he had the sand he spoke his own name. But the sand burned him, and he threw it away. When he returned to the surface of the water without sand he said to God: "I could not find any sand." God said again: "Go and get the sand!" For nine days the Devil tried to bring up sand from the deep, and each time he pronounced his own name. But the sand always

burned his hands, and he threw it away. So hot did the sand become that on the ninth day the Devil, in consequence of being continually burned, had become perfectly black. He returned to God, and the latter said, "You have become totally black! You are an evil friend. Go and get sand, but do not pronounce your own name, for if you do you will be utterly consumed." The Devil returned and fin-

ally brought the sand. Then God converted this into earth, and the Devil rejoiced at this exceedingly, and said: "Here under this large tree I will live; and you, my brother, can find another dwelling place for yourself."

Then God became angry and said: "You are a wicked friend. I have no use for you. Leave me!"

LINCOLN STEFFENS' MESSAGE TO THE CHURCH



HAT specialist on civic corruption, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, was recently invited to address a conference of Universalist ministers in Boston. He accepted the invitation, and chose to speak on the special moral and social problems which, in his view, constitute the weightiest problems now confronting humanity. He hit straight from the shoulder. The occasion, it is generally conceded, was one of exceptional interest.

Mr. Steffens threw a bombshell among his hearers right at the outset of his address by declaring his conviction that "the man who wants to succeed in this country to-day has got to be a crook"; and he said it as if he meant it. "I am speaking," he affirmed, "of success in the ordinary sense, the kind of success that the man on the street thinks of, the kind of success that the nation is striving after." Of course, he conceded, there are men who want to give honest service and who can live on very little. The world will give them very little. Mr. Steffens continued:

"As I myself went along through the world certain things became known to me, and I began to wonder what they all meant, and I began to read and investigate for remedies. If it appealed to me, if I thought it would work, I would be a socialist, I would be an anarchist, I would even be a Christian to solve the problem. And, by the way, Christianity is the most radical of all the organizations I have named. The Christian says, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself'; the socialist says nothing of the kind, neither does the anarchist. I am not a Christian in your sense at all, but I used to read the New Testament, and the more I learn of the wickedness of the world, the better I understand that book. It is all in there, both the facts, the conditions and the remedy. But the churches don't preach that. Clergymen do—some churches do—but as a whole the churches do not. And not only that—every reform movement that I have followed has been opposed by the churches. Why is it?"

In answering this question, Mr. Steffens went on to speak of a certain occasion in San Francisco, at a great crisis in the reform movement there, when a banquet of a thousand men was held to discuss the situation.

All the speakers felt its gravity except one. He was a Bishop of the Episcopal Church—a man of graceful literary gifts—and he cracked jests. Mr. Steffens wanted his hearers to feel that this incident was somewhat typical. He said that he preferred to work through crooked politicians rather than through clergymen for two reasons: In the first place, because they know they are crooks, and when they have that knowledge they can make people do right; in the second place, they know the people, and they are good to the people. The argument proceeded:

"When cities, for instance when New York failed to elect Low for its mayor, I remember my disappointment. But I soon learned that when I voted against the people almost always I was wrong. Tammany Hall had a service that was more important than what Low had to offer. The crooked politicians are what we must build upon. They are ahead of us in this:—they do these lesser personal services for their people and then betray them in a big way, tho they do not understand that. When they do understand that, they become as unhappy as any of us. One of the things the Church should do, I think, is to teach these people that the point is not honesty—not at all; it is not saving your own soul—not at all; take the chance of going to hell yourself,—but serve the people, not only in this finer, gentler way of personal service, but all the way up the ranks."

Mr. Steffens said that in his wanderings he constantly found men who want to do the right thing, and who don't know how. Clergymen asked him what they should do, and when he replied, they said: "But if we do this we shall lose our churches." Bribe-givers and railroad presidents told him: "I am in a great big system; how can I help myself? How can I get my railroad out of politics?" As Mr. Steffens described his experience:

"It took me a long time to learn this, to understand it. If a man is going to run a railroad he has got to corrupt the government. That is what the clergyman sees when he fails. We have all got to get out of this when we understand each other better. We all understand that we are pretty nearly all corrupt,—the man in the lobby and the man in the legislature who has got to do the things that I don't have to do. But I can see that so far as

my business calls upon me to make concessions—I must make them. I fall into temptations incident to my profession; I commit only the crimes that are required in my profession; but I commit them, and I think that it is fortunate that the clergy do too, because that enables them to understand me, and it enables them to understand these big corruptionists who *need* understanding, and who need sympathy. You know a great big crook whom you would like to put into jail, and whom you would like to see suffer. But, in the first place, you cannot get that person put into jail; in the second place, if you did the greatest felonies would still go on the outside; and in the third place, this thing shouldn't be done at all. The whole penal system is wrong. The whole penal system is unnecessary, and it has been proven unnecessary."

The important question is: What can the church do? Mr. Steffens declared he was often asked this question, and another question usually accompanied it: How can the church get the worst people? The second question, in Mr. Steffens's opinion, presents no difficult problem, for the reason that "the churches—the best churches—the biggest churches—have the worst people in them now," and if they really want to help these men they have them right at hand to help. The speaker concluded:

"They have the source of this corruption, so far as this corruption is individual, and I think a tremendous service could be rendered by their coming down out of their pulpits and walking with the people and understanding them and their problems. Now, let me tell you what I mean by that. I was interested in the problem of the Insurance Companies at the time when they were exposed, and I used two or three months' time following up this tremendous crisis, and I know that some of the leading officials of these companies, when they were exposed, died—President, Vice-President;—three or four of them became insane. What had happened to them? I believe that these men—gentlemen all of them—some of them from clergymen's families—I believe that they had spent thirty or forty years committing felonies and not knowing that they were committing sins at all. They were as innocent as the most innocent man, and when they woke up—O remember how easy it is to take one little step and then another and finally be doing big crimes—when they woke up to what they had been doing, they died, some of them became insane. Think of the tragedy and the suffering! I think the clergy would be doing a big service should they take their congregations and know them and the temptations of the men, and the professions that are represented there, and when they find that a banker does this thing, know enough about banking to know whether it is real banking or whether it is financing, and then when they know that, find out how this thing compares with what other men do; see how it is related to the system, and then don't tell him to stop quickly, for he can't stop. If the presidents of our railroads had stopped corrupting the government, they would have had to resign. That is where you make a great mistake—you want men to stop committing sin. Let the man go on committing his sin and take the burden of it, but help him to see that we are all doing

it together, that it is a system; that it is true that he must do these things, and then prepare his mind for the time when an attempt will be made to change it all, and then tell him to be ready to make the sacrifice with all the rest of us."

The Universalist Leader (Boston) welcomes this as the utterance of an honest man—"a man whose motive is of the highest, and whose achievements in the campaign for civic righteousness make him a leader." Mr. Steffens, it remarks, may refuse to call himself a "Christian" in the conventional sense of the word; but "whether he knows it or not, he is headed straight for the goal real Christianity has planted for civilization."

"He chooses his own path for getting there, and it is different from that chosen by others, and because of that he can pick up a good many along the way whom the others have missed. But remember the goal is the same! His path is best for him, but the other fellow, who starts out from a different point, by following his own, may get there quite as soon and in quite as good condition.

"The recognition of this fact of the many varied interests having a common goal, and the announcement of the purpose to get all these interests to working in their own way, and in harmony with each other, is the heart of his message, and, with that purpose in view, he will not appeal in vain to either the churches or the ministers of to-day."

The same paper finds a note of exaggeration running through Steffens's stimulating address. "When he says he finds more good in the crook than in the Christian," it comments, "he is simply the child throwing up his hat at the flashing, scintillating, dazzling and unexpected sky-rocket in the surrounding darkness, but never noticing the steady, benevolent, life-giving and life-sustaining sunshine which keeps faithfully at its humble and commonplace job every day in the year, and never goes on a strike for shorter hours, because the impulse to service is from within." And when he charges that the campaign is now on, and the church is doing nothing, "we simply reply," says *The Universalist Leader*, "that the charge is not true." It adds:

"The campaign was on before this generation was born, and the Christian Church, through its ministers and members, was holding up ideals which men of to-day are only beginning to recognize. The 'campaign of a thousand years,' to which Mr. Steffens is leading us, was begun more than a thousand years ago by the Christian Church and it has taken all these centuries to produce Lincoln Steffens, and make him see success yet a thousand years off!

"Yes, the Christian Church made Lincoln Steffens, and did a first-rate job, for there is not one of the civic and social ideals which he embodies which was not preserved and brought down by the Christian Church, through all the centuries."

Music and the Drama

"THE DAWN OF TO-MORROW": A NEW THOUGHT PLAY BY MRS. BURNETT

THE name of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has a magic ring. We are all sure to be interested in anything that floats from the point of her facile pen. Her name, beloved of novel readers, is not unknown to the stage; but the New Thought play recently produced in New York is her first independent essay into the realm of the drama. We feel at various times that the gifted author is not here so sure of her ground as in fiction. "The Dawn of To-morrow" is interesting as a symptom of the psychic movement in modern American drama of which we have spoken at some length in a previous issue, but as a play it is not altogether convincing, in spite of Miss Eleanor Robson's clever impersonation of "Glad," that "little devil" of a heroine with the heart of an angel. It is a little doubtful whether Mrs. Burnett means to impress upon us the distinctive teachings of Christian Science or merely the general transcendentalism that is at the base of that and all the New Thought movements.

The first act introduces us to the handsomely furnished library at Sir Oliver Holt's London house. We learn that Sir Oliver, one of the kings of finance, suffers from a disease akin to paresis, and the celebrated physicians called in consultation at his house are at their wits' ends how to save him. They are Dr. Heath, Sir Bowling, and Dr. Satterlee. Dr. Heath expresses an opinion somewhat startling to his colleagues—that a man's calamities are not a decree of Providence. Sir Bowling, horrified, exclaims: "My dear Heath! This kind of a statement is—er—sacrilegious."

DR. HEATH. I don't know. I'm not a religious man. But if you ask me to believe that the Maker of Heaven and Earth stops in his guidings of the world to adde a poor fellow's brain and change him from a human thing into a broken idiot, I call that sacrilege—and it's the kind I haven't the daring to utter.

SIR BOWLING. I am—amazed!

DR. HEATH. So am I—often. I am a scientifically educated nerve specialist. Spent my life making myself one. But—even science admits that there exists a power no search has ever yet explained.

SIR BOWLING. Cosmic energy—Primal Force! Science does not ignore it.

DR. HEATH. No—nor profess to understand it.

Call it Cosmic Energy—Primal Force—God—if you are bold enough. What if the period of evolution has arrived when the race is to draw nearer to it, to learn more of its meaning. Suppose that is why some of us are daring to hint that it may be a power for good alone, not an Omnipotence bent on punishment and revenge, and that because we human beings evolved from it we ourselves hold in our own hands the control of our earthly fates—in our own hands!

SIR BOWLING. Heath! This sounds dangerously near what modern humbug calls the New Thought.

DR. HEATH. It's as old as Life. It has been the thought of every prophet and saint, of every philosopher and poet since the Flood. Perhaps it has begun to adapt itself to the needs of the twentieth century. What you call the old thought has only carried us as far as this—to the chance of such a fate as lies before the man whose doom we have just decided. Let's have a try at a new one.

DR. SATTERLEE. It suggests to me some of the fashionable religious fads they call Sciences. Sciences, forsooth! People are losing their wits over them. Lady Marion Dawlish, for instance—been in my hands for years. Delicate, overstrung creature, her own life and her family's a perfect misery. Hysteria, hyperesthesia, constant pain at the base of the brain. Suddenly she becomes a Scientist of one sort or another, and in a month declares she is quite well. Insists she hasn't any brain.

DR. HEATH. She probably hasn't; but if Christian Science can convince her of the fact, so much to its credit.

DR. SATTERLEE. She went to them first for her complexion. Not so young as she was, you know; fretted a good deal, and the drivel the people talked to her quite set her up. She forgot she had been out ten seasons. Complexion did improve, too.

DR. HEATH. I'll own that I've seen it convince more people of the sheer wisdom of not being blackguards and fools than any system of medicine or ethics at present in use, and they find that its first demands of them are right living and right thinking. And when they have been forced into right thinking they are on the way to health and sanity.

SIR BOWLING. Do you mean to tell me that you believe—

DR. HEATH. I believe nothing. I know nothing. But as I sat thinking of Holt's fate, and realized that the strongest of us had done all we could, I began to ask myself what could save him. This man is in the last stages of his disease. But I believe that even now if some great wave of new thinking could sweep through his being and carry him into clearer mental air and higher mental places away from his wealth and power and constant self-absorption, some miracle might be worked. The Power—the Cosmic Energy—the Primal Forces perhaps know what miracle; I don't.

(Here Sir Oliver enters, haggard, hollow-eyed. He walks with dragging steps.)

SIR OLIVER. I should apologize for having made you wait, gentlemen; but as I just heard Dr. Heath mention miracles and Cosmic Energy I know you

have been entertained. Pray be seated.

SIR BOWLING. (*With an effort at professional cheerfulness.*) I am glad to see, Sir Oliver, that you are looking much better.

SIR OLIVER. Oh! much better. I caught a glimpse of my face in a glass just before I came in.

DR. SATTERLEE. Your slight attack of yesterday alarmed you unnecessarily.

SIR OLIVER. Unnecessarily. (*Slight pause. Then, in a new tone.*) I have decided not to ask what further discoveries you have made about my case. You would not tell me—and quite right, too. In fact, I would rather not know.

SIR BOWLING. Come, come, Sir Oliver; this is mere nervous depression.

DR. SATTERLEE. Quite natural symptom. Change and cheerful society are the best remedies.

SIR OLIVER. I am going to have a change. One can't be sure of the society.

SIR BOWLING. You are going to Paris to-night—in spite of the fog?

SIR OLIVER. I leave the house in an hour. I decided that it was better to go before it was too late.

SIR BOWLING. Too late, Sir Oliver?

DR. SATTERLEE. Too—too late!

SIR OLIVER. I may as well tell you the truth. It will save us all time and effort. I was in an adjoining room during your consultation. A man in my case need not be bound by conventions. You were discussing my symptoms. I heard all you said. I know what 'the end' will be. (*Suddenly leans forward, elbows on knees, drops head on hands.*) My God! (*Sir Bowling and Satterlee start and stare at him aghast and then at each other.*)

DR. HEATH. Whenever a man, the whitest saint or the blackest devil, finds himself brought up standing by Death, or Terror, or Anguish, he inevitably cries out "My God!" I wonder why—I wonder why!

SIR BOWLING. My dear Sir Oliver—I beg—! You are really mistaken. You misunderstood our medical phrases. You—

SIR OLIVER. Don't lie! (*He immediately makes an effort at self control as Sir Bowling starts back.*) I beg your pardon! I—I have lost my self-control.

The startled doctors leave Sir Oliver alone, and he at once rings for his servant and asks for a parcel, which turns out to contain an old bedraggled suit and—a pistol. The old servant suspects his master of intending to take his own life, and argues with him in vain. Their discussion is interrupted by calls of newsboys outside. "Orrible Murder! Last Account! Orrible Murder!" The servant informs Sir Oliver that an old gentleman at Hampstead had been murdered by two burglars who had broken into the house. Two of them had been apprehended, but the police were still looking for a youth nicknamed "The Dandy." After eliciting this information, Sir Oliver dismisses the servant from his presence. It is Sir Oliver's intention to commit suicide somewhere in these old clothes. "The man who is found wearing them will only look like one of the worn-out tramps of the world," he remarks gloomily to himself, and begins to toy

with the pistol. "Here I stand, and to-morrow—there will be no to-morrow—none. What am I waiting for? How still the room is! How still the world is!" He involuntarily throws out his arms and cries aloud: "What shall I do to be saved?"

When the curtain rises again we find ourselves in Apple Blossom Court, amid the scum of London. There are dilapidated steps, broken windows stuffed with rags, strings run from house to house with tattered garments hung on them. Sir Oliver is discovered standing in a corner formed by a bit of settled wall. He wears broken boots, and his battered hat is pulled down over his face. He watches the life around him in silent disgust, takes out a revolver from his coat pocket and accidentally drops a sovereign. He does not pick it up, but looks down indifferently. Suddenly he starts back, attracted by a movement in a sacking near him. "What!" he cries, "is the thing alive?" Glad, the guttersnipe heroine of the play, opens the sacking drawn over her head and body and looks up at him, speaking hoarsely: "Are yer goin' ter do it? Yer would be a fool—with as much as that on yer!" She points to the fallen money.

SIR OLIVER. (*After brief pause.*) Pick it up! You may have it.

GLAD. (*Scuffles to her feet, makes leaping snatch at coin, and turns as if to run away.*)

SIR OLIVER. Stop! I've got some more to give away.

GLAD. Don't believe yer. Yer wants this back.

SIR OLIVER. (*Holding out hand.*) Look!

GLAD. (*Returning slowly, stares in amazement.*) More?

SIR OLIVER. (*Hand still extended.*) That much more.

GLAD. (*Draws still nearer and looks up with shrewd expression.*) Gawd! Mister! Yer can give away a whole quid like it was nothing—an' yer've got more—an' yer goin' ter do that! (*With a jerking gesture towards pistol in his pocket.*) Jes 'cos yer 'ad a bit too much lars night—an' there's a fog on. (*Half beguiling, half ironic tone.*) Tain't as bad as yer thinks it is. Things ain't never as bad as yer thinks they are. Take it strite from me. Don't yer do it. I gives yer that tip for the survink. (*Holding out open palm with money on it and grinning.*)

SIR OLIVER. What do you mean?

GLAD. (*Still sidling near.*) I've been watching yer. I was waiting 'ere on the chanst o' seein' a friend wot's in trouble—an' I pulled the sack over me 'ed to breathe inside it an' get a bit warm. I see you come. (*Hitches sacking up round her neck.*) When yer leaned agin' the wall fumblin' with yer pistol I knowed wot yer was after. Knowed it by yer look. I wasn't goin' to call no copper ter stop yer. I shouldn't want ter be stopped myself if I'd made up my mind.

SIR OLIVER. I was not going to—do—anything—here.

GLAD. Things 'as been done 'ere before. (*Looks*

toward court.) It's nice an' private. Was yer goin' to do it in yer lodgings? I know them lodgin's. Beds fer single gents in a back room up a alley 'nough to make a man 'ang 'issel to look in 'em night like this. You stay out of 'em.

SIR OLIVER. I—I am ill.

GLAD. Course yer ill. It's yer 'ead. Barney's cawfee stand'll be 'ere soon. Take a cup o' cawfee an' buck up. If you've give me this—(showing money)—strite—I'll 'ave a cup with yer meself. Buck up, mister—(slaps him in back)—buck up!

SIR OLIVER. (Making move as if to leave her.) Let me alone; I am going.

GLAD. (Following and catching at his coat.) No you ain't. I want yer.

SIR OLIVER. (Looking down at her.) You want me! What in heaven's name do you want me for—(half pityingly)—you poor young gutter rat!

GLAD. Right O! That's me! I'm in a bit o' trouble meself—that's why I want yer.

SIR OLIVER. What could I do?

GLAD. (Hard little half laugh—touch of desperation in it.) Gimme somethin' ter think of—gimme somethin' ter talk to—gimme somethin' ter do. (Drops on steps, covers face with hands, laughs again.)

SIR OLIVER. (Curiously.) Do you find that helps you—to have something to think of? It does not help me.

GLAD. (Lifts her face, pushes hair back.) If yer thinkin' o' pitchin' yerself over the bridge an' yer begin thinkin' o' somethin' else—yer don't do it. Keep movin' about; that 'elps a lot. Wen I'm cold I begin swingin' me arms an' humpin'. Wen I'm 'ungry I never sits still. I jest get out somewhere—anywhere—an' blimme if I don't find a crust some 'ow. Blimme if I don't. Jest keep movin' and thinkin' o' somethin' else. That's the trick. Wish Barney'd come with 'is cawfee stand. (Window in top story of house opens and girl puts her head out cautiously, as if looking for someone. Glad turns at sound and looks up. She calls out in rather low voice.) 'Ello, Polly!

POLLY. (Timidly.) Are you there, Glad?

GLAD. No! Not me! I'm at the opery at Covin' Garden listenin' ter Don Geobranny. Wot cherr?

POLLY. (Tremulously, cautious voice.) I'm frightened, Glad. I keep 'earin' a noise.

GLAD. It's nothin' but rats. You lie down an' cover up with the sacks. I've 'ad a stroke o' luck. I'll be there in a bit an' bring yer somethin'. Go in. (Polly shuts window.)

SIR OLIVER. What did she call you?

GLAD. (Laughs.) Glad! Never 'ad no name o' me own. But a chap I known told me about a actress lady as was named Gladys Beverly Mont'mrency, so I names meself that. No one never said it all at once; they don't never say nothin' but Glad.

SIR OLIVER. Who is Polly?

GLAD. Little country thing as took a place in a lodgin' 'ouse an' got in trouble. 'Er biby was born dead, an' after she come out 'er 'ospitil she was took in by a woman an' kep'. The life didn't suit 'er. She was kicked out in a week. I found 'er in the street cryin' fit ter split 'er chist one night an' I took care of 'er.

SIR OLIVER. Where?

GLAD. (Grinning.) Me chambers. Top loft in the 'ouse 'ere. It's an 'ole, I can tell yer. But it's better than sleepin' under bridges.

SIR OLIVER. What are you going to buy with your sovereign—a pair of shoes?

GLAD. (Chuckling as she thrusts her feet out and looks at him.) Me! I'm goin' to buy a di'mond tirarer to go to the opery in. I ain't 'ad a noo un since I went to the larst Drorin' Room at Buckin'am Pallis.

SIR OLIVER. (Rather bitterly.) You're a cheerful little beggar!

GLAD. (Clawing her mop of hair.) I was born that wye. If yer born cheerfle yer can stand things better. I gets many a bite an' a copper 'cos o' that. Tell yer wot. There's a lot o' things 'appens in this 'ere world. I ain't seventeen and I've seen abant 'arf of 'em, I 'ave. But there's one thing I ain't come across yet.

SIR OLIVER. And what is that, pray?

GLAD. (Looks up with shy sidewise mischief.) A thing as wos as bad as wot yer thort it wos. There ain't nothin' as bad as that. (Cheerfully.) That there ain't been done to any of us yet.

SIR OLIVER. What do you do for a living?

GLAD. Me! Aw, just anythin'. Sometimes there ain't nothin' fer me to do. Then I don't get no livin'. Yer can go without fer a day er two, but my Gawd—(clutching her stomach)—yer do get ter feel as if yer 'art was droppin' out arter the second day. Well—(Sighs, but goes on with a stubborn sound in voice.) It ain't drov' me on the streets yet!

SIR OLIVER. Good God!

GLAD. Wot dyer jump like that for?

SIR OLIVER. You—you gave me something to think of.

GLAD. (Laughs.) Right O! Somethin' else. It'll do yer good.

SIR OLIVER. Do—do you ever think of living like that?

GLAD. (Grins.) If things was as bad as I think they are—sometimes it'd seem like there wasn't anything else; but they ain't. P'raps I'm not good lookin' enough. (Gives push to hair again.) But I've got a lot o' 'air. An' it's red!

SIR OLIVER. (Half smiles.) Yes, it's red!

GLAD. Gent ses ter me one day, 'e ses, "Oh, yer'll do. Yer an ugly little devil—but yer are a devil!"

SIR OLIVER. What sort of a "gent" was that?

GLAD. A reg'lar toff. Barrynites nevvy. J' ever 'ear o' Sir Oliver 'Olt?

SIR OLIVER. Yes! (With a start.)

GLAD. (Sardonically.) Well, 'e's 'is uncle, an' 'e's goin' to leave 'im all 'is money. (Laughs.) If 'e be'ives 'issel. Oh! 'e's doin' it, 'e is—proper. I could give the old boy a tip or two. (Sudden fierceness.) Blarst a fool like that as is so rich that it fair mikes yer sick to think of it. It's mide 'im sick, too. Young Olly ses 'e's goin' down 'ill in good shape. Wy doesn't a chap like that try doin' thirty days' 'ard in a place like this, throwin' 'is money about a bit. That'd give 'em somethin' else to think of. 'E'd be kep' so busy 'e wouldn't 'ave no time to be ill—till 'e was better.

SIR OLIVER. You think so?

GLAD. Think so! You like my tip 'e wouldn't. But 'e'll go on takin' pills an' payin' doctors' bills till 'e's shovelled under—an' then it's Young Olly's turn. (Laughs.) My turn too—if I'll take up with 'im. Says 'e'll make a lady of me an' set me up in a 'ouse in St. John's Wood.

SIR OLIVER. Shall you accept his offer?

GLAD. Aw! I don't want to live no gay life! It's too 'ard. Us pore uns ends too bad. Don't like 'im either. 'E's too much of a out an' outer. 'E ain't 'eld back nothin' but Sir Oliver. 'E's afride

of 'im, I tell yer—s'long as 'e's alive. (*Laughs.*) Some gals I know was 'avin' a supper with 'im in 'is chambers in the Temple one night an' the tellyphone rung. Me Uncle was comin' to call on 'im. My eye! 'E like ter 'ad a fit! Supper bundled inter closet an' gals bundled inter street like winkin'. (*Changes tone.*) I don't like 'im besides—

SIR OLIVER. Besides what?

GLAD. (*Looks up at him sideways with a shrewd, cheerful grin.*) Almost forgettin' about that thing in yer coat pocket, ain't yer?

SIR OLIVER. (*Starts, clasps hand on pocket.*) Yes, I was. The devil knows why!

GLAD. (*Nods decidedly.*) Yer got ter thinkin' o' somethin' else. That was it. (*Touches herself on breast.*) I'm somethin' else, Polly's somethin' else, Young Olly's somethin' else—you keep at it! 'Ere! (*As if on sudden impulse.*) I'll give yer somethin' more—somethin' I've been thinkin' of myself.

SIR OLIVER. Go on, you young imp!

GLAD. Wot d'yer think I was doin' wen I was covered up with me sack?

SIR OLIVER. What?

GLAD. I was sittin' there arstin'—(*her expression changes; she knits her brows and twists her hands unconsciously*)—an' arstin'—an' arstin'—

SIR OLIVER. Asking?

GLAD. (*Stops, looks at him with doubtful, curious eyes.*) It's somethin' I donna—A woman told me about it in the 'ospitile. It's out o' the Bible—Arst an' yer receive.

SIR OLIVER. Ask and you—receive?

GLAD. (*Gets up and twists sack round her; short laugh.*) That's somethin' else, ain't it? I've only jest begun. I'm trying to find out if the trick works.

Glad, it turns out later, had been "asking" not for herself, but for her chum, The Dandy, who is suspected of murder. With the shadow of the gallows over him, The Dandy enters Apple Blossom Court in order to speak to her once more. A good natured neighboring woman advises him to climb up to Glad's chamber and to hide there until she returns, and informs Glad of his presence. Glad, knowing that he must be half-starved, sets Sir Oliver at work buying things to eat under a pretense that she wants to give a "party" in her "chamber."

The next act takes place in Glad's garret room. She sends Polly downstairs, and summoning her courage and her love, prepares herself for an interview with The Dandy. She bolts the door of the room, then goes to her bed, pulls it aside, and, opening the low door leading under the slant of the roof, she steps back and calls out softly: "Are ye there?"

DANDY. (*Crawls out, pale, breathless, desperate-looking, handsome, well-dressed young fellow about twenty-two.*) Yes, I'm 'ere. I shan't be 'ere long. They'll be after me soon, but I 'ad to come.

GLAD. (*Looks at him aghast, backing away; speaks in unsteady voice.*) Wot did yer come for?

DANDY. To tell yer. I wanted yer to know. It's no use, but I swore I'd tell yer if I swung for it.

(*Sudden savagery.*) Don't yer look like that at me! I can't stand it. (*Approaches her.*)

GLAD. (*Backing, throwing out her hands in horror.*) Keep away, keep away, I tell yer! Don't yer touch me! Don't yer do it!

DANDY. Drop that! Drop it—an' listen—Glad, Glad!

GLAD. (*In horror.*) Don't yer come near! (*Wildly.*) Wot yer've got on yer 'ands 'ud come off on me. Keep away, for Godamighty's sake!

DANDY. (*Looks down at his hands.*) Wot I've got on me 'ands? (*Slowly—suddenly seeing her meaning—cries out passionately.*) I've got nothin' on me 'ands! They're as clean as yours—selp me!

GLAD. Clean! An' that old man lyin' there, like they found 'im! An' all the plice in London trackin' yer! And yer crawlin' up here with a face like death! Oh, my Gawd! I didn't think it was in yer! (*Covers face with her arm, choking and shuddering.*)

DANDY. (*Desperately.*) I know'd! I know'd! Let a chap get into trouble an' not a pal 'll stick to 'im. But I thought you was different. You're allers bin different. That was why I crep' up 'ere. I thought yer'd be pal enough ter listen ter wot a chap'd got ter say!

GLAD. Say! With that there on yer 'ands?

DANDY. (*Breaking in wildly.*) There's nothin' on 'em, I tell yer! There's plenty to say if yer'd listen. Wen I left yer last night—

GLAD. Yer said yer'd go w're in 'ell yer pleased. An' yer went! An' after yer was gone I sat 'uddled up in the sack an' cold—an' arst—an' arst—as somethin' d' stop yer. An' nothin' come of it! (*Passionately.*) Nothin' but this 'ere—nothin' (*Shakes her fist.*)

DANDY. (*Starts—clutches his coat at breast.*) Yer arst that somethin' d' stop me? Yer arst? Say that again! (*Creeping nearer.*)

GLAD. Keep off! Arst it same as the women in the 'ospitile told me! More fool me! Went down on the boards grovellin'! An' this 'ere's the answer! (*Shakes fist in frenzy.*) I'm done now! Blimme if I ever try it again. It don't work. (*Through her clenched teeth.*)

DANDY. (*Awed.*) Yer—make—me—blood run cold! Ye' arst— (*Sudden outcry.*) Ye' swear yer did—yer swear it?

GLAD. Yes. An' it didn't work!

GLAD. (*Dropping on knees near her and clutching her dress.*) It did—it did! (*Glad backs away.*) Listen ter me for Godamighty's sake! Somethin' did 'old me back; somethin' did, for I never went, Glad! S'welp m' Gawd! I wasn't there! (*Hides face in her rags and sobs.*)

GLAD. (*After wild gasp, slowly holds back a little to watch him, a strange look on her face. Solemnly.*) Yer—wasn't—there?

DANDY. (*Fiercely.*) No. I never lied ter yer—did I?

GLAD. (*Slowly.*) No, yer didn't!

DANDY. (*Gets up.*) Look at me an' see if I'm lyin' now!

GLAD. (*Goes and looks him steadily in the face.*) No, yer not! (*Draws back a step, stands silent a few seconds, looks slowly round the room, with wide eyes, as if some tremendous question were dawning upon her; puts hands up to hair, then turns again to Dandy.*) Why didn't yer go?

DANDY. (*With step forward.*) Becos' i you! (*Defiantly.*) 'Cos I like yer—an' I could ha' made yer like me if yer 'adn't been so stand off. I was

mad enough to smash yer; but I couldn't get yer out o' me 'ead an' I couldn't get wot yer said out o' me 'ead either. Wen I started out with Black an' Nob—

GLAD. Yer did start with 'em, then?

DANDY. Yes. Went with 'em to 'Ampstead. But all the same I couldn't think o' nothin' but you an' yer talk. "Lot o' rotten stuff" I ses. "She's gone dotty an' I'm goin' dotty too." But I couldn't get up no 'art in the job we was on—and I begun laggin' be'ind.

GLAD. (*Mysterious whisper to herself.*) I was callin' out, lyin' on the boards there!

DANDY. (*Wiping forehead.*) Seemed like somethin' was draggin' me. I couldn't go on. I told Black and Nob I couldn't, an' they was as savage as mad dogs. I left 'em, I was mad myself; but I come back. I couldn't help it. I slept like a log all night. An' wen I woke up in the mornin' the newsboys was callin' the murder out in the streets.

GLAD. It worked—it worked!

DANDY. (*Bitterly.*) I knew I darsn't show myself arter I 'eard it. I knew Black and Nob'd fix me proper. They swore they would!

GLAD. (*With start.*) They said you was the one as did it. That's wot they said.

DANDY. I knew they would—an' who's goin' to believe me? (*Desperate.*) That's why I crep' up 'ere. I ses I want 'er ter know. She'll believe me if no one else won't. I'm a dog with a bad name; every cop in London knows me—an' nothin' I can say'll be any use. But I wanted yer to know I 'adn't done it. I never 'ad no chanst since I was born. I ain't got no chanst now. I shall swing for a thing as was done wen I wasn't nowhere near. I shall swing for it!

GLAD. (*Fiercely.*) Yer won't swing; yer shan't! (*Thinks.*) If I'd tried this 'ere thing more—(*Tremulously.*) I'd trust to it; but I ain't tried it often enough. Yer've got ter try it often enough ter know. (*Covers face with hands, rocks a little as if under strain of anguish—lifts face.*) Didn't yer see no one wen yer came back? Didn't no one see yer—no one as could swear they saw yer?

DANDY. (*Savagely.*) Yes, I did see some one, an' spoke to 'im—an' 'e spoke ter me!

GLAD. Who was it—who?

DANDY. (*Bitter rage.*) The one man as'd swear he didn't see me, wen 'e knewed it 'ud get me out of a 'ole if 'e swore 'e did—just that there one man! That's the chanst that's give me!

GLAD. Wot's is name, quick?

DANDY. The bloke as wants ter make a laidy of yer—an' 'ates me like 'ell—young Mr. Oliver 'Olt. That's who!

GLAD. (*In wild haste.*) Where'd yer see 'im? Wot time? Wot did 'e say?

DANDY. "Tain't no use—an' e ain't a man—e's a white-blooded devil! I was comin' back an' I sees a swell strollin' along Regent Street, an' as 'e comes near 'e draws up an' larfs at me. "Wot shady job are yer up to 'ere, Mr. Dandy?" 'e ses. "Somethin' sime as y're yerself." I ses back, "goin' to see a laidy." "Yer goin' in through 'er cellar winder if y're," 'e ses. "We shall 'ear of some one's silver plate being missin' in the mornin' paiper."

GLAD. (*Interjects.*) Jest like 'im, blast 'im!

DANDY. An' that there minute a big church bell stroikes. "One o'clock," 'e ses, larfin'. "I'll remember the time!"

GLAD. (*Cries out.*) An' the papers says as it was done at one o'clock, cos the 'ousekeeper 'eard a row

downstands an' put 'er 'ed out o' winder ter call "plice"—an' she 'eard a church clock strike one as she did it!

DANDY. (*Short, harsh laugh.*) D'yer think 'e'd prove a haliby for me? 'Im! Why—(*fiercely*)—if I swing 'e's got yer—'e's got yer!

GLAD. 'E's not got me! Yer won't swing; yer shan't, s'welp me. (*Drops arms.*)

DANDY. (*Pacing room like trapped creature.*) I never 'ad no chanst, I tell yer. 'Ere was I, born—in—thieves' crib, taught to pick pockets same as other kids is taught ter read! Wot was me mother? Who was me father? Cops 'ad their eyes on me by the time I was five. There wasn't never nothin' to look for but somethin' like this—like this—'ere! (*Drops on soap box and covers face.*)

GLAD. (*Moves as if something was dragging her towards him.*) Dandy, we mayn't never see each other again!

DANDY. (*Makes quick stride towards her and seizes her by her shoulders almost savagely.*) D'yer know what that means—d'yer know?

GLAD. (*Shuddering.*) Yuss, I know.

DANDY. You wouldn't never take up with me sime as another gal would ha' done. An' now it's too late—if I had to swing. If—this—was the larst mornin'—at Newgate—would yer give a poor cove a kiss—or wouldn't yer? It'd 'earten me, Glad! (*Glad goes to him and kisses him. Dandy holds her back and looks at her in questioning silence; speaks at last hesitatingly, as if half afraid of his own words.*) Glad, yer do like me a bit, Glad—this 'ere larst mornin' at Newgate?

GLAD. (*Takes hold of breast of his coat, wondering at herself.*) Yuss, I do! Didn't out and out know I did—till now. Somethin's took me. Women's like that there! They cares about a chap wen 'e's in trouble.

DANDY. (*Clutches her hand and stands trembling. He does not kiss her; his face half turns away and he bites his lip.*) I sharn't get out o' this; but if I did I'd live decent—s'elp me! Godamighty! Good-bye, me gal! (*Lets her go; turns, and enters by door under roof.*)

GLAD. Good luck, Dandy. (*Closes door, pushes cot back, walks into middle of room.*) I can't 'elp 'im—e can't 'elp 'issel—the other man won't! Who will? (*Cries out suddenly, throwing out hand as if speaking to something unseen.*) 'E never done it—'e never done it! 'E never 'ad no charnst. Give 'im a charnst—You—give 'im a charnst!

Sir Oliver arrives with the viands, and Maggie, Lizzie, and Bet, inmates of the house, are all invited to participate in the feast. In the midst of grubbing and conversation the police suddenly enter the room.

MAG. They're arfter Dandy!

LIZ. Dandy ain't up there, I tell ye!

GLAD. I—want—to—be—took—care—of—NOW! (*Polly opens door.*)

POLLY. What is it?

BET. (*Outside on stairs.*) I tell ye 'e ain't up there.

INSPECTOR. Well, where is Dandy?

BET. I don't know. I ain't set eyes on 'im for a month.

INSPECTOR. Well, I'll see for myself. (*Enters.*)

POLICEMAN. (*As all start back, makes gesture designating Sir Oliver and Polly.*) None of you wanted. (*Goes to Glad.*) You're the one I want

to talk to. Where's Dandy? (Touches her shoulder as she draws back.) There's nothing against you. (Good-naturedly.) You're right enough, but you keep bad company. Where's Dandy?

(Bet is seen to appear at door, peering in, sleeves rolled up as if just come from washtub.)

GLAD. Is 'e 'ere? Look abaht yer! Is that 'im? (Pointing to Polly.) Is that 'im? (Pointing to Thief.) Is that 'im? (Pointing to Sir Oliver.) Yer knows Dandy better than I do.

FIRST POLICEMAN. I've had my eyes on him long enough to know him. (Moves about room, looking for possible hiding places. Pauses, baffled.)

BET. (Pushing her way in.) 'E don't know 'im no better than I do, I can tell 'im. Dandy ain't 'ere—an' ain't been fer a month's time. I just left me washin' to come up an' tell 'im stri'e.

GLAD. Stow that, Bet. They ain't goin' ter b'lieve the likes of us!

BET. An' why won't they? I'm a 'honest woman—with me marriage lines as reg'lar as Queen Alex-andria's. An' a 'usband as knocks me abaht legal-sime as any man with a 'appy fireside.

SECOND POLICEMAN. You keep quiet. (As they move about, Bet furtively creeps nearer Glad—plucks at her dress.)

BET. (Whispers.) Glad!

GLAD. (Pushing her hand away—whispers back breathlessly.) Don't say nothin'!

(Bet drops back, but hovers about anxiously. Murmur of crowd in court. Voices heard, "Ave they nabbed 'im?" "Naw!" "Serve 'em right!" Policeman below ordering, "Keep back there!")

GLAD. (To First Policeman.) 'T ain't much of a place to 'ide in. Why don't yer look under the grand panner? Or in the armyloo cabinets?

FIRST POLICEMAN. Don't give too much cheek, Redhead. (Glances at fireplace.)

SIR OLIVER. I have been here some time, and he has not been in the room, I can swear!

FIRST POLICEMAN. (Turning sharply.) Who are you? You don't belong to this lot?

SIR OLIVER. I have just come home from Australia—ruined—if you want to know.

FIRST POLICEMAN. I'd advise you to keep out of places like this.

GLAD. (Fiercely.) Wy d'yer come 'ere? Who set yer on—if there's nothin' agen me an' never 'as been?

FIRST POLICEMAN. Dandy's against you. Chaps like him always run to some woman when the worst comes to the worst. You're the one he'd run to. Black and Nob swore he would.

GLAD. (To Bet, in anguish.) Yes—they'd swear 'is life away. It's no use, Bet!

BET. (Trying to avoid attracting policeman's attention; looks eager, but frightened.) Keep up, me gal, keep up! (Pats her on back; looks as if she would say more, but dare not. Glad starts away from her as she sees F. P. go to the bed and examine it suspiciously.)

SECOND POLICEMAN. You go back to your wash-tub. (Motions to F. P. and pulls bed away from wall. F. P. discovers door.)

FIRST POLICEMAN. There's a door here! (S. P. goes to him.) It opens under the roof. (Speaks peremptorily to policeman guarding door.) You look out there! Be ready with your truncheon! There may be a tussle! (Examines low door. Takes out knife and inserts it in crack. Turns bulls-eye lantern into aperture.) It's all up, Dandy! There are three of us. (They enter by the low doorway.)

SIR OLIVER. (Who has been watching Glad, goes to her, lays hand on her shoulder, and speaks in a low voice.) You may trust me—I swear it. Is he in there—is he?

GLAD. (Turns and clutches his coat.) 'E never done it! 'E never done it! 'E never done it!

SIR OLIVER. You know he didn't?

GLAD. (Wildly.) I know. I arst as 'e might be kep' away. An' that was the arnswer. 'E never done it, s'welp me. (Breaks down and sobs on his arm.)

SIR OLIVER. I believe you. (They both turn to look at door under roof. The two policemen are coming back into room; they look baffled and sheepish.)

FIRST POLICEMAN. He's not there. Not a sign of him. Black said— (Checks himself; speaks to Glad.) Well, I'm not sorry I didn't find him here, Redhead. It would have given you a bad name—and you haven't had one so far. Sorry we disturbed your dinner party. (They go out. From the street murmur rises again as they go out into court. Voices are heard, "They 'aven't got 'im," "Yah!" etc.)

GLAD. (Stands breathless, eyes dilated, trembling. She speaks in awed whisper.) 'E wasn't there! They looked an' 'e wasn't there!

BET. (Watches her a moment as she stands like one in a dream; then she creeps closer to her and touches her arm gently as if to awaken her, and, as if half awed by what she sees in her face, speaks low.) Glad! Glad, me gal!

GLAD. (Slowly turns and looks at her.) 'E wasn't there!

BET. 'E's where 'e'd be safe for a week!

GLAD. You know?

BET. (Hurriedly.) I was in me washus an' I see 'is face starin' in at the winder. 'E was goin' to try ter get out the back way—an' that there minit I 'eard little Billy shout out the cop was comin' down the street—an' I nabbed Dandy an' dragged 'im in.

GLAD. Where'd you 'ide 'im?

BET. There's a but o' a low coal cupboard in the washus wall. Yer'd never think it was there. I pushed 'im in and sit me tub against it, and by the time the p'lice come I was up to me elbows in 'ot soap suds an' scrubbin' like mad—an' give 'em a nice bit o' me mind.

GLAD. (As if dazed.) Yer did that 'cos yer was told. 'E never 'ad a chanst afore. P'raps there's one comin' to 'im now. (Turns to Sir Oliver, who approaches her.) I'm goin' on with this 'ere! I am!

BET. What are you going to do?

GLAD. There's a man as can prove 'e never done it. 'E stopped an' spoke to 'im in Regent Street on one o'clock. 'E's a devil, an' 'e won't say the word—for anythin' as is on earth. P'raps 'e'll say it for Somethin' as ain't.

SIR OLIVER. (Drawing back to look at her.) For what?

GLAD. (Snatches up sack, drags it over shoulders.) I dunno! I dunno! It's worked more than onct—it'll work agen. But for that it'd be no use. I'm goin' through the streets arstin'. I'm goin' through the streets beggin'. I'm goin' through the streets callin'. I'm going NOW! (Goes towards door. Comes back and looks at Sir Oliver solemnly.) You didn't come 'ere by no axident ternight—You didn't! Somethin' sent yer! Stay!

Glad makes a desperate attempt to win over Sir Oliver's scoundrelly heir. She goes to his



THE CHEERFULNESS OF "GLAD"

"I was born that wye," says Eleanor Robson in the character of the cheerful young gutter-rat in Mrs. Burnett's pleasing play. "There's one thing I ain't come across yet—a thing as wos as bad as wot yer thort it wos,"



MODEST MRS. BURNETT

"It is not," says Mrs. Burnett in a letter to us, "that I presume to be a scientist of any kind—nothing fills me with such piteous terror as that portentous word. I am only a person who was born thinking many of the things nearly all the world thinks in these days. And I do not at all resent the fact that my photographs scarcely ever look in the least like me—who am I that I should assume lofty airs?—and there is always a degree of interest in the various kinds of totally different ladies they do look like."

apartments alone at night and asks him to testify for her lover. He refuses except on one condition—namely, if she consents to become his mistress. Glad still hopes and hopes that something will turn up in answer to her "arstin," but endless minutes pass and there is no answer to her prayer. She is almost ready to yield to young Holt when the telephone rings, and Sir Oliver demands to speak to his young nephew. Holt is startled, for he is under the impression that his uncle had started to Paris and would probably succumb to his disease on the trip. He now asks Glad to

leave him on the instant for fear of being compromised in Sir Oliver's eyes.

GLAD. (*Shaking with wild feeling, but speaking in low voice.*) No! I won't get out!

HOLT. (*Turns toward her sharply.*) You won't?

GLAD. (*Shrieks through telephone before he can reach her.*) Police! Police! Police! Send 'em! Mr. 'Olt wants 'em! Murder! Police! police! police!

HOLT. You madwoman! What have you done! Good God!

GLAD. (*Points at him, speaking in almost hollow voice.*) Listen to yer—listen to yer! Good God! ses yer! (*Sudden wild outcry.*) That's wot I was a callin' on—an' that there—(*pointing to telephone*) —was the answer. (*Rises to her feet.*) Sir Oliver 'Olt 'll be here in a few minits, an' the plice with 'im.

HOLT. (*Beside himself with rage.*) Police! Yes, they will. (*With desperate gestures.*) And Sir Oliver—what a scandal! (*Strides over to door, unlocks, throws it open.*) Get out, you young devil, before I pitch you downstairs!

GLAD. Yer won't do it. A nice row there'd be in the papers, a bundle o' rags like me, dragged kickin' an' screamin' out o' Sir Oliver's nevvy's chambers. I'm going to stay 'ere till the plice comes.

(*There is a rush of footsteps on the staircase and sound as if someone threw themselves against the door to break it open. Glad springs up. Holt starts and stares at her.*)

DANDY. (*Frenzied voice outside, loud knocks.*) Glad! Glad, me gal! I'm 'ere. Lemme in, lemme in!

HOLT. That is not the police.

GLAD. No, it ain't! (*Dandy bursts in, haggard and panting. Glad seizes him, crying out wildly.*) It's Dandy! Dandy! Dandy! Wot you come 'ere for?

DANDY. (*Staggers, draws arm across forehead as if to wipe the sweat from it; cries out breathlessly, almost gasping out words.*) Bet sez to me—"Glad, she knows a gent as can prove yer alibi. She's a gone to 'im. She won't come back till she's mide 'im do it." (*Turns on Holt.*) I knowed who the gent was, an' I knowed wot sort of a game 'e'd try. D'yer think I'll save me skin that wye? No, by Gawd! I'm a pickpocket and thief, an' there's a rope rahnd me neck; but I'm a man, an' to hell with all the rest of it!

GLAD. Dandy! Dandy! (*Holt falls back and stares at them with cynical curiosity.*)

DANDY. (*Takes Glad by the shoulder and drags her forward.*) Come 'ere! Tell me!

GLAD. Tell yer wot?

DANDY. (*Savagely.*) If I've got to do wot'll be sure to 'ang me; fer I'm goin' ter kill 'im now. (*Looks at her, taking her face frantically between his hands, almost sobbing. Sudden cry of exulting conviction as he looks down into her eyes.*) I've got yer! I've got yer! (*Clutches her fiercely against his breast; she leans there, sobbing. At last he releases her, and stands up, drawing arm across forehead again.*) Now you go 'ome!

There is a sound of steps outside. Dandy hides. Then there is a knock at the door and a policeman enters with Sir Oliver, dressed again in the habiliments of society.

POLICEMAN. (*In tone of authority.*) There was a call for the police here. What did it mean?

HOLT. (*After a few seconds irritated hesitation.*) A rather serious matter—connected with the Hampstead affair—and the young fellow known as The Dandy.

POLICEMAN. (*Excited.*) Any clue, sir? Scotland Yard 'll be glad of that.

HOLT. No clue. But I happen to be able to testify that The Dandy was not at Hampstead when the murder was committed. I stopped to speak to him on Regent Street exactly at one o'clock.

POLICEMAN. (*Eagerly.*) You can swear to that, sir?

HOLT. I can. He had been pointed out to me in the East End, and I knew his face. I rather chaffed him about the suspiciousness of his being in the West End of the town. A church clock struck and I told him I would remember the time. I should of course have spoken earlier, but—but I did not know he was one of the accused until I was told by Miss Gladys Montmorencie. (*Gesture towards Glad.*) I believe that is her complete name.

GLAD. (*Gets up to come forward to policeman. She does not look at Sir Oliver, who has stepped back.*) 'E never done it, Dandy didn't. 'E told me there was one man as could prove 'e didn't. That there's the man. (*Gestures toward Holt.*) I come 'ere an' arst 'im ter say the word, an' 'e remembered. Wen 'e did, I run wild crazy, and run an' screamed through the tellyphone.

SIR OLIVER. (*To policeman.*) That is alibi enough, I suppose, officer?

POLICEMAN. Alibi enough to save The Dandy this time. Nothing else would have done it. Black and Nob swore he was with them.

HOLT. Well, I can swear he was not.

POLICEMAN. (*To Holt.*) Well, if you'll come with us to Scotland Yard now, sir, and see the Inspector-in-Chief, that'll put an end to the hunt. (*To The Dandy, rather warningly.*) You can go back to Apple Blossom Court and sleep quiet till you get into mischief again.

GLAD. (*Hand on Dandy's arm.*) 'E won't get into mischief agen. I'm goin' ter 'old onto 'im. (*Holt goes out with policeman.*)

GLAD. (*Has begun to look at Sir Oliver curiously, as he turns and comes forward, her curiosity slowly changes to amazed recognition.*) You? You? You're a swell, too? I knew there was somethin' wrong about yer. You're a swell, too!

SIR OLIVER. Yes, I'm a swell, too.

GLAD. How did you come here; how did you know where I was?

SIR OLIVER. You said there was one man could prove an alibi. I remembered the story you told me, and I happened to know Mr. Holt much better than he thinks I do.

GLAD. How did you know him?

SIR OLIVER. I am Sir Oliver Holt.

GLAD. (*Starts, jerks head toward door.*) Is uncle? The rich 'un?

SIR OLIVER. Yes.

GLAD. (*Draws long breath, then pulls herself together.*) Well—(*bluntly*)—'e told the truth about Dandy!

SIR OLIVER. (*They go and he stands gazing at her for a moment.*) Strange things have been happening to you, strange things have been happening to me. There is too much that is crying out for help—to allow a man such as I am to give himself to the dust. I am not going to use this. (*Hands her pistol.*) Take it!

GLAD. (*Hand on his arm, voice choked with tears.*) Right O! That's it! You buck up sime as I told yer. There's allers to-morrer.

SIR OLIVER. I did not think so a few hours ago. (*Pondering.*) Perhaps to-night has dragged me away from the agony of morbidity! (*Pause and reflection.*) Perhaps to-night has saved me.

GLAD. Yer was gived a chance.

SIR OLIVER. Perhaps I was.

GLAD. (*Calls out.*) Perhaps yer was! That's the wye! That's us—all of us! Yer've 'ad yer charnsh gave yer an' yer don't believe it! 'T ain't nothin' but me, gutter rat, sime as yer called me; but blimme if I don't believe it—blimme if I don't.

DANDY. So—do—I.

SIR OLIVER. (*Turns to watch her, comes back, bows head.*) So do I!

GLAD. There's the terrorrs enough fer all of us, if we keeps on livin' 'em, instead o' pretendin' to do it.

DANDY. (*Draws back a step to look at her.*) Glad, me gal—

GLAD. I'm goin' back ter Apple Blossom Court, I am. You come along o' me an' keep on thinkin' o' somethin' else.

SIR OLIVER. You don't want to leave the place?

GLAD. Not me. I wants ter see things 'appen there. I wants ter mike 'em happen.

SIR OLIVER. You shall! You and Dandy!

GLAD. Yuss. Me and Dandy. (*Catches her breath.*) I'm alive! I'm alive! (*Strikes her breast sharply with her finger ends.*) This 'ere ain't goin' ter end—this 'ere ain't. There ain't no end to it. (*Throws up her arms, cries in rapture.*) I'm alive! I'm alive! I'm going ter be took care of now!

CURTAIN.

THE PLAY THAT HAS MADE ALL ENGLAND SIT UP

AFANTASTIC and impossible play, mediocre in workmanship, lacking in dramatic power, by a writer unknown to fame, has set the English public to something like a frenzy where the earnest arguments of the ministry and Lord Roberts had failed. The bogey of an alien invasion of English shores is raised, and scatters a mild form of terror through the

land. Hysterical, panic stricken patriotism asserts itself. Every day, every night, says the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, the movement is gaining new impetus, and nothing seems likely to restore the usual British calm and self complaisance until the army has been put on a genuine war footing and the navy prepared to meet the combined fleets of Europe. What Charles Dibden's "Sea Songs" did for the navy one hundred years

ago, "An Englishman's Home," the sensational play by Guy du Maurier—son of the author of "Trilby," and until now an obscure English officer—has apparently accomplished for the English army. Thousands of patriotic Englishmen, we read, have already enlisted, and others are pouring in to meet the imagined foe. Everywhere the martial spirit prevails, and before the end, if indications are true, it seems not unlikely that nearly every able-bodied Englishman will have taken up arms. Wyndham's Theater, where the play is produced, is crowded nightly with the most intelligent upper classes. Cabinet ministers, old generals, foreign ambassadors, are mentioned in the newspapers as attending; letters to the editors discuss the merit and teachings of the play. "The Thunderer" has leading articles upon it, and the sensational newspapers are working the subject for all it is worth. Seats had been sold the night after the first performance for an entire month. The lucky manager who took the play up with no particular enthusiasm or hope has received fifty or more offers for productions of the Du Maurier fantasy throughout the country, and at one of Mr. Frohman's New York theaters rehearsals for a hurried American production are even now going on.

There is no attempt in the play at a story in the ordinary sense. Virtually there is no plot and no love-interest. It is, so the London *Times* asserts, not a good play in itself, hardly a work of art, but of real importance as a political symptom. "Its method," the writer goes on to say, "is crude and amateurish, because the author has put no real person on the stage; his people are all personifications of some tendency or movement of to-day."

"There is Mr. Brown, the typical English rate-payer, whose 'house is his castle,' and who is boiling over with indignation because both the contending armies have had the effrontery to turn this 'castle' of his into a 'strategic position,' and that too without asking his leave. Amid all the pillage and carnage he goes to look for a policeman. There is young Mr. Smith, the typical suburban 'bounder,' who spends his life at football matches, knows the names of all the players by heart, and looks upon Volunteering as 'silly rot,' and there is Mr. Robinson, the quiet, earnest Volunteer, who finds it impossible to convince the others that able-bodied Englishmen have something else to do just now than play at games (even the portly Mr. Brown plays diabolically), and who is rallied by all the girls of the household because his uniform is not 'becoming.' And so they are all wrangling and chafing and reading sporting papers and generally, in their own phrase, 'rotting' when—enter two stern gentlemen in foreign uniforms. The Englishman's (Essex) house is occupied by an advance party of invaders, the army of the 'Empress of the North'!"

"From this moment the grotesque, rather squalid, farce of the thing is turned to grim horror. Of course, the main lines of this sort of thing have been familiar enough ever since 'The Battle of Dorking'; snug English domesticity is suddenly to be brought face to face with the horrors of war. There is the whistling of bullets and the scream of shells; slangy Mr. Smith, in the very act of perpetrating more Cockney jokes, falls dead with a bullet through the heart. But that is only an incident in the author's general scheme of contrasting the inefficiency of the untrained English Volunteer with the iron discipline and masterly organization of the invaders. Our men don't know how to take the range or how to shoot without exposing themselves, don't know on what flank the enemy is, don't know anything. By-and-by the order comes for them to retire, but Mr. Brown, indignant with Englishmen for ever retreating before a foreign foe, declares that he, at any rate, will stay. The shells are knocking his 'castle' to pieces, and a kind of frenzy possesses him. He snatches up a rifle, and does not know how to use it; then finds out the way, and shoots one of the enemy. Quickly overpowered, he is summarily ordered to be shot, as a civilian found in arms. (This particular incident is quite well done, by the way, so well done as to suggest a classic little story of Maupassant on the same theme.) As his daughter is wailing over his corpse there is a distant sound of bagpipes. It appears that the British Army has been rapidly brought up in trains, motor-buses, anything; and the invaders are caught in a trap. With this final solace to our national *amour propre*—after all, a theatrical audience is human—this remarkable little play comes to an end."

A number of critics indict the play because it tends to increase the baseless apprehension of an attack upon England from Germany. The censor has been careful to strike out direct references to any country, but "Prince Yoland," the hostile general, and his officers are unmistakably Teutonic. The number of improbabilities that must be accepted is so great as to make the whole thing ridiculous as a scare; but the public is not daunted by that fact. It is interesting to note in this connection that the New York *Evening Journal* points in all seriousness to the play as a "lesson" for Americans, making ominous allusions to our neighbor on the Pacific.

The majority of reviewers agree with *The Times* in its condemnation of "An Englishman's Home" as a poor work of art; nevertheless, the production of plays of this nature, so different from romantic rhapsody and rip-snorting melodrama, rouses sparks of hope in many critical breasts. It is regarded as a tremendous confirmation of William Archer's dictum that the modern drama has reached England at last, and that "the English drama which was nothing is now something." Mr. Harrison, in the London *Daily Mail*, declares that the play has "not only blown a great bomb into national life, but it has brushed a gigantic

cobweb off the English stage." This unknown army officer, he tells us, has achieved what the critical hammer and theatrical anvil of Mr. Shaw and all his sparks of fire and all those of his satellites and all power of criticism have not accomplished—namely, torn away the mask of unreality and stage puppet convention which has so long palsied the theater in England. "Instead of a marionette show," he says, "the play gives us what all these years we have waited for—the truth, the real face of Mary Ann and her 'sporting brothers.'" To quote further:

"The old father who thinks of nothing but diabolical, the vulgar football son, the 'limerick' son, the daughter who can chatter about nothing save their brother's 'shop,' and can not even bandage a simple wound, the lone youth who thinks in khaki and gets generally considered a 'fool'; the abysmal insularity, self-complacency, vacuous garrulity of this family—are these the elements of successful drama? Yet they are. And they are so because the author has a pretty knack of presenting them truthfully to us through the subtle medium of genuine satire.

"Satire! That is the new thing he has given us. And as satire is only a means to an end, a medium, an instrument, but only forcible and convincing when founded on truth, so he has given us truth too. Instead of the tomfool melodrama, the mock-soldier play of British, Union Jack heroics, we have true men and women, truth as the basis, truth as the moral of the play—truth as its compelling motif. Instead of the hero taking off his hat to us, we take off ours to the play, to the author, and to the players. Instead of spending a comfortable evening patting ourselves on the back, we spend an uncomfortable one, questioning, thinking, thinking. Instead of sitting in the stalls like Teddy bears at a children's party while the stage sings 'Rule Britannia,' we it is who quit the theater singing of the sea and of England's freedom; not tired, thirsting for a brandy-and-soda before retiring to rest, and forgetting all about it, but alert, keen, and combative, wanting

to talk and to think—just fancy, to think about the play and ourselves and the little island!

"All this is very cheerful. The success of the play is not a little due to this very revelation. It is the secret of the unexpected success of 'The Third Floor Back.' It is the secret of the French and German stage. It is the 'gobe-mouche' in our national dramatic cobweb which Major du Maurier's broom has swept away. It makes one almost ask whether it will not soon be possible to see 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' on our stage—Mr. Shaw's finest dramatic work. Good times should certainly be ahead for enterprising and discerning managers. What our drama so conspicuously lacks is—psychology, which is, of course, the essential basis of all dramatic illusion."

"At last we have a melodrama of real people. At last we have a play pointing and enforcing a great lesson. At last we have our stage used as an informative and educative and ennobling platform, a thing of reality, a power which is really a power. And it cannot go back now. One of the greatest clogs on our literary and dramatic work hitherto has been this very absence of it, that blighting influence which wrapt the stage in an artificial veneer of unreality and kept the plays with a purpose, the plays dealing with great things, with the problems and battles of our lives, away from it, and left the intensity of truth untouched. But it has all changed now. Now that managers, writers and the public have seen what a power the stage can possess, what possibilities there are in plays which are fundamental as opposed to the purely elemental, what a pulpit the stage might be, the good work begun for English drama will go on, must go on, untrammelled in advance. For the national art this is a great thing. It means that it will henceforth be possible for a writer having something definite to say about a subject of interest and importance to say and get it said. It means that we shall get new men with new ideas writing for us, a new spirit and a new inspiration; for with the demand will come the supply. In time, perhaps, even polities will be treated on our stage, and we shall no longer be the butt of the intellectual world as the people who refused 'Monna Vanna' and Mr. Granville Barker's 'Waste'."

THE MUSICAL VALUE OF STRAUSS'S "ELECTRA"

BY ALL odds the most important musical event of the winter has been the production in Dresden of Richard Strauss's new opera, "Electra." Opinions differ widely as to the exact musical stature of Strauss, and the permanent worth of his work, but no one can deny his unique position in the musical world of to-day. Debussy and Puccini are his only rivals, and he may be finally ranked above both. "He is the only musician," a recent critic points out, "who can focus the interest of two continents upon himself, and whose every new work takes on the significance of an international musical event."

The conditions under which "Electra" was produced are said to have been unprecedented in musical annals. Two hundred and sixteen rehearsals were found to be necessary before the opera was ready for public presentation. During the week preceding the first performance Dresden was thronged by music-lovers of all nationalities. More than two hundred musical critics attended. Strauss himself was present, but the brunt of the hard work in connection with the production of the opera fell upon the shoulders of the conductor, Ernst von Schuch, who is described as a man of iron energy, boundless enthusiasm and youthful ardor.



THE AMAZING STRAUSS

Whose new opera has evoked a torrent of invective, criticism and praise. The score of "Electra" is said to mark the limit of possible orchestral complexity.

The effect of the opera upon the audience was most extraordinary. Some were bewildered; others disgusted. One eminent critic, the Wagnerian scholar, Angelo Neumann, exclaimed: "Absolutely perverse! No ordinary audience will listen to such a work." The London *Times*'s correspondent, on the other hand, pronounces parts of "Electra" the finest dramatic music since Wagner. "I have scarcely ever been so much moved by any music," he says. A third critic, an American, who was also deeply impressed, told the correspondent of the *New York Times*:

"At the end of the performance it was nearly a full minute before the house recovered its equilibrium sufficiently to enable it to burst into a spontaneous roar of cheers and applause. No theatre or opera audience in the world was ever called upon to weather such a strain upon its emotions as that nine-and-a-half minutes of harrowing, thrilling operatic bedlam imposed upon us.

"Beads of actual perspiration stood out upon many a forehead. Enthralled as we had been, we were glad that the ordeal was over. If it were Strauss's purpose to daze 'Electra's' hearers, the Dresden *première* was an unqualified success. Such demoniacal orchestral and vocal effects have certainly never before been set to music.

"The audience was kept in an incessant paroxysm

of ghastliness and horror. The orchestra barked and growled with hellish realism. The singers shrieked and moaned in accents which were something more than agonizing. The tone production which resulted marks Strauss for all time as a genius and wizard."

The "Electra" of Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, upon which Strauss's opera is based, has already been described at length in these pages (see *CURRENT LITERATURE*, April, 1908). Its literary cunning is sufficiently attested by the fact that it has been translated into English by Arthur Symons, and performed both in England and America by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. In dramatic form, however, it has not been favorably received in either country, its fate in this respect recalling that of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which has also aroused much greater interest as an opera than as a play. The two dramas are alike in their obvious appeal to the morbid and pathological side of human nature. But whereas "Salome" deals with perverted sex-emotion, "Electra" portrays the maniacal joy and mad melancholy of revenge. "Electra," as one critic puts it, "is neurotic, hysterical; 'Salome' is erotic, perverse; and both of them offer tremendous potentialities for a man like Richard Strauss."

The story of "Electra" is "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" rolled into one. From the moment when Electra leaps like a wild-cat into the midst of the serving maidens of the palace, everything in the drama is subordinated to one note—the passion for vengeance that burns and consumes her. Agamemnon, her father, has been foully slain. Her mother, Clytemnestra, and her mother's paramour, Aegistheus, are the murderers. She has only one purpose in life—to avenge her father. From an account in the *Boston Transcript* we gather:

"Electra herself, in whom centres the propulsive force of the drama, has ceased to be a woman; she barely remains a human being. Haggard, dishevelled, ragged, she prowls about the sinister house of the Atride that has seen so many crimes. She plucks at the walls, she crawls on the ground, she scratches in the earth (as beasts do) to dig out the axe that has slain Agamemnon; she howls of death (as a dog howls) from the first to the last word of the play. One idea incessantly absorbs her, haunts her like an hallucination—death for her mother, death for Aegistheus—until she becomes a very maniac of vengeance. Orestes is her brother; yet to her he is less brother than the promised avenger. She despises and detests her sister, Chrysothemis, until she discovers that the girl's arms are strong. Then Electra would cajole her into a murderer. As she sees death drawing nearer and nearer upon those she hates, savage mockery and horrid elation possess her. When at last the deed is done and Clytemnestra lies dead, a maniacal fury of triumph

seizes upon her, and she dances frantically until she falls breathless, crushed by the mighty passion of her rejoicing and release. She is as a woman demented, possessed.

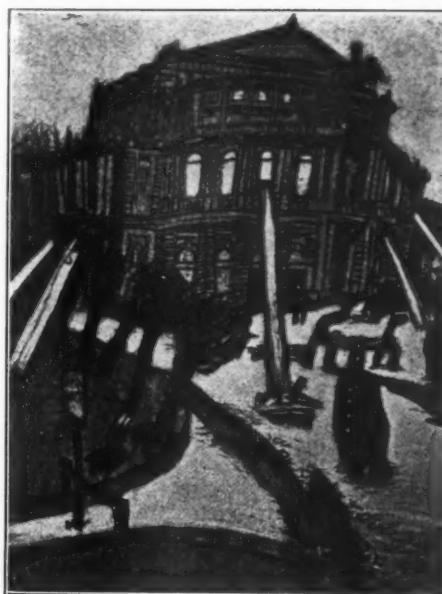
"Clytemnestra is in like case with her daughter. She exists as one who lives in a tortured slumber that is neither quite sleep nor yet waking. Pangs pursue her; bloody visions haunt her. She comes, she goes; she shrinks in fear, or she gathers her strength, as one wrapped in a hideous dream. Aegistheus, restless, fearful, shivering at the glimpses of an unfamiliar shadow, is, like Clytemnestra, the prey of his spent and neurotic spirit. Even the buxom Chrysothemis, the semblance seemingly of physical and mental soundness, is hysterical after her kind, when she shouts her desire for life, and reiterates her shoutings for a spouse, for children, for the joys of wifehood and motherhood. The silent troop of slaves that restlessly, nervously, unceasingly go and come at the back of the stage in the flickering light of their torches, seem like some mentally disordered band. The atmosphere of the play has the breath of a mad house. The palace of the Atridae seems the abode of maniacs."

To the development of this gruesome theme Strauss devotes his matchless powers. He follows the text of the play literally, almost slavishly. As in the case of "Salome," he seems to aim at transcribing in musical language every sentence, every emotion. A correspondent of *The Musical Leader and Concert Goer* (Chicago), Caroline V. Kerr, declares:

"He is primarily a writer of symphonic poems, and when, as in the case of his 'Salome' and 'Electra,' he further elucidates the 'program' of his orchestral tone painting by adding stage music, action and accessories—these always retain the character of a running commentary to the orchestra rather than having any independent musical existence. Strauss treats the human voice as if it were an instrument, not, however, sharing the same consideration and appreciation of its peculiarities as he does for those of the regular orchestral instruments. He concerns himself less about the individual than the effect, and it is not surprising to learn that at one of the rehearsals he complained that the singers were heard too distinctly, and gave orders to 'drown them with the orchestra'!"

"Much of the time the work of the artists could be confined to pantomime, and all singing eliminated with quite as good effect.

"In his bold flights of fancy he willingly sacrifices beauty to realistic truth. By means of bizarre rhythms, shifting tonalities and harmonious progressions which result in shrieking dissonances, he endeavors to give musical expression to details, physical and psychological, which have absolutely no point of contact with the tonal art. And it must be admitted that he succeeds. With Strauss nothing seems impossible. The freedom of his musical language knows no bounds. The score of his 'Electra' abounds in the same marvelous imitation effects which we have come to expect from a Richard Strauss. The fifty musical thoughts or 'motives'—for Strauss does not disclaim to follow closely in the footsteps of a greater Richard in the use of the 'lead-



AFTER THE STORM

A *Jugend* artist's idea of how the Dresden Opera House looked after the "Electra" cyclone had struck it.

ing motive'—serves not only for character delineation, but the entire text is illustrated almost verbatim. He tells us in the orchestra how Agamemnon was murdered in his bath and then dragged to his sleeping apartment; we see the floors covered with slippery pools of blood; we see the gleam and glitter of the jewels worn by Clytemnestra. We hear the creaking of a door on its hinges when Electra cries: 'Never open a door in this house!' We hear the lash descending upon the animals which are being led to the sacrificial altar, and the strokes of the hammer in the hands of Orestes as he commits the double murder. It is detail painting of consummate skill, and gruesome fidelity. The strain upon the nerves is so intense that it is not difficult for the listener to imagine that he too has felt the scourging of the lash and the strokes of the hammer, and he is grateful that only an hour and forty minutes has been devoted to such excruciating orchestral realism."

Of Strauss's orchestral methods in the new opera, the critic of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes:

"The orchestra—in the case of Richard Strauss one is always tempted to speak first and principally of the orchestra—is this time even more elaborately equipped than it was for his last opera. In 'Electra' he employs eight French horns, seven trumpets and eight clarinets, of which two alternate with bassett-horns. The shrill little E-flat clarinet, which is usually only to be met with in wind bands, is not lacking, and out of the sea of instruments towers the enormous heckelphone, a sort of bass oboe. Many peculiar duties fall to the percussion instruments, of which liberal use is made. Thus, for example, the



Courtesy of New York Times

SHE REFUSES TO SING IN "ELECTRA" AGAIN

Madame Schumann-Heink, who appeared as Clytemnestra at the Dresden *première* of "Electra," declares that the vocal parts are "not singing at all, but a thunderous medley of groans, moans and sighs." She declines to take any further part in the opera.

big drum is at times struck with a birch-rod, and shortly before the close of the opera a gong is violently assailed with the triangle rod in order to produce what is described in the score as "a terrible buzzing sound."

"The enumeration of these effects and apparent extravagances might easily give rise to the idea that they are merely orchestral pranks of the composer. After having heard them, however, I can give the assurance that they are not felt as such in the performance. Indeed, they rather excite astonishment at the composer's tonic imagination and the incredible accuracy of his aim. Strauss has not divided the violins, as is customary, into firsts and seconds, but throughout into firsts, seconds and thirds. The violas are treated in the same way, and these manifold voices combine in an amazing polyphony—a polyphony which, on account of its harmonic recklessness, many people will refuse to recognize as legitimate."

Such are the dominant characteristics of "Electra," discussed in musical circles the world over. Intense interest is everywhere shown in the new opera, but its value as a musical composition can hardly be estimated yet. Strauss himself is as yet too enigmatic a figure to be estimated with any degree of accuracy. One fact, however, is already plain: "Electra" has not had quite the tremendous effect that its composer hoped. In the criticisms evoked an undertone of disappointment is discernible. It is significant in this connection that Arthur M. Abell, the Berlin correspondent of *The Musical Courier* (New York), who in the first glow of enthusiasm over the production of "Electra" cabled to his paper pronouncing the opera "a step in advance of 'Salome,'" and prophesying that it would become "the reigning operatic sensation of the decade," has later materially modified these views. His maturer convictions, as expressed in a critique in *The Musical Courier*, are as follows:

"The success of the 'Electra' first performance was not so great and spontaneous as that of 'Salome,' and it is not difficult to discover the reasons for this. In the first place, the libretto in content is revolting and repelling and wholly objectionable to the general public; such a bloody tale of revenge and matricide could not appeal to esthetic minds and souls. In 'Salome,' with all of its objectionable features and its horrible close, there is something poetic, and it has a pleasing Oriental atmosphere; in 'Electra' all is terrible and brutal, nor is there aught on the stage for the eye, by way of compensation. The dreary, gray, menacing castle of Agamemnon and the few figures that come and go before it in the uncertain, fluttering torchlight is before us, with no change of scene and no curtain, during the entire performance of one and three-quarters hours. In the second place, in his music, Strauss offers us nothing new in 'Electra,' as he did in 'Salome'; there is manifested a fearful and wonderful skill of instrumentation, a gorgeous orchestral coloring and a barbarous treatment of the vocal parts, but it is all built up on lines very similar to those of 'Salome.' The composer has simply gone further in every respect. Public curiosity to see and hear this sensational and much heralded music-drama will, for a time, of course, be very great, and the work will be produced on numerous stages, but I cannot believe that its success will be of long duration."

The new opera brings once more to the fore the question how far Strauss possesses creative genius to match his consummate technique. Years ago Mr. Arthur Symons declared flatly: "Strauss has no fundamental musical ideas, and he forces the intensity of his expression because of this lack of genuine musical material." The same attitude is taken by many of the critics now. The *London Times* finds the principal themes of "Electra" neither

very beautiful nor very distinctive. "The result has been," it says, "to drive the composer to rely for his effects more than ever on orchestral coloring alone. That way disaster seems to lie." A French critic, M. Lalo, in the Paris *Temps*, has this to say:

"Once more the invention of melodies seems one of the weaker and more sterile of Strauss's talents. Willingly or perforce, he rests content, for his themes, with characterless combinations of notes, or with the musical thought upon which his imagination first chances. He is little disposed to search out melodic ideas of intrinsic, intimate, deep and individual significance. Rather, he seems to trust to the prodigious skill and fertility of his workmanship, to the varied and ample resources of his harmonic and instrumental treatment, to give commanding power and engrossing significance to melodic ideas that are very insignificant in themselves. In 'Electra,' for example, among the forty-five motives that an 'official guide' to the opera confidently specifies, too many are merely 'figures' of random notes that are meaningless and empty except as Strauss develops and treats them. More important motives, like that which recalls the memory of Agamemnon, or that which affirms that Orestes still lives, are often mere rhythmic sequences."

In similar vein, the critic of *The Musical Leader and Concert Goer* declares:

"There are those who deny to Strauss the birth-right of genius. It is not always easy to distinguish between genius and talent. 'Genius creates; talent constructs,' says Schumann. Personally I should feel inclined to call Strauss a man of enormous talents, with an almost uncanny sense of instrumentation and a hyper-feeling for orchestral color—a phenomenal technician in the ability to use his tools to their very ultimate possibility, but lacking in the true creative genius, that of creating from within, of producing something that has not before existed and which he alone has power to call into being."

At least one writer, however, Ernest Newman, the latest biographer of Strauss, finds in "Electra" elements of the highest genius. Mr. Newman, who is musical critic for the Manchester *Guardian*, and made the journey to Dresden to witness the *première* of the opera, sums up his impression as follows:

"To recall 'Electra' is to think irresistibly of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. There do seem to be two influences at work in Strauss—one pulling in the direction of long-drawn sensuous melody and luscious harmony, which are delightful but not entirely original; the other urging him towards the new and the strange with a complete disregard of all limitations. . . .

"The first appearance of Electra brings moments of nobility. The first call to Agamemnon is splendid in its self-conscious dignity, and there is great sweetness in the theme which always accompanies the idea that the children of Agamemnon will triumph.

"On the entry of Orestes into the palace to fulfil the fate of the house of Atrius, Strauss shows him-



Courtesy of New York Times

ELECTRA SPEEDING AEGISTHEUS TO HIS DEATH

This picture conveys the maniacal joy of the heroine of Strauss's new opera as she sends the murderer of her father into the palace to be slain.

self a greater dramatist than Hofmannsthal. The music makes Orestes, who in the spoken drama is a cipher, the central figure in the drama. He tells us of his struggle and his doom. The death of Clytemnestra calls forth an orchestral cataclysm, and the scene which follows stimulates excitement still further. Then comes an interlude of real "irony" in the Greek sense where Electra parleys with the doomed Aegistheus. Here Strauss's gift of sardonic musical humor is fully displayed. Aegistheus dies too, but while the death of Clytemnestra had, in spite of all, the heroic note, here all is sordid and weak.

"The dawn breaks, and there is light in the orchestra, too; the relief of the gorgeous, glowing color after all the grim lurid hues we had had before is almost unspeakable, and the dramatic power and the irresistible swing of Electra's frenzied dance of death is undoubtedly one of the finest things in modern music. It is a little like the dance of the Superman in 'Thus Spake Zarathustra'—but there is something superhuman in the deadly intensity of Electra's passion throughout.

"Whatever may be said of the rest of 'Electra,' we feel the hand of a master and the presence of a master mind from the moment of the entrance of Orestes, and in the last five minutes we are subdued by the inspiration of true genius. It is a real 'purification,' such as the Greek thinker demanded in tragedy. It is proof as well of a new loftiness of imagination and expression in Strauss. He has advanced from the beautiful, transfiguring music of the final scene of 'Salome' to the exalted, inspired music of the final scene of 'Electra.'"

Science and Discovery

IS THE PSYCHOLOGY TAUGHT AT HARVARD A NATIONAL PERIL?



NATTEMPT to revive on a most ambitious scale that form of occultism which rendered life hideous to Europeans prior to the Renaissance is all that Dr. Lightner Witmer, of the University of Pennsylvania, sees in the so-called Boston school of psychotherapy. Professor Witmer, who edits that well known journal for the study and treatment of retardation and deviation, *The Psychological Clinic*, places the responsibility for the evils which he sees in the train of the psychotherapy, mental healing and what not of the hour squarely upon the shoulders of Professor William James and Professor Josiah Royce, the psychological pillars of Harvard. The resultant situation is viewed as a craze which, spreading from some academic minds like a psychic contagion among the laity, is rapidly reducing the mentality of the American people to a medieval and even pagan obscurantism of imbecility.

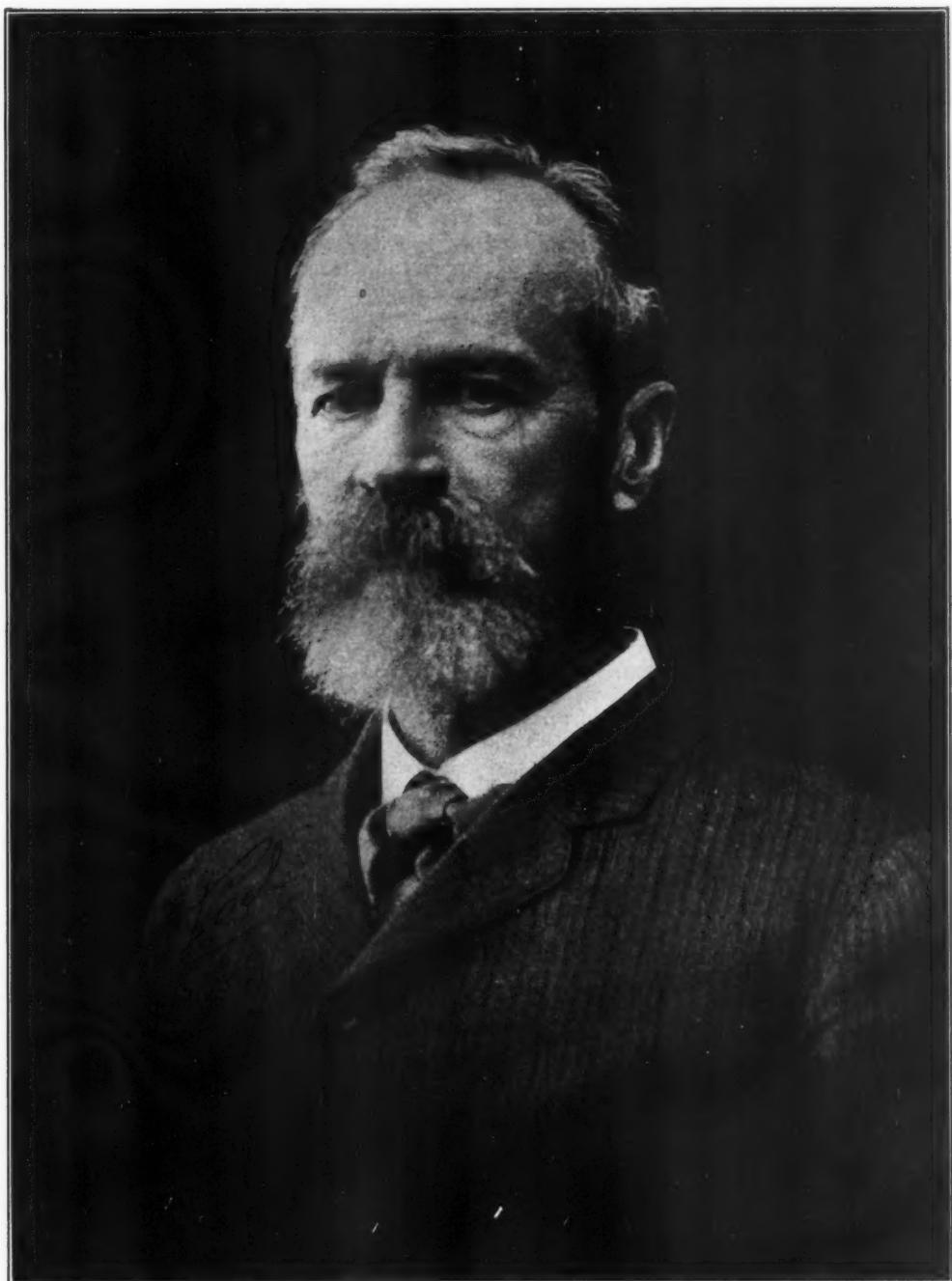
To sum up the facts, as Professor Witmer contends that they are, it would appear that about eighteen years ago Professor William James "opened a campaign for occultism." In the course of this campaign, Professor James is alleged to have attacked modern psychologists as "narrow-minded scientists." He went so far as to avow a faith in spiritualistic trances. The possibility of thought transference, the reality of crystal visions, the existence of ghosts—in all these things Professor James is accused of developing faith in his pupils not incidentally but deliberately. Professor James, in this interpretation of him, has always been an advocate of "the pretensions of the Christian Scientists." He appeared before the legislature of Massachusetts in opposition to a bill forbidding Christian Scientists to practice medicine.

His position in the world of science proper is considered critically by Dr. Witmer. That position is not so high, according to this critic, as the layman might infer from the prestige attained by him through his Harvard professorship and his studies into the psychology of life-processes. Indeed, the attitude of William James is highly unscientific, one might almost say anti-scientific, according to the

article by Dr. Witmer in *The Psychological Clinic*, which makes it appear that Professor James has produced no results which have had any effect on the development of modern psychology. To quote:

"The son of a Swedenborgian mystic and writer, William James was born in the year 1842. He attended the Lawrence Scientific School but took no degree, and subsequently graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1870, where he taught from 1872 until 1880 as instructor and assistant in comparative anatomy and physiology. Professor James may therefore be said to have had at least the training of a man of science. In 1880 he became assistant professor of philosophy and in 1885 professor of philosophy. In 1889 he assumed the chair of psychology, which he held until 1897, when he again returned to the chair of philosophy. Alone of the larger universities of this country, Harvard still fails to make a definite distinction between the departments of philosophy and psychology. Their philosophers teach and write psychology, and their psychologist teaches and writes philosophy. A philosopher-psychologist, temperamentally interested in mysticism, professionally engaged in philosophy, and temporarily assuming the rôle of a psychologist, Professor James represents to-day the survival of an academic tradition. In addition to his eight years occupancy of the chair of psychology at Harvard, his claim to recognition as a psychologist is based upon the publication in 1890 of a work entitled 'The Principles of Psychology.' Gifted with a charming literary style, a keen sense for the dramatic in presentation, and a love of speculation without any positive determination to arrive at a solution, James has produced the most popular text book in psychology. This book is accepted by many as a standard work on the subject. As a matter of fact, it represents a transition between old and new psychology.

"James's attitude, even toward more general problems of psychology, is one of utter weariness at the difficult task of investigation on a scientific basis. It looks like intellectual asthenia, but it is really the boredom of an emotional and mystical temperament forced to dig when it would like to fly. Naturally, therefore, he gives expression to such debilitating opinions as the following: 'Perhaps you will ask me what are the practical benefits conferred on the world by this interesting science. So far as I am able to discern, absolutely none.' Thus might a poet feel toward the progress that has been made in the science of electricity from Faraday to Edison. The poet's opinion would scarcely influence the course of science or the feelings of the practical man as he turns on the electric light. But a clever writer with a poet's make-up, backed by an academic position, is capable of arresting to an appreciable extent the progress of a science which has still its place to win in the world."



THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PILLAR OF THE HARVARD TEMPLE

Professor William James, "the centre of a cultured and admiring circle," is accused by some critics of being no true scientist.

While Professor James contributes neither in fact nor in spirit to the results and methods of modern experimental psychology—we are still following *The Psychological Clinic*—the science might yet owe him much for the development of its theory. But Professor James's contributions appear to be important without really being so. A theory of the emotions, for instance, goes by the name of the James-Lange theory, but the difference between James's method and that of Lange is well known to the professional student, altho the layman remains in ignorance respecting it. James has contributed a phrase, a paradox and literary expression, whereas Lange has contributed results which, whether they be accepted or ultimately rejected, have played a determining part in the development of the analysis of the emotions. James's exposition of the theory is chiefly useful to arouse to a newer point of view those in whom reflection is moribund. Throughout the "Principles of Psychology," by William James, the dramatic, the sensational, and the unusual have played the leading parts. For this reason the work is a stimulus rather than a treatise—a book for the beginner and not for the scholar. That it has had a tremendous influence in arousing an interest in psychological questions, and has assisted in the development of the science is only an evidence of the low level of scientific work in the United States.

It is as "the spoiled child of American psychology, exempt from all serious criticism and the beau ideal of a large and cultured circle," that *The Psychological Clinic* dismisses Professor James. Since the publication of his "Principles of Psychology," we are told, Professor James has "apparently relaxed the intellectual inhibition which every man should exert over his desires." Characterized throughout a long life by an unusual fairness of mind, we find him at last becoming so tolerant to all beliefs that he is willing to exalt the value of systems which to the common sense judgment contain but very few grains of truth. As for the eminent Professor Royce, his incapacity to pass judgment upon any question involved in the discussion that has preceded is treated with scant respect. Professor Royce, it is conceded, "has been more guarded in indicating the popular implications of his obscurantist attitude than James has been in exploiting the occult and mystical elements of his psycho-philosophical theories or than Münsterberg in the application of psychological methods and results to law, medicine and everyday affairs." Royce's work, more-

over, has been thought out in more deliberate fashion, and presents a point of view and a system of philosophy which would require in some details even less regard for the amenities of criticism than James gets the benefit of. It suffices *The Psychological Clinic* to affirm that "the gifts" which this wise man of "our most venerable institution of learning" has to "lay at the feet of the infant science in this country are obscurantism, occultism, and bluff."

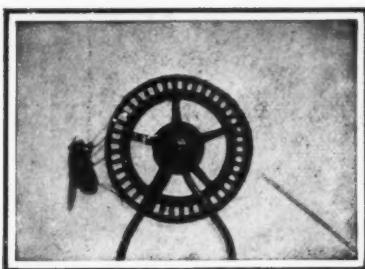
From a somewhat more popular point of view, an attempt to expose what is called "the fake philosophy taught at Harvard" is made by Professor Raymond St. James Perrin, of Columbia University, who is widely known as a lecturer and a writer on philosophy. His paper was given to a limited circle of magazine editors and writers in the pages of *The Bang*. This is a facetious little paper, but Professor Perrin wishes to be taken very seriously when he says in one of its recent issues:

"It may seem ungracious to hold the eminent men who are teaching philosophy at Harvard responsible for what amounts to a widespread intellectual scandal. Is it fair, for instance, to charge Dr. William James and Profs. Royce, Santayana and Münsterberg with teaching a fake philosophy when they are simply following the trend of academic thought observed in almost every institution of learning in the world? Better scholars or more attractive personalities than these men it would be difficult to find, and yet the metaphysic they teach is unreal and, as it has the effect of crippling the minds of our American youth, it ought to be exposed.

"Philosophy is not a thing apart from science. Cause and effect account alike for our simplest experiences and our most exalted ideas. If we are creatures of habit, we should not forget that even spirituality at times becomes so much a prey to convention as to constitute a bad habit. The aristocracy of learning is apt to forget our kinship with the inanimate.

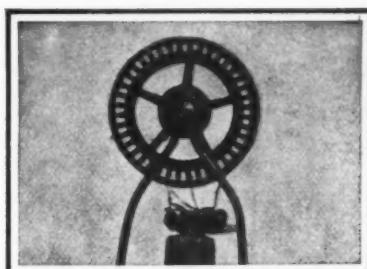
"Transcendentalism is a spiritual affectation. It is a conceited way of looking at nature. The empire of mind is the home of the spirit, but its government is universal. The same power that causes a weight to fall to the ground enables us to pray and forgive.

"Transcendentalism in America is a New England growth, but the seed was brought from Germany. Up to twenty-five years ago before the evolutionary philosophy had become a power in the world, it was the fashion to study philosophy in the Fatherland. Now the four men whom the Fatherland acknowledges as leaders of transcendental thought and whom, by the way, Schopenhauer characterized as the 'four greatest impostors,' are Emanuel Kant and his immediate followers, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. These men were geniuses and wrote beautiful and mighty things, but no one has ever clearly understood them, and no one ever will. They have made themselves fundamentally incomprehensible by contradicting nature."



WALKING UP

It is inferred that the fly believes itself to be upon a fixed surface.



THE WHEEL TURNED

A bluebottle fly has been imprisoned and forced to perform this feat.

UTILIZING THE STRENGTH OF THE FLY

WHILE it can not be said that any successful effort has been made to train the domestic fly, it would appear from what *The Scientific American* has to say concerning the accompanying pictures that the insect is susceptible to something more or less like education.

The species illustrated is the familiar domestic bluebottle, which, because of its size, is most suited to the purpose. In one case the fly is seen lying on its back or seated in a diminutive chair, supported or held in position by a thin band of silk passed around its waist. In this position it held and played or juggled with a number of articles of relatively large size, such as small dumb bells and weights, or nursed a smaller fly without any apparent effort. A certain degree of restraint was imposed, but in the case of revolving the small wheel, the insect was allowed complete freedom.

In order to revolve the wheel, the fly was made to try to walk along its periphery. An ingenious device was prepared, the object

being to cause it to desist from its natural inclination to fly, and to induce it to walk up the side of the wheel. A dark box was fitted with a small door of very thin glass attached to an escapement similar to that of a pendulum clock. When the fly was first imprisoned in the box, it instantly attempted to effect an escape through the glass door with a frantic buzz. Every time it struck the glass it received a slight tap on the head from the escapement. At first such results only increased its fury, but in a short time, owing to the continued tappings upon its head, it would become more tractable. Finally, instead of trying to escape by flying, it would make an effort to achieve its object by walking up the wheel. While in this tractable condition the photographs were secured. The entomologist, however, found it impossible to depend upon the results of the incarceration in the box, since very often a fly that had been under instruction for days upon removal to the wheel outside immediately took advantage of its liberty and flew away. Another fly (here pictured) performs an even more unusual feat.



BALANCING

A ball of cork is the object, the pair of flies being the performing subjects. One fly does the balancing.



TAMED

The insect is consuming a dash of molasses on a pin held in the experimenter's hand.



"REALIZATION"

Together with "Desperation" on the part of "little Willie" on the right as he sees his last chance for that luscious meal disappearing down his brother's throat.



"EAGER ANTICIPATION"

This sentiment is that of two young kingbirds in contrast with the "Nervous Caution" of the more experienced mother bird.

THE EXPRESSION OF

TO THE lay mind it would seem that a bird must be entirely incapable of emotion as that term is understood among men. That a bird, however, not only possesses emotions, but is capable of adequately showing them, is affirmed, after years of study and by the proof of a large collection of photographs by the able ornithologist, Clinton G. Abbott. The raising or depressing of her feathers, the poise of her body, the opening or closing of her bill, and "the expression of her wonderful eye" are, in the bird, emotional revelations to which Professor Abbott attaches great importance. As a test of the expression of emotion in birds, says this careful student

EMOTION IN BIRDS

of the subject, let any owner of a canary approach its cage with whistled notes of encouragement and sympathy:

"The little fellow will doubtless cock his head on one side, raise his crest, and gaze in a quizzical and friendly manner at his visitor. But utter some unaccustomed sound, or run the finger-tip across the bars, and instantly his manner will change; with feathers tightly depressed, and body slim, he will dash from perch to perch with a look of unmistakable terror in his eye. Who would maintain that the expression of the face of a barnyard fowl, as she runs at the signal of corn-scattering, is the same as when with ruffled feathers she boldly resents interference with her brood?

"If, then, one can appreciate the expression of emotion in birds whose spirits have been spoiled by generations of captivity and pampering, how



"FEAR"

Enlarged detail of sandpiper's head from photographs taken when she plucked up courage to return to her nest for the first time.



"PEACEFULNESS"

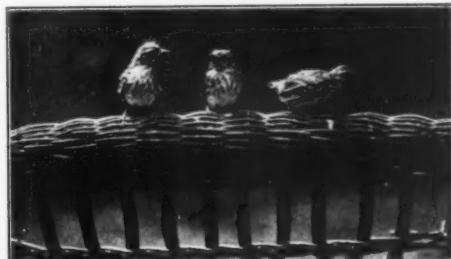
This is the same bird as the one representing "Fear," after three days of photographing when she learned that the man with the camera meant her no harm.



"OBSTINACY"

"I don't want to have my picture in the paper," says the young herring gull. Observe the stubborn bracing of the feet and the determined expression.

much more marked must it be in the wild denizens of the forest and moor, whose very existence in the midst of a hostile world depends upon their own ingenuity and wits! The goose, which in a tame state is called the stupidest of all poultry,



THE INDIGNATION MEETING

The absurd pose assumed by young chipping sparrows when placed for their photograph on the back of an old garden chair.

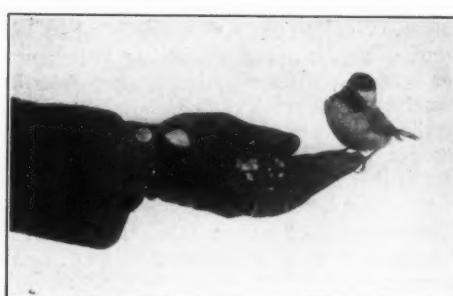
will be found on its nesting grounds in the far north of Scotland to be possessed of an intelligence and crafty nature such as has seldom come under my observation, either by direct contact with Nature or from study of the work of others."

DETECTIVE WORK IN ASTRONOMY

DISCOVERY of a truth in the heavens varies in little, except the subject, from the discovery of a crime on earth, says that most eminent of living astronomers, Professor Percival Lowell, in the latest of his books.* The forcing of the secrets of the sky is, he adds, like the forcing of the secrets of a man, simply a piece of detective work. It is the finding of a cause instead of the finding of a culprit; but the process, Professor Lowell insists, is quite similar. Like, too, are, or should be, the methods employed.

In astronomy, as in criminal investigation,

explains this competent interpreter, two kinds of testimony must be secured. Circumstantial evidence must first be marshalled, and then a motive must be found. To omit the purpose as irrelevant and rest content with gathering the facts is really as inconclusive a procedure in science as in law, and rarely ends in convincing any more than in properly convicting anybody. For motive is just as all-pervading a preliminary to cosmic as to human events, only for lack of fully comprehending it we call the one a motive and the other a cause. Unless we can succeed in assigning a sufficient reason for a given set of observed phenomena, we have not greatly furthered the ends of knowledge, and have done no more than the clerkage of science. A theory is just



"HESITATION"

"Do I dare?" inquires the chickadee.



"HELPLESS RAGE"

A young night heron who very much resents being posed for his photograph against his will.

as necessary to give a working value to any body of facts as a backbone is to higher animal locomotion. It affords the data vertebrate support, fitting them for the pursuit of what had otherwise eluded research.

Co-ordination is the end of science, the aim of all attempt at learning what this universe may mean. And co-ordination is only another name for theory, as the law of gravitation witnesses. Now, to be valid, a theory must fulfil two conditions. It must not be contradicted by any fact within its purview, and it must assign an underlying thread of reason to explain all the phenomena observed. Circumstantial evidence must first lead to a suspect, and then this suspect must prove equal to accounting for the facts.

This is the method pursued by Professor Lowell in arriving at his conclusions respecting Mars as the abode of life.

Starting with the known physical laws applicable to the concentration of matter, we find that altho, in the general course of evolution of the earth and of Mars, the process was similar, the smaller mass of Mars caused it to differ eventually from the earth in some important respects.

Three of these are noteworthy: (1) its surface should be smoother than the earth's; (2) its oceans relatively less; (3) its air scantier. On turning to Mars itself we find that these three attributes of the planet are exactly what the telescope discloses. (1) The planet's surface is singularly flat, being quite devoid of mountains; (2) its oceans in the past covered at most three-eighths of its surface instead of three-quarters, as with us; (3) its air is relatively thin.

We next find that physical loss should, from its smaller mass, have caused Mars to age more quickly. This aging should reveal itself by the more complete departure of what oceans it once possessed, and by the wider spread of deserts.

Telescopic observation next discloses these two peculiarities: (1) no oceans now exist on the planet's surface; (2) deserts occupy five-eighths of it.

From such confirmation of the principles of planetary evolution, from the present aspect of the planet Mars, Professor Lowell goes on to consider the most essential prerequisites of habitability—water and warmth. Water he seeks first, and he finds it in the polar caps of Mars. The phenomena of the polar caps prove explicable as consisting of water and not as

of anything else. Still more important is the question of temperature. He took this up with particularity. Instead of a temperature prohibitive to life, Professor Lowell finds one entirely suitable for it. And this even more for animals than for plants. For a climate of extremes is what Mars appears to be, with the summers warm. Now, investigations on earth have shown that it is the temperature of the hottest season that determines the existence of animals, cold much more adversely affecting plants. Yet to the presence of the latter the look of the disk conformed. Scanning it, he marks effects which can only be explained as vegetation. Thus the conditions on Mars show themselves hospitable to both great orders of life, the latter actually revealing its presence by its great seasonal change of tint.

Here Professor Lowell reached the end of what might directly be disclosed in the organic economy of the planet. For at this point we brought up before a most significant fact: that vegetable life could thus reveal itself directly, but that animal life could not. Not by its body but by its mind would it be known. Across the gulf of space it could be recognized only by the imprint it had made on the face of Mars.

Turning to the planet, Professor Lowell witnessed a surprising thing. There on the Martian disk were just such markings as intelligence might have made. Seen even with the unthinking eye, they appear strange beyond belief, but viewed thus, in the light of deduction, they seem positively startling, like a prophecy come true.

For confronting the observer are lines and spots that but impress him the more, Professor Lowell says, as his study goes on, with their non-natural look. So uncommonly regular are they, and on such a scale as to raise suspicion whether they can be regularly produced by nature. Next to one's own eyesight, the best proof of this is the unsolicited endorsement it has received in the skepticism their depiction invariably evokes. Those who have not been privileged to see them find it well nigh impossible to believe that such things can be. Nor is this in the least surprising. But however consonant with nescience to doubt the existence of the lines on this score, to do so commits it to witness against itself in the most damaging style the moment their existence is proved. Now, assurance of actuality no longer needs defence,

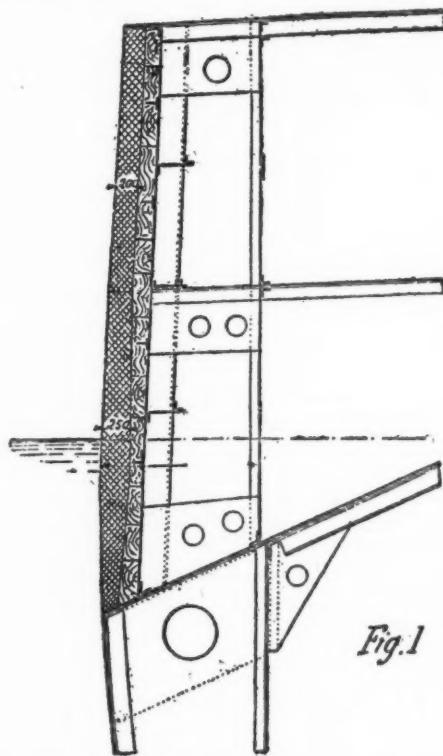
CONCRETE ARMOR FOR BATTLESHIPS

ARMOR plates of reinforced concrete for the huge twenty thousand ton battleships now in process of construction at the navy yards of Europe were suggested at the Italian congress of naval engineers by an authority on both construction and armor, Signor Lorenzo d'Adda, an engineer of standing. Signor d'Adda prepares a concrete of a specially manufactured cement mixed with hard stone and sand. Its specific gravity is about 2.25, with which, says *The Scientific American*, to which we are indebted for these details, may be compared the specific gravity of Krupp steel—8.1. D'Adda asserts that five inches of his reinforced concrete will resist armor-piercing projectiles, and three inches will resist shells as well as one inch of Krupp steel. The interior of the concrete armor contains a network of stout iron bars as an additional reinforcement. The hardness of the

concrete is graduated like that of Krupp steel armor, the outer layer being harder than the interior.

The idea of using concrete for armor was suggested to the inventor by the remarkable resistance opposed at the siege of Port Arthur to the Russian projectiles by the Japanese casemates, which were made of concrete, without any reinforcement, and by the results of experiment and practical experience in other countries in regard to the effect of gun fire on concrete.

"The inventor contends, very properly, that there is a great difference between the proving ground and the naval battle, and that at the former the advantage is all in favor of the projectile. The actual conditions of war are so different that it is not fair to estimate the protection given to the ship by its armor by the results of tests made at the proving station. The penetrating power of projectiles is dependent upon various conditions which cannot be foreseen. If concrete affords sufficient protection

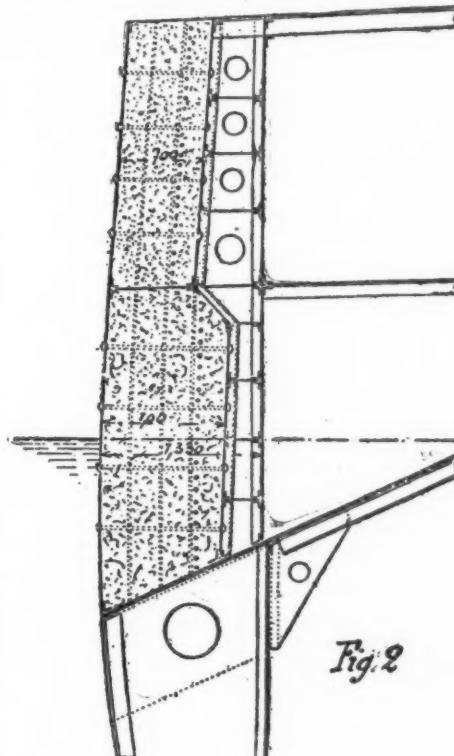


Courtesy *The Scientific American*.

STEEL ARMOR.

TRANSVERSE SECTION OF SIDE OF BATTLESHIP "REGINA ELENA"

As actually armored with steel and as it would appear with equivalent armor of reinforced concrete.



CONCRETE ARMOR.

to land fortifications, it ought to be equally effective when applied to a floating fortress. The great displacement of modern warships will permit the carrying of concrete armor of a thickness of 60 inches at the water line and 40 inches above it. At the usual fighting distance 60 inches of reinforced concrete of the best construction cannot be pierced by a 12-inch armor-piercing projectile. The steel point of such a projectile would be softened, if not melted, by the heat of impact and friction before it had gone

through 24 inches of hard concrete, and the remnant of its penetrating power would be destroyed by the chemical action of the ingredients of the concrete. On the other hand, explosive shells could not penetrate to any great depth, but would burst and waste their force on the outer layers. D'Adda exhibited drawings showing the possible application of his concrete armor to the new battleship *Regina Elena*, and stated that it would cost seven million lire (\$1,400,000) less than the steel armor actually used."

BACTERIOLOGY OF THE COMMON COLD

COLDS are among the most frequent of all the so-called minor ailments, and are especially frequent in this country, notes the *New York Medical Record*. The reason for this prevalence of catarrhal states in America have been variously stated. One cause, and possibly the chief cause, according to our professional contemporary, is that the houses and offices and public buildings of every description are generally overheated, and especially that the air in them is over-dry, rendering those who spend a great part of the day under such conditions peculiarly susceptible to the influence of variations of temperature. It is curious to note that the majority of people look upon the complaint known as catarrhal fever as trifling. "Only a cold," is a stock figure of speech, and few realize that from so trivial a source spring diseases which kill and incapacitate thousands.

"When defining colds Allen avoids the term 'fever,' inasmuch as any rise of temperature is more often than not local and not general; indeed, the true body of temperature obtained either 'per rectum' or by means of the urine is more often than not subnormal. Another feature of some moment in connection with colds is that they are always acute at the outset, but may go on to a chronic stage, persisting for even twenty years, punctuated at intervals by acute exacerbations.

"The bacteriology of colds was investigated by the writer with care and patience, and his conclusions, though necessarily not definite and even somewhat confusing, throw some light on the matter. The influence of three bacilli and of one micrococcus was traced, *Bacillus friedländeri*, *B. influenza*, *B. septus*, and *Micrococcus catarrhalis*. In the trachea, throat, and nose, several other organisms were isolated, but Allen (an able writer on the subject in England) decided that the above-named were those fruitful of harm.

"Little need be said regarding the capacity of *Bacillus influenza* and of *Micrococcus catarrhalis* to produce colds, as both these organisms have been definitely shown to be capable of so doing. The claims, however, of the other micro-organisms mentioned as a causative factor in the origin of

colds have not up to the present time been thoroughly examined.

"Among other reasons for Allen's belief that *Bacillus friedländeri* is an important factor in causing colds is that an emulsion of the bacillus was spilt in the laboratory where three individuals were working, and within a few hours each developed a mild catarrhal attack during which the bacillus was found in the nasal mucus. Other evidence tending in the same direction is given, and the investigator seems to have brought forward a fairly strong case against this organism. Allen places the Friedländer bacillus, indeed, in the front rank as the originator of the ordinary cold, and furthermore holds the view that this bacillus is probably the sole cause of a chronic nasal catarrh and that the risk of the involvement of the Eustachian tube, middle-ear, and accessory sinuses being considerable, the prognosis in the case of this organism should be very guarded and much greater care should be taken by the patient. The claims of *Bacillus septus* are not so great, as many previous investigators have endeavored to show, tho the writer believes that this microbe is the etiological factor in the production of a certain percentage of colds."

In the treatment of cold Allen regards quinine as theoretically about the most useless of any drug in the pharmacopeia, tho in practice, especially in combination with ammonia, he thinks it may possibly do some good. The most useful drugs, however, are in his opinion the oil of cinnamon and the oil of eucalyptus, the former being preferable by reason of its better odor and better taste. It should, however, be given in generous doses—20 minims in milk every hour for three hours, then two doses of 15 minims at intervals of two hours, and finally several doses of 10 minims at three or four hour intervals.

"He puts most reliance, however, upon vaccine therapy. The best time for dealing with an acute attack is either at the onset or on the third day; inoculation between these times is not advisable, as it may produce considerable constitutional disturbance. The appropriate doses are 250,000,000 of *B. septus*, and 125,000,000 of either *B. friedländeri* or *Micrococcus catarrhalis*. Should an acute diagnosis of the infecting organism not be

possible, a combined vaccine of the several 'cold' organisms may be given. Repetition of the dose is not usually necessary, but should it be, then 500,000,000 of *B. septis* or *M. catarrhalis* may be given at the end of a week, or 250,000,000 of *B. fridlander* at the end of a fortnight.

"To secure immunity against colds the author advises the administration of a dose of 250,000,000 of each of the several organisms every four to six months, the first being given three weeks after recovery [assuming recovery to have taken place] from the acute attack."

ANTHROPOLOGICAL DESTINY OF THE EUROPEAN POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES

NOVEL and important problems relating to the European population in this country—problems for the solution of which the evidence is insufficient—were raised by Professor Ripley in his recent Huxley lecture before the Royal Anthropological Institution in London. In contrast to Europe, Professor Ripley said, where the existing races have grown up from the soil, "one may say they have dropped from the sky" in America. "They are in the land, but not yet an integral part of it. They are as yet unrelated to its physical environment." Further, the influence of environment on this diverse population is as yet little more than a matter for speculation. The day has passed for assuming that the modern American type is a reversion to that of the American Indian. But for the future of this foreign population, suddenly planted among new surroundings, we must depend more and more upon speculation than upon prophecy, because as yet except in the classical records of the armies recruited for the civil war, anthropological statistics are not available.

"The extent of this foreign invasion of the country is stupendous. Twenty-five million emigrants have landed since 1820, and in 1907 no fewer than one and a quarter million souls were added to the population; and, what is still more remarkable, the source of supply has completely changed in recent years. A quarter of a century ago two-thirds of the annual immigration was in origin Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon; at present less than one-sixth is derived from this source. The newcomers are now mainly south Italian, Russian, or Austro-Hungarian. We have even tapped the political sinks of Europe, and are now drawing large numbers of Greeks, Armenians and Syrians. Ninety per cent. of the tailors of New York are Russo-Polish Jews; all day laborers, once Irish, are now Italian; fruit-vendors, once Italian, are now Greek. Chicago is now the second Bohemian, the third Swedish, the fourth Polish, the fifth German city in the world.

The question then arises, Will these racial groups coalesce into a more or less uniform American type? In dealing with this problem, Prof. Ripley discusses the causes which promote and those which operate to prevent the union of these races. On

the one hand, as tending to combination, he notices the extreme mobility of the newer industrial immigrants, and their readiness to wander into the most distant parts of the country in search of employment; the inequality of the sexes, males being in a large majority, which results in marriage of the new-comers with locally born women. In this connection, he remarks the tendency of the male as he rises in the world endeavoring to improve his social position by marrying into a class higher than his own. The main cause which checks further union of the races is the concentration or segregation of the immigrants in compact industrial colonies or in the large cities of the west. While the Teutonic races wander far afield as colonists, the Mediterranean, Slavic and Oriental races herd in the towns."

An investigation of marriage statistics brings out many interesting facts. Even in the case of the Jews, the most exclusive of peoples, there is more intermarriage than is commonly supposed, the Jews in Boston constantly taking as wives Irish or Irish-American women. All the facts of marriage and birth-rates, however, indicate a relative submergence of the Anglo-Saxon stock in the near future. While the birth-rate among them is steadily declining, the fecundity of the foreign races newly arrived in the country shows little signs of diminishing. In Massachusetts, the birth-rate of these two races is in the proportion of about one to three. This superiority will probably not be maintained, as even now the fecundity of the foreigners seems to be diminishing after the second generation; but their vitality under a favorable environment is remarkable.

"This race struggle is only in its very earliest stage, and it remains to be seen whether the Anglo-Saxon will be able to preserve and transmit his characteristic culture over these hordes of foreigners.

"America, including Canada, is thus confronted with a novel series of problems, racial and social, and to add to these she has to deal with a fresh set of difficulties connected with the negro and the Filipino, with which Prof. Ripley was unable to deal in this address. He cherishes a pious hope that a satisfactory solution will be attained; but this lies in the lap of the future, and it will be well that this notable address should attract on both sides of the Atlantic the attention which it deserves."

WHY ONE CASE OF CANCER HAS NO RELATION TO ANY OTHER

ALL research work of the past five years has made it more certain than it ever was before that cancer contains no virus or other parasite foreign to the living organism. The assertion will be vehemently denied by many cancer experts of eminence, according to the third report of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund of London, a document recently issued, but the evidence is pronounced overwhelming. The crucial importance of the subject arises from the question so often asked as to whether a relative suffering from cancer is dangerous to others, or if an historic family mansion should be burnt down because many progenitors inheriting it had died of cancer.

During the past six years, it seems from the official report already mentioned, many tens of thousands of mice suffering from cancer have been under the most stringent observation in the laboratory. If cancer were communicable in the sense in which infective diseases are communicable, animals housed along with those naturally suffering from or inoculated with cancer would be the first to suffer. In an experience extending over the six years indicated—almost three times the length of a mouse's life—exhaustive investigation has shown that this risk does not exist.

This fact of itself satisfies those scientists handling the animals. They incur still less risk in passing many hours daily dealing with cancerous animals in a room in which ten thousand of such rats and mice are usually housed at one time. If such a cancer house as never before existed has no dangers to human beings who spend their days in it, other persons have no ground for apprehension:

"The presence, every day in the year, of some 50,000 persons suffering from cancer in England and Wales constitutes no menace to the health of those near and dear to them, nor to the health of the population generally, as would a smaller number of people suffering from small-pox. Notwithstanding the unwise assertions irresponsible enthusiasts will continue to make from time to time, what was a justifiable cause of public alarm has been removed by experiments on the transference of cancer from one animal to another, and on the housing of large numbers of cancerous with sound animals over a prolonged period. It has been demonstrated completely that artificial transference from animal to animal is due to the implantation of living cells. This is a factor which does not come in at all in reference to the frequency of spontaneous cancer in man and animals. In corresponding observations

on mice suffering from spontaneous cancer no case of transference has occurred.

"In this respect cancer presents a marked contrast to other diseases, e.g., tuberculosis, equally widely disseminated and common to man and the whole vertebrate phylum, for altho no race of mankind is exempt, and cancer extends down the vertebrate scale to marine fish living in a state of nature, there are the most striking limitations to its communications from one individual to another. There is no connecting link, as it were, between the disease as it presents itself in nearly allied species nor yet even in individuals of the same species. There is nothing which, while foreign to the animal body, is nevertheless common to cancer wherever it occurs. There is nothing equivalent, e.g., to the characteristics of tuberculous tissues which, no matter what the species of animal, are stamped with unmistakable common features by the presence of the tubercle bacillus. The properties of the tubercle bacillus obscure all the natural properties of the tissue containing it, and they confer upon such tissue new properties essentially the same in all species of animals. Tubercular tissue has common properties in all animals; the distinctions of species, and of individual tissues of one and the same species, are submerged in their acquirement of a new property, conferring on them the power of conveying the disease to previously healthy tissues, not only from one animal to another of the same species, but also to others of different species. The tuberculous tissues themselves, however, die when transferred to a few animal; they do not grow; they merely hand on the cause of the disease, viz., the bacteria, which continue to grow in new soil."

How, then, is the pervasion of the animal kingdom by cancer explicable?

It is intelligible, we are told by way of reply, because experiment has proved that cancerous tissues retain not only the characters of the species of animal, but also those features distinguishing the several normal tissues of an individual, and because the general conclusions from comparative and experimental investigation are that cancer arises—strange as it may seem—Independently and of its own accord, and even spontaneously and sporadically in each individual attacked by a transformation of healthy tissue, one case of cancer having no relation to any other. This general conclusion is based, says the report, upon observations and experiment of very varied but confirmatory nature, resulting in the most contradictory and baffling situation, from the therapeutic standpoint, with which the science of medicine has had to cope since the spread of the black death through Europe. But it should not be forgotten that the problem of cancer is receiving more attention at this time than any other question still remaining unanswered in therapeutics.

JOY AND SORROW MEASURED BY THE PSYCHO-GALVANIC REFLEX



PHYSICAL manifestation of mental processes in the form of a change in the electrical properties of the skin is referred to by Dr. Otto Veraguth in *Umschau* as the psycho-galvanic reflex. The change in the electrical properties of the skin to which this scientist refers takes place whenever an emotion is felt by a human being. It can be detected and recorded by means of a sensitive galvanometer. The point of a needle, connected with one point or, more correctly,

vessels of lukewarm brine connected with the battery and galvanometer, or to press the palms of the hands or the soles of the feet on plates of metals similarly connected. In all cases the deflection gradually diminishes during perfect mental calm, and is suddenly increased by emotion. The stimulus may be a flash of light, a sharp whistle, a prick with a needle, or a word, spoken or written.

In order to affect the galvanometer, the stimulus must produce an emotion or feeling of some kind. For example, the steady decrease of the deflection is not interrupted by reading uninteresting matter, but a word that awakens interest always increases the deflection.

The interval between the stimulus and the movement of the galvanometer is one of the peculiarities of the psycho-galvanic reflex that may aid us in detecting its nature. The length of the interval and all other phases can be recorded by well known photographic methods. The curve obtained in this way often shows, before the great deviation, a small deviation in the opposite direction which considerably shortens the latent interval. Often, also, a strong stimulus is followed by several, and sometimes by many, oscillations, and the deviations caused by successive stimuli of the same kind gradually diminish. The same peculiarities have been observed in the galvanic re-

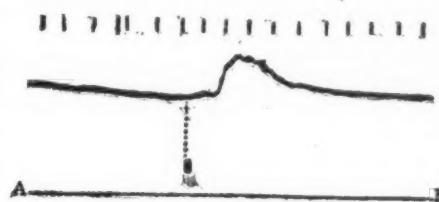


AN OUTLINE

Curves of deflection produced by pricking the scalp at the instant indicated by the black square. The vertical marks denote seconds.

pole of a sal-ammoniac battery is thrust through the skin of the palm of the hand in a normal person. When the pain of the wound has eased, a steel plate, connected with the other pole of the battery, is laid on the skin between the needle and the plate. The strength of this current is indicated by a sensitive galvanometer composed of two fixed coils and a suspended coil, which takes the place of a magnet and carries a mirror. If the subject remains at rest and undisturbed by emotion, the galvanometer reading is found to decrease, at first rapidly, and then more slowly, indicating a corresponding increase in the resistance of the skin; but any stimulus which produces an emotion produces a temporary decrease in the resistance of the skin, which is indicated by an increased deflection of the galvanometer. If the galvanic cell is removed from the circuit, the galvanometer again shows a deflection, varying within wide limits, when an emotional stimulus is applied.

This effect is due, not to a change in resistance, but to the variation caused by emotion in the electromotive force resident in the skin. These experiments, especially the first one, can be greatly simplified. The skin need not be pierced. It is sufficient to immerse the hands of the person experimented with in two



EMOTIONAL CONFESSION

Curve of reflex produced by a sound emitted at the instant indicated by the ordinate below. The vertical marks denote seconds.

flexes of plants, certain animal tissues, and especially electric fishes. Psychology possesses in the psycho-galvanic reflex an objective indication of emotions which, in contrast to many other forms of expression, is free from ambiguity and apparently from control by the will of the person experimented upon. We can not prevent the electric confession of our skins.

Recent Poetry



POETRY, they sometimes tell us, is no longer in demand. But we cannot hold a centennial celebration without calling upon the poets, or, if they are not around, upon the near-poets, to help us. If there is some new triumph of mind over matter, such as the rescue of the *Republic* by wireless telegraphy, we feel that the event is inadequately treated until the poets have said something about it. If a new century is about to dawn, or a new university is to be dedicated, or a golden wedding is to be celebrated, or any other of the milestones of national, institutional, or individual history is to be passed, two things still seem essential to the occasion—a speech and a poem. We may possibly, if the event is significant enough, call upon the sculptor or the painter or even the musical composer for his aid; but none of the other fine arts can take rank with poetry and oratory as a necessity in all our formal and ceremonial observances. In schools where declamations are yet in vogue, two-thirds of the "pieces" are and always have been at least alleged poetry. One-half of the contents of any scrap-book you come across in the homes of the people consists of verse. In the valentine, the autograph album, and the obituary column the rhythmic stanza still holds its own! The heart of the lover and the heart of the mourner still turn naturally unto the words of the bards. Instead of being no longer in demand, there is no other art so constantly in demand, and so close to the emotional life of the common people. And every writer who unpacks his heart in words feels that any real message he has to posterity will stand a better chance of a long and safe voyage down the years if it can be couched in the melodious lines of a true lyric.

The Lincoln centenary has come and gone, and any number of Lincoln poems have been given to the world. None that we have seen—with, perhaps, one exception, that of Mr. Robinson's, printed in this department last month—has the note of real inspiration. One of the best-builded of them all was Mr. Hagedorn's ode, read at the centenary exercises held in Philadelphia by the Loyal Legion of Pennsylvania. It is too long to reprint here, but we give an extract:

LINCOLN

BY HERMAN HAGEDORN

Oh, patient eyes, oh, bleeding, mangled heart!
Oh, hero, whose wide soul, defying chains,

Swept at each army's head,
Swept to the charge and bled,
Gathering in one too sorrow-laden heart
All woes, all pains;
The anguish of the trusted hope that wanes,
The soldier's wound, the lonely mourner's smart.
He knew the noisy horror of the fight,
From dawn to dusk and through the hideous night
He heard the hiss of bullets, the shrill scream
Of the wide-arching shell,
Scattering at Gettysburg or by Potomac's stream,
Like summer flowers, the pattering rain of death;
With every breath,
He tasted battle and in every dream,
Trailing like mists from gaping walls of hell,
He heard the thud of heroes as they fell.
Oh, man of many sorrows, 'twas your blood
That flowed at Chickamauga, at Bull Run,
Vicksburg, Antietam, and the gory wood
And Wilderness of ravenous Deaths that stood
Round Richmond like a ghostly garrison:
Your blood for those who won,
For those who lost, your tears!
For you the strife, the fears,
For us, the sun!
For you the lashing winds and the beating rain in
your eyes,
For us the ascending stars and the wide, unbounded
skies,
Oh, man of storms! Patient and kingly soul!
Oh, wise physician of a wasted land!
A nation felt upon its heart your hand,
And lo, your hand hath made the shattered, whole,
With iron clasp your hand hath held the wheel
Of the lurching ship, on tempest waves no keel
Hath ever sailed.
A grim smile held your lips while strong men
quailed.
You strove alone with chaos and prevailed;
You felt the grinding shock and did not reel,
And, ah, your hand that cut the battle's path
Wide with the devastating plague of wrath,
Your bleeding hand, gentle with pity yet,
Did not forget
To bless, to succor, and to heal.

Last month, in another department, in our story of the rescue of the *Republic*, we quoted lines from a poem which we credited to Mr. Oppenheim. In doing so we confused the poem with another, on the same subject, written by Mr. Oppenheim, and published a few weeks ago in the *New York Times*. We reprint this latter poem entire:

WIRELESS

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

The seas are deep and the seas are wide, and or
ever the days of creatures were,
By sun and moon was pulled the tide and all the
Earth was ocean-stir—
Then came land and then came beast and then came
Man, and five feet high
Blinked his eyes on the churning yeast of a sea that
melted in the sky.

Laughing the five-foot creature stood against the leagues on leagues of the deep—
Laughing he knotted a raft of wood and paddled his craft through hollow and steep—
But the seas are deep and the seas are wide, and they swallowed him down—and a host thereafter—
Till nations came like a vast ebb-tide and went down cured of insolent laughter.

Nation by nation the daring came, with ribs of oak and with ribs of steel,
With wing of sail or heart of flame, but the great sea sucked them keel by keel—
Till some escaped and some flew free, and mammoth greyhounds skimmed the deep—
Yet still the salt and dreadful sea was like a mastodon asleep.

But now comes the triumph of all the ages—the subject seas belong to Man—
They break his ship when the tempest rages, they bind his keel with the ancient ban,
But out through the big and blinding weather and the thick black fog that chokes and smothers,
Man sends his cry through the infinite ether and calls to him his coursing Brothers.

Lo, at his call the mighty steamers turn them about with word of love,
And deeds in the brains of ancient dreamers come real in flesh and live and move—
The Brotherhood gathers on gliding foam and with sandal-seas are their frail feet shod—
Man is making of Earth a Home, man is making of man a god.

Lo, we have taken the Earth's rough features and builded cities and civilizations—
Lo, we tiny sky-lost creatures are shadowed by our own creations—
Earth, that was but rough seas and sands, becomes a being with soul and heart—
Man is the Power of God with hands to build of Chaos an ordered Art!

Earth and the teeming fullness thereof is Man's; and in five-feet of clay
There is light of Dream and fire of Love enough to burn the skies away—
With every Labor the Soul enlarges—its depths are vaster than the sea—
We have not touched its starry marges, nor guessed how godlike we may be.

Vast Eternities are before us with dreams and labors no soul may shirk:
Pure with the Glory divine that bore us we shall loosen God in us; set Him to work;
Unborn glories and grandeurs wait the releasing touch of a new creator;
The immense Creation of God is great, but the human spirit shall make it greater.

The Bookman announces the rediscovery of a lost Kipling poem. Six lines of the poem were quoted in an historical essay by Professor Turner, who was unable to find the rest of the poem in any of Kipling's published works. Professor Meany, of the University of Washington, suc-

ceeding no better in finding the complete poem, wrote direct to Kipling, and received a surprising reply to the effect that the lines were his, but he could not remember when or where the poem was originally published nor what the other lines were! Professor Meany thereupon published the facts in *The Century*, and one of the readers of that magazine promptly supplied him with the missing lines from his scrap-book. Here is the poem entire. Think of a man's being able to write such a poem and then forget it!

THE FORELOPER

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave break in fire,
He shall fulfil God's utmost will unknowing His desire;
And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars arise,
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadow of new skies.
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out and hunger arm his hand
To wring his food from a desert nude, his foothold from the sand.
His neighbor's smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices break his rest,
He shall go forth till South is North, sullen and dispossessed;
And he shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people, and a king;
And he shall come back in his own track, and by his scarce, cool camp;
There he shall meet the roaring street, the derrick, and the stamp;
For he must blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and with brand
Till on his last won wilderness an Empire's bulwarks stand.

William Herbert Carruth has given the world one little poem that is likely to live for many a decade to come—"Each In His Own Tongue." It is too well known to print again in these pages, but the publication of a new edition of his collected poems ("Each In His Own Tongue and Other Poems": Putnam's) reminds us that he has done other work of equal sincerity. Here are lines that evidently came hot from his brain-forgo:

THE TIME TO STRIKE

BY WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

My God, I am weary of waiting for the year of jubilee;
I know that the cycle of man is a moment only to thee;
They have held me back with preaching what the patience of God is like,
But the world is weary of waiting; will it never be time to strike?

When my hot heart rose in rebellion at the wrongs
my fellows bore,
It was "Wait until prudent saving has gathered you
up a store";
And "Wait till a higher station brings value in men's
eyes";
And "Wait till the gray-streaked hair shall argue
your counsel wise."

The hearts that kindled with mine are caught in the
selfsame net;
One waits to master the law, tho his heartstrings
vibrate yet;
And one is heaping up learning, and many are heaping
up gold,
And some are fierce in the forum, while slowly we
all wax old.

The rights of man are a byword; the bones are not
yet dust
Of those who broke the shackles and the shackles
are not yet rust
Till the masters are forging new ones, and coward
lips are sealed
While the code that cost a million lives is step by
step repealed.

The wily world-enchantress is working her cursèd
charm,
The spell of the hypnotizer is laming us head and
arm;
The wrong dissolves in a cloudbank of "whether"
and "if" and "still,"
And the subtleties of logic inhibit the sickly will.

The bitter lesson of patience I have practised, lo!
these years;
Can it be what has passed for prudence was
prompted by my fears?
Can I doubt henceforth in my choosing, if such a
choice I must have,
Between being wise and craven or being foolish and
brave?

Whenever the weak and weary are ridden down by
the strong,
Whenever the voice of honor is drowned by the
howling throng,
Whenever the right pleads clearly while the lords of
life are dumb,
The times of forbearance are over and the time to
strike is come.

George Sterling has just published in book form
his "Wine of Wizardry and Other Poems" (A. M.
Robertson). The title poem—which we reprinted
when it first appeared—is a striking illustration
of adjectival verse, but it is inorganic, not like a
tree with roots and trunk and branches, but more
like a necklace of unrelated opals. He has never,
to our mind, surpassed his "Testimony of the
Suns," with its cosmic sweep; but he has in his
new volume a shorter poem that exhibits much of
the same power to awaken in a reader the sense
of the awfulness of the universe and the littleness
of man. The last two lines of the third stanza
are worthy to stand alongside any two lines ever
penned by any of the poets.

A DREAM OF FEAR

BY GEORGE STERLING

Unseen the ghostly hand that led,
I walked where all was darkness, save
What light the moon, half-wasted, gave
Above a city of the dead.

So lone it was, so grey, I deemed
That death itself was scarce so old;
The moonlight fell forlorn and cold
On tombs where Time lay dead, it seemed.

Within its gates I heard the sound
Of winds in cypress-caverns caught
Of huddling trees that moaned, and sought
To whisper what their roots had found.

Within its gates my soul was led,
Down nettle-choked and haunted way—
An atom of the Dark's dismay,
In deaf immensities of dread.

In broken crypts where ghouls had slept
I saw how muttering devils sate
(Knowing the final grasp of Fate)
And told grim auguries, and wept.

The night was mad with nameless fear.
The Powers of Darkness feared the gloom
From sentried sky to anxious tomb
Ran messages I bent to hear.

Mine ears were sealed, nor heard I save
The secret known to Endor's witch—
Whispered to lemur and to lich
From lips made wiser by the grave.

O'er tarns where spectral vapors flowed
Antares shook with bloody light,
And guarded on its haughty flight
The offended fire of Alphard glowed.

The menace of infinity
Constrained the cavern of the skies.
I felt the gaze of solemn eyes
In hostile gulfs intent to see;

Gage of whose imminent designs,
Satanic Armageddon broke,
Where monstrous vans in blackness spoke
The flight of Evil on the Signs—

Abysmal occultation cast
By kingdoms of the sunken noon,
And shadow-shafts that smote the moon
At altars of the cloven Vast!

To worlds that faltered on their way
Python's intolerable hiss
Told from the jaws of his abyss
Malign amazement and dismay.

By god or demon undestroyed,
In malediction sate the stars,
Concentered from Titanic wars
To cry the judgments of the Void.

Assigned, implacable, supreme,
The heralds of the Curse came down:
I felt the eternal bastions' frown;
I saw colossal cerements gleam.

Convoking trumpets shook the gloom.
Their incommunicable word
Announced o'er Time's foundations, stirred
All vasts and covenants of doom.

I saw the light of dreadful fanes,
I heard enormous valves resound,
For eons sealed in crypts profound,
And clangor of ascending chains.

We have read with sustained interest Mr. Cale Young Rice's volume "Nirvana Days" (McClure Company), but are rather surprised to find that, in a volume so full of poetical ideas, no one poem has made a deep and abiding impression. Here, however, is a very fine picture:

SOMNAMBULISM

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Night is above me,
And Night is above the night.
The sea is beside me soothing, or is still.
The earth as a somnambulist moves on
In a strange sleep . . .
A sea-bird cries.
And the cry wakes in me
Dim, dead sea-folk, my sires—
Who more than myself are me.
Who sat on their beach long nights ago and saw
The sea in its silence;
And cursed it or implored;
Or with the Cross defied;
Then on the morrow in their boats went down.

Night is above me . . .
And Night is above the night.
Rocks are about me, and, beyond, the sand . . .
And the low reluctant tide,
That rushes back to ebb a last farewell
To the flotsam borne so long upon its breast.
Rocks . . . But the tide is out,
And the slime lies naked, like a thing ashamed
That has no hiding-place.
And the sea-bird hushes—
The bird and all far cries within my blood—
And earth as a somnambulist moves on.

We have seen many of Thomas Hardy's poetical efforts, but never until now have we seen one that seemed to us even moderately successful. This is rather more than moderately successful. We find it in *The New Quarterly*.

THE HOUSE OF HOSPITALITIES

By THOMAS HARDY

Here we broached the Christmas barrel,
And up-piled the billet-ends;
Here we sang the Christmas Carol,
And called in friends.

Time has tired me since we met here,
When the folk now dead were young—
Since the viands were outset here,
And quaint songs sung.

And the worm has bored the viol
That used to lead the tune,
Rust eaten out the dial
That struck night's noon.

Now no Christmas brings in neighbors,
And the New Year comes unlit;
Where we sang the mole now labors,
And spiders knit.

Yet at midnight if I walk here
When the moon sheets wall and tree,
Forms outshape and seem to talk here,
And smile on me.

Another English writer who has been turning from prose to poetry is Mr. Galsworthy. His verses in the *London Nation* have already been quite widely quoted:

THE CHURCH

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

Here stand I
Buttressed over the sea!
Time and sky
Take no toll from me.

To me, grey,
Wind-grey, flung with foam,
Ye that stray
Wild-foot, come ye home!

Mother, I—
Mother I will be!
Ere ye die,
Hear! O sons at sea!

Shall I fall,
Leave my flock of graves?
Not for all
Your rebelling waves!

I stand fast—
Let the waters cry!
Here I last
To Eternity!

A new and striking variation on an old theme is given us in the following poem taken from *The Independent*:

THE CROSS

By EDITH CAMPBELL BABBITT

I wonder if the Master knew,
Those weary days He walked apart,
Communing in the silent wood
With His Father, heart to heart,
Which of the myriad trees that gave
Their fragrant breeze and grateful shade
Transformed into the cross should be,
To welcome Him at Calvary.

I wonder if He sought or shunned
That single tree above the rest;
And did He think of it accurst,
Or, in God's planning, doubly blest?
And did He speak to it a word
None other ever yet had heard,
Making its leaves to shiver there,
With a nameless, wild despair?

I wonder if He ever prayed
Beneath that conscious, trembling tree;
If it a mystic comfort gave
When He cried out in agony.

Were they companions, close-allied
By the sad word, "Crucified,"
Or did He shrink, with startled breath,
Before this emblem of His death?

I wonder if He knew the day
When they struck it from its place;
If, wandering through the woods, its fall
He watched, with drawn and haggard face;
If He said, "Ah, woodland tree,
We meet again at Calvary.
Thou shalt be with me at the last,
And on thy breast shalt hold me fast."

When are we going to see a volume of Theodosia Garrison's poems? No American poet is doing work more uniformly good than hers. She has the singing voice, but, still more, she has the poetical mind, and her work makes an appeal to the intellect as well as to the ear. She has power to pack a great deal of meaning into a very small space. The following poem is in evidence of that power. We reprint from *Appleton's Magazine*:

FATE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

You gave me my work to do, you brought and set it
before me;
I laughed with the laughter of one, seeing, who
understands;
I bent to the task elate, zeal like a mantle o'er me—
*Why did you break my wrists and shatter the
strength of my hands?*

You gave me the song to sing, and mine the joy of
the bringing
Strands of Heaven and sea and earth strung to the
perfect note.
Finished, glorious, whole, I raised my head for its
singing—
*Why did you seal my lips and crush the song in
my throat?*

The work I was fain to do—it rusts in the drift of
the sands;
The song I was fain to sing is waste for the winds
to float.
*Why did you break my wrists and shatter the
strength of my hands?*
*Why did you seal my lips and crush the song in
my throat?*

In *The Living Age* we find an effective little poem that is not credited to any other magazine, and has, to indicate its authorship, simply the two initials, A. E. It is one of the worth-while poems.

THE VESTURE OF THE SOUL

By A. E.

I pitied one whose tattered dress
Was patched and stained with dust and rain;
He smiled on me: I could not guess
The viewless spirit's vast domain,

He said: the royal robe I wear
Trails all along the fields of light,
Its silent blue and silver bear
For gems the starry dust of night.

The breath of joy unceasingly
Waves to and fro its folds starlit,
And far beyond earth's misery
I live and breathe the joy of it.

It is time for spring poems. Here is one (from *Appleton's*) by an outdoor poet who seldom misses his mark. His mark, it is true, is not as high as Milton's or Browning's, but it is well up out of the slime and fog. He doesn't lose himself (and us) amid the stars in cosmic flights, but he finds beautiful and wholesome themes not too far away from the surface of the earth, and he can always find them without fumbling.

ONE MORNING WHEN THE RAIN-BIRDS CALL

BY LLOYD ROBERTS

The snows have joined the little streams and slid
into the sea;
The mountainsides are damp and black and steaming
in the sun;
But Spring, who should be with us now, is waiting
timidly
For Winter to unbar the gates and let the rivers
run.

It matters not how green the grass is lifting through
the mold,
How strong the sap is climbing out to every naked
bough,
That in the towns the market-stalls are bright with
jonquil gold,
And over marsh and meadowland the frogs are
fluting now.

For still the waters groan and grind beneath the icy
floor,
And still the winds are hungry-cold that leave the
valley's mouth.
Expectantly each day we wait to hear the sullen roar,
And see the blind and broken herd retreating to
the south.

One morning when the rain-birds call across the
singing rills,
And the maple buds like tiny flames shine red
among the green,
The ice will burst asunder and go pounding through
the hills—
An endless gray procession with the yellow flood
between.

Then the Spring will no more linger, but come with
joyous shout,
With music in the city squares and laughter down
the lane;
The thrush will pipe at twilight to draw the blos-
soms out,
And the vanguard of the summer host will camp
with us again.

Recent Fiction and the Critics



HEN critics disagree, the novelist thrives. One of the most vital books of the year, if judged by the comment it has provoked so far, is Mr. Frank Harris's story of the Haymarket riot* in Chicago. His novel has been highly praised in England, and utterly condemned in the United States. We have

THE BOMB seen so far only one periodical in the United States which frankly admits merit in Mr. Harris's novel, and it does so with reluctance. Mr. Harris has attained some reputation as a London journalist. The St. Louis *Mirror* asserts that he is not an Englishman, but an American. The meanest anti-American paper in London, says the *Mirror*, is *The Saturday Review*, and it was at its nastiest and meanest during the Spanish-American war under the editorship of Mr. Harris. The latter, however, in his preface to the American edition, speaks of himself not as an American, but as an Englishman who took a lively interest in the labor dispute in Chicago all through 1885 and 1886. "The reports that reached us in London from American newspapers," he avers, "were all bitterly one-sided. They read as if some enraged capitalist had dictated them; but after the bomb had been thrown and the labor leaders were brought to trial, islets of truth began to emerge from the sea of lies." To quote further:

"In 1907 I paid a visit to America and spent some time in Chicago visiting the various scenes and studying the contemporary newspaper accounts of the tragedy. I came to the conclusion that six out of seven men punished in Chicago were as innocent as I was, and that four of them had been murdered—according to law.

"I felt so strongly on the subject that when I sketched out 'The Bomb' I determined not to alter a single incident, but to take all the facts just as they occurred. The book then, in the most important particulars, is a history and is true, as history should be true, to life, when there are no facts to go upon."

Mr. Harris admits that the success of his book in England has been due, in part at least, to the fact that it enabled Englishmen to gloat over a fancied superiority to Americans in the administration of justice. "At the risk of disturbing the comfortable self-esteem of my compatriots," he adds, "I must say that I believe that the administration of justice in the United States is at least as fair and certainly more humane than it is in England."

***THE BOMB.** By Frank Harris. Mitchell Kennerly.

Seen through English eyes, Mr. Harris is a man of exceptional talent. "The Bomb," says the London *Bookman*, "is a strong and living piece of work. It is an historical novel, but Mr. Frank Harris does not take us back to the middle ages. There is no 'by my halidome!' or 'Gramercy' nonsense in 'The Bomb.' An incident in the social war of modern times, the labor troubles in Chicago, 1886, which culminated in bomb-throwing and the subsequent trial and execution of the Chicago anarchists, is the subject of the book; and already the events recorded are an old story, unknown or unremembered for the most part by men and women of to-day. The whole book," concludes the writer, "is far above the heights of average contemporary fiction."

Seen through American eyes, presto! the picture changes. Says the Washington *Star*: "One clearly sees not a student or a writer of history, but an avowed critic of America and American ways, a prejudiced commentator upon an episode in the national life of the American people with the insular restrictions of the foreigner." To quote further:

"It is an appeal for a more tolerant appreciation of the foreign elements which go to make up our complex civilization. But the appeal will fail of the purpose designed.

"If prejudice and passion reigned in Chicago and other American cities in 1886 there is prejudice and passion in this work. If injustice was done in Chicago in 1886 and 1887 there is gross injustice in this volume. A justification of anarchism and a condemnation of judicial procedure cannot have a wholesome purpose or a desirable effect."

The story of the book is the alleged autobiography of one Rudolph Schnaubelt. "I," he says, "threw the bomb which killed eight policemen and wounded sixty in Chicago in 1886. Now I lie in Reichholz, Bavaria, dying of consumption, under a false name, in peace at last. . . . But there is one thing I must do before I go out. I must tell the story of the man who spread terror through America, the greatest man that ever lived, I think; a born rebel, murderer and martyr. If I can give a fair portrait of Louis Lingg, the Chicago Anarchist, as I knew him, show the body and soul and mighty purpose of him, I shall have done more for men than when I threw the bomb." Schnaubelt incidentally relates his own and Lingg's love affairs in a manner characterized as "pornographic" by the Rochester *Post Express*. The same writer denounces Schnaubelt's version of events as an "outrageous invention." He goes on to say:

"Mr. Harris has the boldness to introduce the names of a number of persons who either have recently died or are still living. This, however, in no way produces the effect of verisimilitude. As a work of fiction the book is a miserable failure. Mr. Harris has none of the magic of Defoe. He is a clumsy and ineffective writer. Danton's motto 'de l'audace de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,' does not apply to the art of fiction.

"The work has evidently been 'edited' by a socialist, for there are a number of notes which are only transparent vehicles for the propaganda of those who wish to upset the present condition of society and to have human beings managed by the absurd system of governmental regimentation. As a vindication of the Chicago anarchists and as a 'character study' the book is wretchedly impotent. It would have really been better for the author if he had never wasted his time in writing this vamped-up story which is neither good fiction nor genuine history."

Mr. William Marion Reedy alone of all reviewers hands in a dissenting opinion. Tho no friend of the author, he courageously concedes that the book describes conditions in Chicago with a "curious photographic fidelity to detail." "The mountain of evidence in the trial," says Mr. Reedy, "has been sifted over with the utmost care, and the readjusted material fired with imagination into a convincing veritism." To quote further:

"Schnaubelt's description of the men makes them live again. His story of the throwing of the bomb, his fainting, heart-sick, nauseated condition as he saw its effects while making his way to the depot to get out of town is a piece of realism so vivid that the reader almost feels in himself the physical qualms of horror and terror. The story of Lingg's suicide is told with the particularity of the newspaper report of the event. With subtle power you

are made to feel the moral heroism of the men who were hanged, especially of Parsons, who gave himself up after getting away. Lingg looms up in a kind of sinister, satanic majesty of defiance. . . . I noted particularly the description of the crowd of reporters in the jail vestibule the morning the anarchists were hanged. It is true; for I was there in that crowd, for the *Globe-Democrat*. But Harris doesn't describe the hanging: the men marched out on the scaffold, their arms and feet tied, the long white hoods dropped over their heads—the aching stillness, the police peering in and down through the jail-roof windows, muskets in hand—then a high, piping cry from under one of the caps, 'Hoch die Anarchie!' then another cry of the same words. Then Parsons forgot his feet were tied, tried to step forward and began 'Fellow Americans, I—' and the trap was sprung, his voice going up in an indescribable shriek as his body, with the others, dropped into space with that stop that sounds like a clod on a coffin-lid, or a blow upon a woman's breast. Long years after I heard that cry in 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol,' 'heard the prayer, the hangman's snare strangled into a scream!' Frank Harris doesn't describe that in 'The Bomb.' He could not have seen and heard it and forgot it. . . . The book is singularly detached in its attitude to the subject of which the supposititious writer was so much a part. Indeed, Schnaubelt was never a convinced anarchist himself, but was fascinated, as even the guards were fascinated, as the reader is fascinated, by Louis Lingg. He tells his story matter-of-factly, calmly, is not stirred really in a higher region of sensation, is not moved at all until his stomach turns at the horror of the mutilation wrought by the bomb. He is a creature cold even in his love affair with materialistic Elsie—his passion for her is unpleasantly physical, and he puts her aside almost lightly to throw the awful missile that Lingg made. The book submits the Lingg theory without apology, as an abstracted German philosopher might do it. It has the hard, brilliant intensity of Lingg stamped upon it, the desperate defiance of the man who blew his head off by exploding a cartridge in his mouth."

THE publishers of this novel are, by their own designation, "publishers of exceptional books." Mr. Lewisohn's novel* is a brilliant vindication of their claim. "The Broken Snare" is not, as we might be led to expect by that young poet's verses and lectures, the book of a rebel. It is a book of a rebel

THE BROKEN
SNARE

repentant, of a sinner returned to the fold; it denotes a rebellion against rebellion, and is a powerful plea for marriage and the salutary heritage of restraint which has come to us through the ages. We all need, the author insists, "some faith, deep at the bottom of everything else, that some things are true and some are false—always . . . and some things are right and some wrong—always, forever, no matter what reason

tells you. It is necessary to accept the imperfect, and one cannot escape life, life as it is, as it has shaped itself, slowly, inevitably."

The story itself, unlike Herrick's presentation of the marriage problem in "Together," makes the impression of being written out of the need and the experience of an individual soul; for surely the radical ideas expressed by Julian Ware, Mr. Lewisohn's hero, on the subject of marriage, are shared only by a small minority, and the institution of matrimony, standing like an imperishable rock in the seething ocean of scandal and yellow fiction, needs no defender as yet. The problems which confront the hero and the heroine of the book are not, after all, those of the nation at large, and its eloquence is most immediately addressed to the few who are least likely to heed it—free lovers, Bohemians and socialists. In the opening chapter of Mr. Lewisohn's novel one reviewer discerns the ineffable pathos of the man

*THE BROKEN SNARE. By Ludwig Lewisohn. B. W. Dodge & Co.

with a carpet-sweeper in a recent popular play. It begins with the silence that follows the breaking of dishes. Its setting is a flat on Morningside Heights. The mother is a household drudge, the father a doctor with an income of twelve hundred dollars a year; their existence in New York is an obviously dreary mathematical problem. Their daughter, Frances Ware, beautiful, intellectual, is thus forced to lead the life of a social hermit; her only companions books, her only adviser the idealistic, world-estranged pater familias. Enter Julian, a writer. He comes, sees and conquers. Unfortunately his notions on marriage are somewhat unusual, for he has never read Gelett Burgess's—or whose is it?—"How To Be Happy Tho Married." And always he remembers how the father he loved cowered before the distant voice of his stepmother, the woman "to whom a perverse law had given the right to rend, to destroy, to crush."

Julian and Frances elope without marriage, and live in the South through days of "pure sunlight, and rare swift rain, in aromatic purple nights, spangled with trembling stars." While under southern skies they encounter Arthur Langdon Held, poser and poet. His hands are "cool and smooth and white as a girl's," but "with all his grace of youth, he is puny and absurd." The man has prodigious gifts, but everything he does, so Ware explains, perhaps not without a touch of envy, is false and rotten at the core. "I'm twice the man he is in mental power, knowledge and insight. But his easy accomplishment, his smooth workmanship—ah! that's beyond me." Held's notions on marriage are even more peculiar than Ware's. His eyes look dreamily over the water as he explains his doctrine to Frances. "The man," he affirms, "who does not marry the woman he loves invites his doom. Were he to marry her she would not possess the fever to possess him wholly at every moment. Her hold upon him would be of an ultimate security, and she would not rob him and herself of peace. I am infinitely careless of society and its needs; but I would not dare to live with a woman and not marry her. No legal bonds are of such crushing fierceness, no convention is so throttling, as these lawless fetters. If one is married one can at least—get a divorce." Thus the light-haired heavy villain sows the seed of discord. With his half-closed satyr-eyes, with lips half open, and his conquering smile, he proceeds to make love to Frances; but she pushes him back, violent, indignant. Buried instincts arise in all their might. "Tho the irreparable had not happened, tho no legal bond united her to Julian, she knew herself akin to the woman whom Christ had not condemned." Held typifies the wickedness of their revolt from convention, and the incident with him leads to a

crisis in her relations with Ware. When her mother falls sick, she leaves him, and refuses to return to him save on her own terms—marriage. Here, as in Shaw's "Man and Superman," woman is not the agent of sin but of conventional morality, whereas the man resists as long as he can, but succumbs in the end.

The critics, while admitting the striking qualities of Mr. Lewisohn's theme and style, have not, on the whole, devoted to his maiden effort the space relative to the importance which it seems to possess in their eyes. Even William Morton Payne, one of its most enthusiastic reviewers, dismisses it in a paragraph with the general run of the season's fiction. And yet he assures us in *The Dial* that it is not often that we come upon a novel written "with the conscious artistic purpose of 'The Broken Snare,' in which the imperative demands of technique—both verbal and architectonic—are never ignored, and yet which has no lack of rich human substance. The author," he goes on to say, "has taken Flaubert for his model, and has shown himself a not unworthy disciple of the master."

The discriminating reviewer of the *Chicago Tribune* speaks of the book as a novel of such compelling interest that it should be begun only after mature consideration. "Original in conception," she goes on to say, "it is a series of surprises, all perfectly logical." To quote further:

"The end justifies the means, one might say, for the book through a roundabout way, impressive nevertheless, is a sermon upon the compelling power of convention, of customs, and the past. Whether we kick against the pricks or not, we are too much creatures of inherited tradition really to be happy ignoring the few words which legalize marriage.

"After the opening, which is something of a high fence for the author, Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn acquires himself of his task well, analyzing the emotions of the man and woman with forceful diction and writing descriptions which are graphic in their suggestiveness. It is not a book to be recommended at large, not to be picked up when others are at hand, but a mature, sensible person that happens upon it will doubtless read it at the first sitting and say 'aye' when he closes it."

The *New York Times Saturday Review* endorses this opinion. "There is not a little of calling things by their right names," it says, "but it is always with the aim of getting at the ethical significance of actions and conditions, and never is there any attempt to make ill-smelling capital out of plainness of speech." "Unusual qualities of strength and beauty; strong, both in performance and promise," remarks the *Chicago Record-Herald*; and in the opinion of the *New York Globe* it is a story that "will easily rise to the top and demand attention even in the rushing stream of the season's fiction."



HE cryptic phrase chosen as the title for his new novel* by Emerson Hough, author of "The Mississippi Bubble," at once challenges the reader's attention. It is explained, for those who need more explanation of an historical phrase, by the dialog passing between President Tyler and the British

54-40 OR
FIGHT Ambassador. "Our backwoods-
men," says the President, have
invented a phrase which runs

"54-40 or fight."

"Or fight," exclaims the Britisher. "God bless my soul! Fight us!"

"Such things have been," rejoins Mr. Tyler.

"54-40" means fifty-four degrees, forty minutes, and refers to the boundary of Old Oregon, embracing all the territory known to-day as Oregon, Idaho, Washington and a portion of Wyoming. The people demanded that the boundaries prescribed in the phrase should be respected by England, which was at that time threatening our national existence South in Texas and Northwest in Oregon. Mr. Hough charmingly minglest history and romance, and it is perhaps fortunate for him that, to quote the reviewer of the *New York World*, it is an ethical point still in abeyance how far the amendment of history is justifiable under a romancer's sweeping license to make out a good story. The figure looming largest in the story is John C. Calhoun. The hero of the novel in the accepted sense is Calhoun's secretary, Trist, who is dispatched by his master to see the Baroness Von Ritz, a beautiful adventuress and the diplomatic agent of Great Britain and Mexico. The Baroness falls a victim to the young secretary's manly charms, and, betraying both her political friends and the British Ambassador, one of her lovers, aids him and Calhoun in their political game. Her amorous arts are, however, unable to wrest young Trist from his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill, and having been thereof convinced, the adventuress unselfishly resigns and morality triumphs. "Had I not done so," says Trist, describing the crucial temptation—"had I not thought of Elizabeth—then, as in my heart I still believe, the flag of England to-day would rule Oregon and the Pacific; and it would float to-day along the Rio Grande; and it would menace a divided North and South—instead of respecting a strong and endurable union which owns one flag and dreads none in the world."

The author ends by assuring his readers of the purity and loveliness of the Baroness, but the *Louisville Post*, at least, finds it difficult to follow

**54-40 Or Fight*. By Emerson Hough. Bobbs, Merrill & Co.

his logic. *The Saturday Review of Books* (New York), also is troubled considerably by Mr. Hough's heroine. "She is a beautiful creature," it says, "but she is a good bit of a free lover, for whom, in spite of Mr. Hough's efforts in her behalf, we are unable to acquire a great liking. Nor are we able to take seriously the portion of Mr. Hough's story which represents this woman as shaping the destinies of America by means of the hold she took on gentlemen of the diplomatic corps, to whom she was more or less complaisant." Still there are some who judge less harshly of the heroine, whose past, present and future are equally dubious. "Seldom," exclaims an inspired reviewer, "does a character in fiction pique the reader's curiosity as does this mysterious beauty." He goes on to say:

"She has about her all the fascination of Europe and the romance of America. In her are traits of the good woman and the bad, of the loving and the daring. The conflict between the Old World and the New is not only controlled by the magic influence which she wields but is mirrored in the struggle which goes on in her own proud, ardent, resourceful soul. From the moment of her entrance into the story she has the reader literally at her feet, for, in the toe of one of her dainty white satin slippers lies concealed an Ambassador's note, the finding of which may change the fate of Texas and disturb the peace of Europe. Mystery attaches to her origin, to her purposes, to her wit, and to the domination she wields over great men and small."

Trist, the *Boston Herald* informs us, was too old in 1845 to have been so strong an influence with a charming woman who, according to the book, prevented war between America and England, for he had married a grand-daughter of Thomas Jefferson as early as 1824, or one score years before the remarkable adventure with the Baroness de Ritz.

The figure of Calhoun is well drawn, and should be received with satisfaction by those who, in the words of Charles Ferguson, regard that remarkable man as a seer and prophet—an ascetic, renouncing the love of a woman to take his country to heart—a Richelieu of the Western and democratic spirit absorbed in an impersonal political passion that burnt his life out. "The story," he adds (in the *New York American*) "deserves to be one of the 'best sellers,' and has easily a chance of more than ephemeral fame." To quote further:

"It is an epic and it is an idyl. Its appeal to the imagination, its continental reach, its power to rouse a slumbering social sense, its procession of stirring events, its historicity—these qualities give it the character of grand poetry and make it a kind of Iliad or Odyssey of our American earth struggle.

"But there is the lilt of a song through it all, and a heart-ache, like an Irish ballad."

THE ORIGIN OF MACARONI—A LEGEND. BY MATHILDE SERAO

The author of this pleasing little folk-tale is a busy Italian journalist and a popular society favorite in Naples. She takes high rank among Italian writers of the day, and the following tale, translated for us by Helen E. Meyer, is selected from her "Legends of Naples."

IN THE year 1220, in the time of King Frederick of Suabia, in the little alley of the Cortellari, there stood a tall and very narrow house whose leaded window-panes were gray with the grime of ages. The doorway of the house was low and dark, the stairs were steep and dirty, the windows were always closed. People hurried by the accursed place casting back looks of fear or muttering prayers or maledictions.

The house was tenanted by people of ill-repute. A usurer dwelt on the fourth floor; a handsome girl watched by the police lived on the second floor; on the third floor lived and wrangled two "ugly mugs"—man and wife—who plied some illegitimate trade in the day time, and returned to their room at night to beat one another as flails beat flax.

But worse, in the public regard, than the forbidding gleam in the squinting eyes of the usurer, and worse than the glances of the handsome girl, even worse than the cries of the woman beaten by her husband, was Cicho, the devil's tool, the sorcerer, who lived in rooms opening on a balcony at the top of the house. Believers crossed themselves as they hurried by. Sceptics grimaced, and, holding their fingers to their foreheads to represent horns, knocked their knees together and murmured the incantation against the evil eye.

Cicho seldom went into the street. His windows seldom opened. But no one questioned his magic, and all trembled at the thought of his mysterious power.

No one knew whence he came. No one had crossed his threshold. But by spying and by exchanging imaginary knowledge the gossips had given him a character. He had been watched as he studied great parchment tomes with silver clasps. He had been seen at dead of night bending over his crucibles, and the fires of his furnace never died.

By creeping close to his window, Jovarella, the woman whose windows opened on his balcony, had seen his tools of magic—retorts, filters, and small gleaming instruments, supposedly intended for deadly work.

Rumor had it that Cicho passed his time hovering over boiling pots in which infernal herbs danced in witches-broth. Cicho's servant catered

for the sorcerer, and they who spied upon him knew that he bought nothing but the herbs habitually used by cooks—tomatoes, parsley, onions, garlic, fine herbs, and other harmless objects of vegetable origin. But that Cicho brewed draughts powerful to spread death and ruin, the whole world knew; because sorcerers go to the fields on the eve of the witches'-Sabbath to cull accursed growths and to invoke the moon and the devil. Cicho knew what the people said, and, to avert gossip, he clung to his laboratory and did his best to keep out of sight.

In his day he had been very handsome and very rich. He had been loved. He had owned palaces, fine horses and splendid gems. He had hung his rooms with draperies of spun gold and with equal pleasure he had received the smiles of women, the sword thrusts of men, and the generous wines of the royal banquets. Then he lost his fortune and his friends shunned him. But tho despised and forsaken, Cicho was not cast down. He was a savant. He loved learning. He had drunk deep from the wells of ancient wisdom. Cast out by the world, he arose from his ruins with a mind clear to the real meaning of life. "Men are brothers," he said firmly. "Man's duty is to help his fellow-man. I must find means of giving happiness to all mankind before I die."

He had loved to eat. He could think of no better gift than a delicious dish concocted to suit all tastes. His aim was to give, not fleeting joy, but something stable, something to nourish and satisfy the whole human family. With mind fixed on that high ideal he searched his ancient tomes and studied and experimented day and night. For a long time ill-luck pursued him, and all that he tried to do failed. But his confidence in himself was not shaken. He felt that his object was exalted, and consciousness of unselfish brotherly love so acted upon his brain that his sleep brought visions of encouragement and joy, and day by day he arose from his bed strengthened for his work. After years of painful and unceasing effort, his heart cried out as Archimedes had cried out before him; and, satisfied with his discovery, he seated himself to rest and to perfect details. His invention lacked nothing but the charm of form. So day and night he toiled in his close rooms, sustained by thought of the hour when, presenting his perfected gift to his brothers, he

could say: "Take it as freely as I give it. I deliver it into your hands, finished, perfect, savory, fair to look upon, redolent in its combination of the animal and the vegetable!"

Jovanella's di Canzio window opened on the balcony close to Cicho's room, and the sharp, shrewd, inquisitive gossip stole from the side of her sleeping husband to peer through the closed blinds of Cicho's window. In the deep blue dusk of the Italian night, barefoot, in her one clinging night garment, the treacherous woman watched the work of the old magician.

Jovanella's husband, Giacomo, was the cook's helper in the palace of the king.

At first, uncertain of her ground, Jovanella caught nothing of the meaning of Cicho's movements, and in her spite she raged, lashed her neighbors with her tongue, and drove her husband to the verge of madness. But one night her zealous watch bore fruit, and her heart leaped for joy. Close to the window, standing with bare toes curled upward, she saw the magician put his spoon into the boiling pot, draw it out, blow upon it with his breath, then, with eyes beaming, scent, then taste the brew.

It was something to eat!

Jovanella watched Cicho an hour longer. Then she crept back to the side of her sleeping husband and drew the bed covers over her ears. "Ah!" thought the guilty wretch, "what woman longs for with all her might, that she wins!"

When Jovanella awoke, Giacomo, the cook's helper, was on foot, combing his hair before his little mirror. "Listen, husband," said the wife; "go straight to the king's cook and tell him that I can cook a dish so luscious that it deserves to appear before the king!"

"Woman," answered the husband, "you are daft! you make nothing of the kind!"

"May my tongue, my most precious possession, drop from my mouth if what I tell you is not true!"

Jovanella's accents were so convincing that Giacomo gave the message to the cook. The cook repeated the message to the king's body servant. When the valet insinuated the message to his noble master, the bodyguard listened, questioned, and then, breathless, ran to the king.

The king ordered his minions to summon Jovanella to the palace, give her materials, and see what she could do.

Jovanella was placed in position before a furnace, pots, and such materials as she demanded, and with sleeves tucked up and with skirts covered by an apron, she began to work.

First she made a dough by mixing flour, salt and eggs with water and kneading it long and fast to make it tender and as smooth as linen.

Then she rolled the dough thin, cut it in strips, rolled each strip in a tube, and hung the tubes in the sun to dry.

Then she put fat fresh pork and finely-cut, peppered and salted onions into a frying pan, and having fried the pork and the onions a golden brown, she added to the mixture a large piece of meat, cooked the meat to a pretty yellow, and, rubbing ripe tomatoes through a sieve, poured the rich red juice over the meat and set the pan to simmer over a slow fire.

At dinner time she threw the paste tubes into salted boiling water, grated a large quantity of the Lodi cheese (called Parmesan), boiled the paste until tender, and drained off the water.

Having put the boiled paste into a porcelain basin, she poured over it first a spoonful of sauce, then a spoonful of grated cheese. When all the sauce and all the cheese had been added to the boiled paste, the king, seated in state, received and tasted it.

When he recovered from his surprise and delight, he sent for Jovanella and asked her how she had come to think of the possibility of so harmonious a marriage of animal and vegetable materials. The wicked woman answered that the possibility of the combination had been revealed to her in a dream, by an angel.

The replete monarch begged for the recipe and presented it to his cook with his own hands. He gave Jovanella one hundred pieces of gold, because, as he said, she who had so successfully worked for the good of man deserved all that her sovereign could do for her.

But Jovanella's good fortune did not end there. Every noble and every high official in the kingdom begged for her recipe, and the cooks of all the palaces of Naples flocked to the rooms of the king's cook's helper to learn the lesson given to Jovanella by the angel.

After the nobles came the opulent commoners; and after the commoners came the merchants and the working classes, and last of all came the masses—men and women in rags. So one after another, swarming like homing bees, all the people of Naples climbed the steep and grimy stairs of the devil's house, and, wide awake, learned the lesson imparted to Jovanella in a dream.

The king called the dish Macaroni, from the word macarus, the divine dish.

Jovanella was rich, sought after by her superiors, respected.

Meanwhile Cicho, the sorcerer, locked in his laboratory, worked to perfect his discovery, reveling as he toiled in anticipation of the time when he should bestow his gift on man. In his sleep he dreamed of the gratitude of his fellow-crea-

tures and of peace and appreciation in his last years.

"For," said he to himself, "is not the discovery of a succulent and delicious kind of nourishment as valuable as the discovery of a philosophical theorem, the discovery of a comet, a thing of no practical value—or the discovery of a possibly pernicious insect? It is, of a truth. Therefore lauded by grateful man shall I be. And at last, after all my sorrow, I shall rest!"

One day, when the details were perfect, when the inventor was ready to make known the invention, Cicho the sorcerer went out into the street to breathe the air and to let the wind blow through the long curls of his silver hair. As he reached the gate of the first walled house, it seemed to him that the soft winds wafted to his nostrils a familiar odor. Fear assailed his heart, but he tried to believe that his senses had deceived him. As he passed on, the odors of his secret invention beset him from all sides. Struck by appalling dread, he pushed in the door of the first house. A woman in a short skirt, with black hair, half covered by the square head-shawl of the Contadina, stood before a little charcoal stove pouring, alternately, tomato juice and grated cheese on tubes of boiled flour paste.

"What are you doing?" asked the sorcerer, in a dying voice.

"I am cooking macaroni, Old One," answered the woman.

"Who taught you?"

"Jovanella, wife of Giacomo, servitor of the king's house."

"Ah! And who taught her?"

"An angel taught her in a dream. The king

was the first to taste her brew. He named it. After the king the court, and after the court all Naples ate of it. And now, go where you may, Old One, you will see some one cooking the food given by the angel in a dream. Will you taste my dish? It is good."

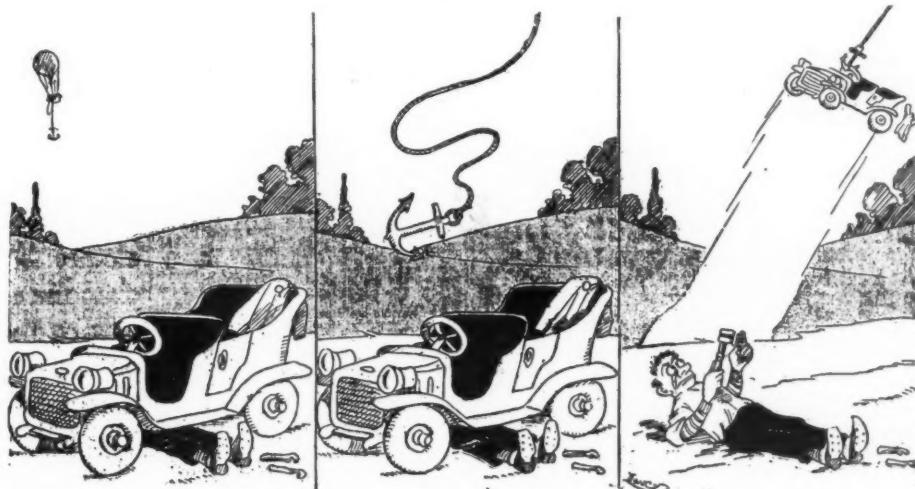
"Adieu. I thank you. No!" With head bowed upon his breast he turned away. Dragging his weary body from street to street, Cicho convinced himself of the treachery of Jovanella. Even the king's gardener repeated the story of the woman taught to cook the divine dish by an angel.

In disgust and despair, Cicho returned to his laboratory, broke his retorts, burned his books, destroyed his instruments and his furnaces, and went out of the accursed house, never to return or to be seen of men. His neighbors declared that the devil carried him away.

Jovanella flourished as the wicked flourish; but when she lay dying upon her bed, the agony of death forced her to confess. So, at last, justice was done to the memory of the magician.

But in the little street of the Cortellari, in the rooms where Cicho labored for the good of man, on the eve of the witches-Sabbath, strange sounds are heard. And there, so the soothsayers believe, the old man cuts and rolls his paste. Jovanella, lashed by demons, stirs red sauce with a cooking-spoon, while Satan grates Lodi cheese with one hand and pokes the fire with the other.

Whether the tale be true or false, whether the wizard's gift be of angels or of devils, the so-called divine dish, macarons, has worked for centuries for the nourishment of the people, and there is no reason for thinking that it will not continue so to work through all the time to come.



A FLIGHT OF FANCY

—F. G. Long in the San Francisco *Bulletin*.

Humor of Life

NOT GUILTY

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.
"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.
"Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."
"You gave me a nasty look," persisted the first.
"Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a nasty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me!"—Everybody's

IT KEPT ON RUNNING

GYER.—"I dropped my watch in the river, and didn't recover it for three days. It kept right on running, tho."

MYER.—"A watch won't run for three days."

GYER.—"Of course not; I was speaking of the river."—London *Tit Bits*.

THE CULPRIT FOUND

One winter's evening in the city of Belfast, when a water inspector was going his round, he stopped at one of the mains in a busy street to turn off the water owing to some repairs. He had just put the handle on the tap and begun turning when a hand was placed on his shoulder. Looking round, he was confronted by a tipsy gentleman, who said, in a drunken tone:

"So I have found you at last, have I? It's you that's turning the street round, is it?"—London *Tit Bits*.

A TOAST—"WOMAN!"

Oh! the neatness of their neatness when they're neat,
Oh! the fleetness of their fleetness when they're fleet;
But the neatness of their neatness
And the fleetness of their fleetness
Are as nothing to their sweetness when they're sweet.—*Exchange*.

ONE OF THE UNDERFED

A little girl came down to dessert at a dinner party, and sat next to her mother. This lady was much occupied in talking to her neighbors, and omitted to give the child anything to eat. After some time the little girl, unable to bear it any longer, with sobs rising in her throat, held up her plate, and said: "Does anybody want a clean plate?"—*Penny Pictorial*.

TOO EASY

JUDGE.—"You are charged with burglary. How do you plead?"

PRISONER.—"Not guilty, boss; an I'll tell yo' why. In de fust place de chicken coop doah wuzn't eben locked; in de secon' place dar wuz no burglar alarm; in de third place dar wuz no bulldog; an' in de fourf place dar wuz no steel traps. Now dat ain't burglary et all, boss; dat's jes' simply findin' chickens, an' I leabe it toe yo'self."—*Life*.



SUSPICIOUS

"Hiram, how d'you reckon Dobbin got into this habit?"

—*Scribner's*.

NOT NEEDED.

Children all over the world enjoy the "Mother Game," but it remained for an American four-year-old to give the modern touch.

"Come on and play Father and Mother," cried a playmate. "I want to be the father!"

"No, Billy," she replied, with decision. "We're going to have plenty of money—we won't need any father!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

TWO JOKES WITH BUT A SINGLE BUTT.

During a performance in the West by Frederick Warde not so long ago a curious error was made by the compositor, who "set up" the bill for "The Tempest." The part enacted by Warde was that of "Prospero, Rightful Duke of Milan," and this the compositor billed in this wise:

"Prospero, Frightful Duke of Milan
Frederick Warde."

Now, the player, who has a keen sense of humor, was sufficiently struck by the fun of the thing to forward a marked copy of the play-bill to his daughter, then in the East. Miss Warde, too, was appreciative of the compositor's effort, for she is said to have sent her father the following note:

"Dear Dad.—Inasmuch as I have seen the performance, I fail to see wherein the program was wrong."—*Lippincott's*.

A TOO INQUIRING MIND.

The garrulous old lady in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was hunched toad-like in the bow, fished in silence. The old lady had seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft, and personal history when she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of oily, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water? No, there—Right over there!"

The guide was busy rebaiting the old gentleman's hook, and merely mumbled "U-m-mm."

"Guide," repeated the old lady, in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over there where I'm pointing, and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water."

The guide looked up from his baiting with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter."—*Exchange*.

A REFORM GONE TO SEED.

"Dennis," inquired Mr. Hogan, glancing up over the door of the post-office building, "what is the meanin' of them letters 'MDCCCXCVIII'?"

"They mean eighteen hundred an' ninety-eight."

"Dennis, don't it shstrike you thot they're carryin' this shpellin reform entoilely too far?"—*Exchange*.

NOT WHOLLY RESPONSIBLE

LODGER—"Here's a nice breakfast to ask a friend to! Did you lay the table, Mary?"

MARY—"Yes, sir. All but the eggs, sir."—*Exchange*.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE HAIR AND THE TORTOISE

—*Harper's Magazine*.



ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN ON CHOOSING A PROFESSION:—IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE MENTAL CONCENTRATION IS REQUISITE.

—*Harper's Weekly*.

AN ART CRITIC

ARTIST.—"This is my best picture. I call it 'St. Agnes.' And you don't like it? I am so sorry! May I ask what your objection is?"

Critical Young Woman.—"Her halo isn't on straight."—*Exchange*.

AN EXPENSIVE DEATH

During a snowstorm on the Highland Railway a train was held up for an hour or two. The guard, a cheery Scot, passed along the carriages trying to keep up the spirits of the passengers. An old gentleman angrily complained that if the train didn't go on he would "die of cold."

"Tak' my advice an' no' dae that," replied the guard. "Min' y', we chairge a shillin' a mile for corpses."—*London Tit Bits*.

A FALLACIOUS PHILOSOPHY

The visiting parson at Dartmoor was handing Convict 99 consolation in small chunks.

"You should not complain, my misguided friend," he said; "it is better to take things as you find them."

"Yer on the wrong track, parson," replied the prisoner. "It were practising that theory that got me nabbed."—*London Tit Bits*.

SO BACK HE CAME

An official of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, which has jurisdiction in the matter of the naturalization of foreigners, tells the following:

"In October last a man named August Hulzberger took out his 'first papers.' As he was about

to leave the court-room he was observed to scan very closely the official envelope in which had been enclosed the document that was to assist in his naturalization.

"In a few days August again turned up. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court, he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Teutonic smile, saying, 'Vell, here I vos!'

"Pleased to see you, I'm sure," said the clerk, with polite sarcasm. "Would you mind adding who you are and why you are here?"

"August seemed surprised. He exhibited his official envelope. 'It says, "Redurn in five days,"' he explained, 'und here I vos!'"—*Harper's Weekly*.

A PROSPECTIVE SHELTER

A well-known senator was asked why some politicians were always making such a howl about the preservation of our forests. "Oh," he replied, "they probably never know just when they may have to take to the woods."—*Success Magazine*.

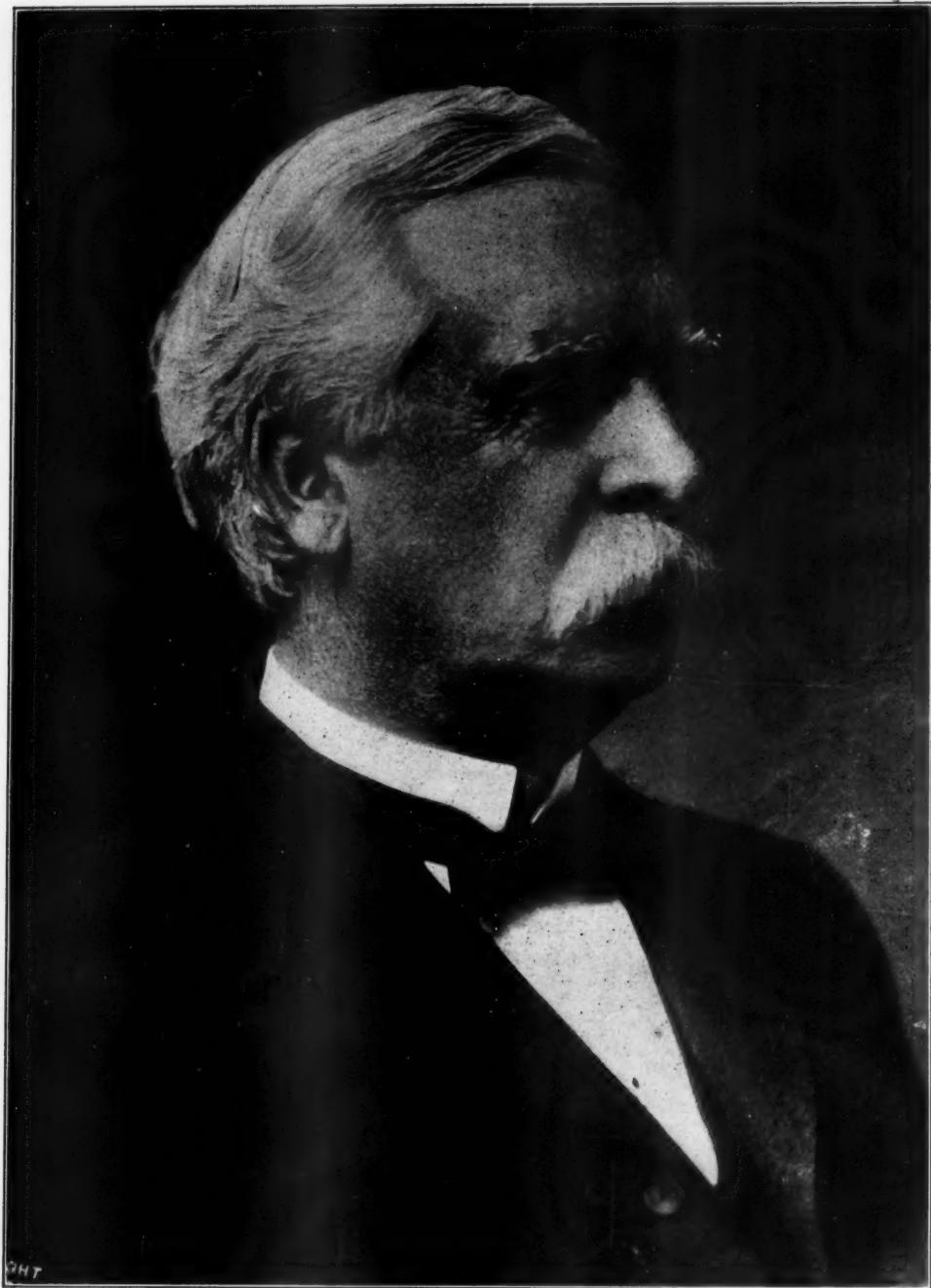
THE EXPERIENCED SWINE

The crowd around the post-office stove, after exhausting the possibilities of politics, local and national, had been discussing the alleged lack of the truth-telling instinct in Old Man Simpkins. Uncle Ezra came in, and Jim Peters said:

"What do you think about it, Uncle Ezra? Would you call Old Man Simpkins a liar?"

"Well," answered Uncle Ezra slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I wouldn't go so far as to call the Old Man a liar, but I do know it to be a fact that when feedin' time comes, to get any response he has to have somebody else call his hogs 'fur him."—*Woman's Home Companion*.





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THE ROBUST AUTHOR OF THE PAYNE BILL

Sereno E. Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, is said by Champ Clark to know more about tariff schedules than any other man alive. He helped to construct the Dingley bill and the McKinley bill. In his speech introducing the Payne bill, he spoke for two days, "knocking higher than a kite the idiotic theory of Dr. Osler." Mr. Payne is nearing his sixty-sixth birthday.